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LADY MARY WORTLEY
MONTAGU

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

(1689–1762)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

THE glamour which to this day is about the enigmatic character of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu seems born of the contradictions of her nature. Her letters show her capable of greatness of thought and feeling, and yet she produced little but enigmas. She is brilliant but not convincing. The present generation, like her own, is of two minds about her. It cannot take her with over-seriousness; yet it is forced to pay tribute to her precocity of mind and character.

Had Lady Mary Montagu lived in an age friendly to the intellectual sincerity of women, she might have put her powers of mind to great advantage; but the world would probably have lost that unique personality which might be the eighteenth century masquerading as a woman. Of the weakness and strength of that age of light without sweetness, Lady Mary is representative. She possesses its cleverness, its clear head, its brittle wit. She exhibits also its lack of strong natural feeling, its indifference to the primal truths of existence, its tendency to sacrifice the Ten Commandments to an epigram. She was as much a product of her time as her acid friend and enemy, Pope; as the rocking-horse metre of the contemporary poetry; as the patched and powdered ladies of the court; as the Whig and Tory parties; as the polite infidelities of the fashionable. Yet in her good sense and intellectual fearlessness she belonged to a later day. The woman who introduced inoculation into England would not have been out of place in the latter half of this century.

She was born in 1689, at a time when English society and English literature had lost the last gleam of a great dead age, and existed for the most part in the candle-light of drawing-rooms. Her father, the Marquis of Dorchester, did little for her but introduce her to the Kit-Kat Club, where she made her first bow to the world of the new century, in which she was afterwards to become a central figure. Having no mother, she grew up as she could. Her irregular education in her father's library, where she read what she chose, probably heightened that spontaneity of thought which gives to her letters their peculiar charm. Her neglected childhood served doubtless to increase her originality and her independence. The latter

quality, at least, was exhibited in her precipitate marriage with Edward Wortley. Tradition has it that her scholarly husband had been drawn to her by her knowledge of classical Latin; but in all probability Lady Mary herself was the greater magnet. Shortly after his marriage, Edward Wortley was appointed ambassador to Turkey. His wife gave evidence of her adventurous spirit and of her intellectual thirst by accompanying him thither. In her letters from Turkey, Lady Mary exhibits her disposition to regard all life as a pageant. The spectacular element in human existence, whether in Constantinople or in London, made strong appeal to her. Like her age, she was absorbed in the shows of things. Her intellectual comprehension of them was complete. Beyond the domain of the intellect she never ventured. The letters from Turkey give evidence of having been written for publication. They are studied in manner, but this does not deprive them of the charm of individuality. Lady Mary, on her return, took her place at once in London society as a remarkable woman — with varying effects upon the world before which she lived. Opinions of her touched extremes. No one within the circle of her influence could trim between adoration and detestation. If she was not a hag she was a goddess. It required the versatility and peculiar sensitiveness of Pope himself to find her both. Their famous friendship and their famous quarrel are food for the reflection of posterity.

The savage attacks of the poet may have been one cause for the departure of Lady Mary from London to the sylvan life abroad, of which she writes in such fine detail to her daughter, Lady Bute. Through her letters she held her power at home during many years of her self-imposed exile. She remained abroad from 1739 to 1762, the year of her death; although she writes to her daughter that the very hay in which some china was packed is dear to her, because it came from England.

She returned to her native land sick, homely, and old, but with power still to turn her mean tenement into a court. The last picture of her is of a decrepit woman in an abominable wig and greasy petticoat, and an old great-coat with tarnished brass buttons, receiving the homage of English wit and English culture, drawn to her by an irresistible fascination. She was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu under all disguises. She retains her power to this day.

Anna McClure Scholl

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

TUESDAY NIGHT.

I RECEIVED both your Monday letters before I writ the inclosed, which, however, I send you. The kind letter was writ and sent Friday morning, and I did not receive yours till Saturday noon. To speak truth, you would never have had it else, there were so many things in yours to put me out of humor. Thus, you see, it was on no design to repair anything that offended you. You only show me how industrious you are to find faults in me: why will you not suffer me to be pleased with you?

I would see you if I could (though perhaps it may be wrong); but in the way that I am here, 'tis impossible. I can't come to town but in company with my sister-in-law: I can carry her nowhere but where she pleases; or if I could, I would trust her with nothing. I could not walk out alone without giving suspicion to the whole family; should I be watched, and seen to meet a man—judge of the consequences!

You speak of treating with my father, as if you believed he would come to terms afterwards. I will not suffer you to remain in the thought, however advantageous it might be to me; I will deceive you in nothing. I am fully persuaded he will never hear of terms afterwards. You may say, 'tis talking oddly of him. I can't answer to that; but 'tis my real opinion, and I think I know him. You talk to me of estates, as if I was the most interested woman in the world. Whatever faults I may have shown in my life, I know not one action in it that ever proved me mercenary. I think there cannot be a greater proof to the contrary than my treating with you, where I am to depend entirely upon your generosity, at the same time that I may have settled on me £500 per annum pin-money, and a considerable jointure, in another place; not to reckon that I may have by his temper what command of his estate I please: and with you I have nothing to pretend to. I do not, however, make a merit to you: money is very little to me, because all beyond necessaries I do not value that is to be purchased by it. If the man proposed to me had £10,000 per annum, and I was sure to dispose of it all, I should act just as I do. I have in my life known a good deal of show, and never found myself the happier for it.

In proposing to you to follow the scheme proposed by that friend, I think 'tis absolutely necessary for both our sakes. I would have you want no pleasure which a single life would afford you. You own you think nothing so agreeable. A woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness. If possible, I would add to it; but I will not take from you any satisfaction you could enjoy without me. On my own side, I endeavor to form as right a judgment of the temper of human nature, and of my own in particular, as I am capable of. I would throw off all partiality and passion, and be calm in my opinion. Almost all people are apt to run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it. This mistake makes, in the number of women that inspire even violent passions, hardly one preserve one after possession. If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another; 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London: I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you; though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself.

There is one article absolutely necessary: to be ever beloved, one must ever be agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good-humor, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gayety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not forever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer.

How dreadful is that view! You will reflect for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked,

and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupte*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favor of the town: you have answered me as to that point.

In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary, to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have nothing to do in London; and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more. I know not how to answer your mentioning gallantry, nor in what sense to understand you: whoever I marry, when I am married I renounce all things of the kind. I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours; I will part with anything for you, *but* you. I will not have you a month, to lose you for the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my own heart whether I can leave everything for you; I think I can: if I change my mind, you shall know before Sunday; after that I will not change my mind.

If 'tis necessary for your affairs to stay in England, to assist your father in his business, as I suppose the time will be short, I would be as little injurious to your fortune as I can, and I will do it. But I am still of opinion nothing is so likely to make us both happy, as what I propose. I foresee I may break with you on this point, and I shall certainly be displeased with myself for it, and wish a thousand times that I had done whatever you pleased; but, however, I hope I shall always remember how much more miserable than anything else would make me, should I be to live with you and to please you no longer. You can be pleased with nothing when you are not pleased with your wife. One of the Spectators is very just that says, "A man ought always to be upon his guard against spleen and a too severe philosophy; a woman, against levity and coquetry." If we go to

Naples, I will make no acquaintance there of any kind, and you will be in a place where a variety of agreeable objects will dispose you to be ever pleased. If such a thing is possible, this will secure our everlasting happiness; and I am ready to wait on you without leaving a thought behind me.

TO E. W. MONTAGU, ESQ.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

I TREMBLE for what we are doing. Are you sure you shall love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of —— will invent a thousand stories of me; yet 'tis possible you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all that I wish. Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.

TO MR. POPE

ADRIANOPLE, April 1st, O. S., 1717.

I AM at this present moment writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is all full of cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do *boughs* and *vows* come into my mind at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and for some miles round Adrianople the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers are set with rows of fruit trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening: not with walking,—that is not one of their pleasures; but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and are generally attended by some slave

with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks of the river, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*,— being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels: there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favorite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and football to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labor, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruits and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town,— I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of the trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer: he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, but his 'Idylliums' had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here: the corn being all trodden out by oxen, and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard-of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be

found in any other country: the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practiced by other nations that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men; fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face is still fashionable; and I never see half a dozen of old bashaws (as I do very often) with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counselors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is *sung* to have danced on the banks of Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance; but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skillful enough to lead; these are the Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us; their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turkish is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the sublime; that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim

Pasha, the reigning favorite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife,—whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that, of such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the Song of Solomon, which was also addressed to a royal bride. . . .

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning; and to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from them by Yours, &c.

TO MRS. S. C.

ADRIANOPLE, April 1st, O. S., 1717.

À PROPOS of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch) and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one in the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part

of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty [spots] in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says, pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c., &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR

ADRIANOPLE, April 18th, O. S., 1717.

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and to all my other English correspondents by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear to write again, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands these two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis absolutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady; and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never before given to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not

doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see; and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretess. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-looking woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and what is more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous on this point, he would not accept Mr. Wortley's present till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in; which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner,—which I don't think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks. The first week they pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of their table, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom, and am very much inclined to believe that an Indian who had never tasted of either would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of very rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great

a variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of everything. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; ten slaves, kneeling, *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered, and would have gone straight to my own house: but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the kiyàya's lady; saying he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first,—the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in the Vizier's harem, that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extremely glad I was so complaisant.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devotee and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather a pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up; and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks shed a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sorts of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the kiyàya's lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they

were hardly seen near the fair Fatima (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced everything I have seen,—nay, all that has been called lovely, either in England or Germany. I must own that I never saw anything so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand to her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honor. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features! that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile! But her eyes—large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new grace.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavored, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection: without any fruit of my search but my being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion that a face exactly proportioned and perfectly beautiful would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed by a collection of the most exact features, to form a perfect face. Add to all this a behavior so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded,—could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne in Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *caftán* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and showing to admiration the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, her waistcoat green and silver, her slippers white satin, finely embroidered; her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some

bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, and I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it a virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all our weak imitations, and I think has a much better claim to our praise. For my part, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

TO THE ABBÉ X——

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 19th, O. S., 1718.

. . . . . .

You see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science which we can never attain, or if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if anything is properly) our own: but the good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased; and when obtained, a poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labors. Considering what short-lived, weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the inspired railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools. But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration, in saying that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge!

I am, sir, &c., &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR

CAVENDISH SQUARE,—1725.

I AM very glad, dear sister, to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris: to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you there is little difference between them and old women. I have been *embourbé* in family affairs for this last fortnight. Lady F. Pierrepont, having £400 per annum for her maintenance, has awakened the consciences of half her relations to take care of her education: and (excepting myself) they have all been squabbling about her; and squabble to this day. My sister Gower carries her off to-morrow morning to Staffordshire. The lies, twattles, and contrivances about this affair are innumerable. I should pity the poor girl, if I saw she pitied herself. The Duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to go to the capital: so much for that branch of your family. My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son, took to his heels t'other day, and transported his person to Oxford; being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search, we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome.

I don't hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball where I was two days before his death. I have a vast many pleasantries to tell you, and some that will make your hair stand on an end with wonder. Adieu, dear sister: conservez-moi l'honneur de votre amitié, et croyez que je suis toute à vous.

CAVENDISH SQUARE,—1727.

I cannot deny but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation Day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into

Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes was indisputably Lady Orkney. She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her gray hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. J—n had not displayed all her charms in honor of the day. The poor Duchess of M—se crept along, with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face; and my lady P—nd (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than anything in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affectionately yours,

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

LOUVÈRE, February 19th, N. S., 1753.

My Dear Child:

I GAVE you some general thoughts on the education of your children in my last letter; but fearing you should think I neglected your request, by answering it with too much conciseness, I am resolved to add to it what little I know on that subject, and which may perhaps be useful to you in a concern with which you seem so nearly affected.

People commonly educate their children as they build their houses,—according to some plan they think beautiful, without considering whether it is suited to the purposes for which they are designed. Almost all girls of quality are educated as if they

were to be great ladies, which is often as little to be expected as an immoderate heat of the sun in the north of Scotland. You should teach yours to confine their desires to probabilities, to be as useful as is possible to themselves, and to think privacy (as it is) the happiest state of life. I do not doubt your giving them all the instructions necessary to form them to a virtuous life; but 'tis a fatal mistake to do this without proper restrictions. Vices are often hid under the name of virtues, and the practice of them followed by the worst of consequences. Sincerity, friendship, piety, disinterestedness, and generosity are all great virtues; but pursued without discretion become criminal. I have seen ladies indulge their own ill-humor by being very rude and impertinent, and think they deserved approbation by saying, "I love to speak truth." One of your acquaintances made a ball the next day after her mother died, to show she was sincere! I believe your own reflection will furnish you with but too many examples of the ill effects of the rest of the sentiments I have mentioned, when too warmly embraced. They are generally recommended to young people without limits or distinction; and this prejudice hurries them into great misfortunes, while they are applauding themselves in the noble practice (as they fancy) of very eminent virtues.

I cannot help adding (out of my real affection to you) that I wish you would moderate that fondness you have for your children. I do not mean that you should abate any part of your care, or not do your duty to them in its utmost extent; but I would have you early prepare yourself for disappointments, which are heavy in proportion to their being surprising. It is hardly possible, in such a number, that none should be unhappy; prepare yourself against a misfortune of that kind. I confess there is hardly any more difficult to support; yet it is certain, imagination has a great share in the pain of it, and it is more in our power than it is commonly believed, to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil,— I mean acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over.

There is another mistake I forgot to mention, usual in mothers: if any of their daughters are beauties, they take great pains to persuade them that they are ugly, or at least that they think

so; which the young woman never fails to believe springs from envy, and is perhaps not much in the wrong. I would, if possible, give them a just notion of their figure, and show them how far it is valuable. Every advantage has its price, and may be either over- or undervalued. It is the common doctrine of what are called good books, to inspire a contempt of beauty, riches, greatness, &c.; which has done as much mischief among the young of our sex as an over-eager desire of them. Why they should not look on these things as blessings where they are bestowed, though not necessaries that it is impossible to be happy without, I cannot conceive. I am persuaded the ruin of Lady F—— M—— was in great measure owing to the notions given her by the good people that had the care of her;—'tis true, her circumstances and your daughters' are very different. They should be taught to be content with privacy, and yet not neglect good fortune if it should be offered them.

I am afraid I have tired you with my instructions. I do not give them as believing my age has furnished me with superior wisdom, but in compliance with your desire, and being fond of every opportunity that gives a proof of the tenderness with which I am ever Your affectionate mother,

M. Wortley.

I should be glad if you sent me the third volume of Campbell's 'Architecture,' and with it any other entertaining books. I have seen the Duchess of Marlborough's 'Memoirs,' but should be glad of the 'Apology for a Late Resignation.' As to the ale, 'tis now so late in the year, it is impossible it should come good. You do not mention your father; my last letter from him told me he intended soon for England.

FROM A LETTER TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

Louvère, March 6, 1753.

I can truly affirm, I never deceived anybody in my life, excepting (which I confess has often happened undesigned) by speaking plainly; as Earl Stanhope used to say, during his ministry, he always imposed on the foreign ministers by telling them the naked truth,—which as they thought impossible to come from the mouth of a statesman, they never failed to write

information to their respective courts directly contrary to the assurances he gave them. Most people confound the ideas of sense and cunning, though there are really no two things in nature more opposite: it is in part from this false reasoning, the unjust custom prevails of debarring our sex from the advantages of learning,—the men fancying the improvement of our understandings would only furnish us with more art to deceive them, which is directly contrary to the truth. Fools are always enterprising, not seeing the difficulties of deceit or the ill consequences of detection. I could give many examples of ladies whose ill conduct has been very notorious, which has been owing to that ignorance which has exposed them to idleness, which is justly called the mother of mischief. There is nothing so like the education of a woman of quality as that of a prince: they are taught to dance, and the exterior part of what is called good breeding, —which if they attain, they are extraordinary creatures in their kind, and have all the accomplishments required by their directors. The same characters are formed by the same lessons: which inclines me to think (if I dare say it) that nature has not placed us in an inferior rank to men, no more than the females of other animals, where we see no distinction of capacity; though I am persuaded, if there was a commonwealth of rational horses, as Doctor Swift has supposed, it would be an established maxim among them that a mare could *not* be taught to pace.

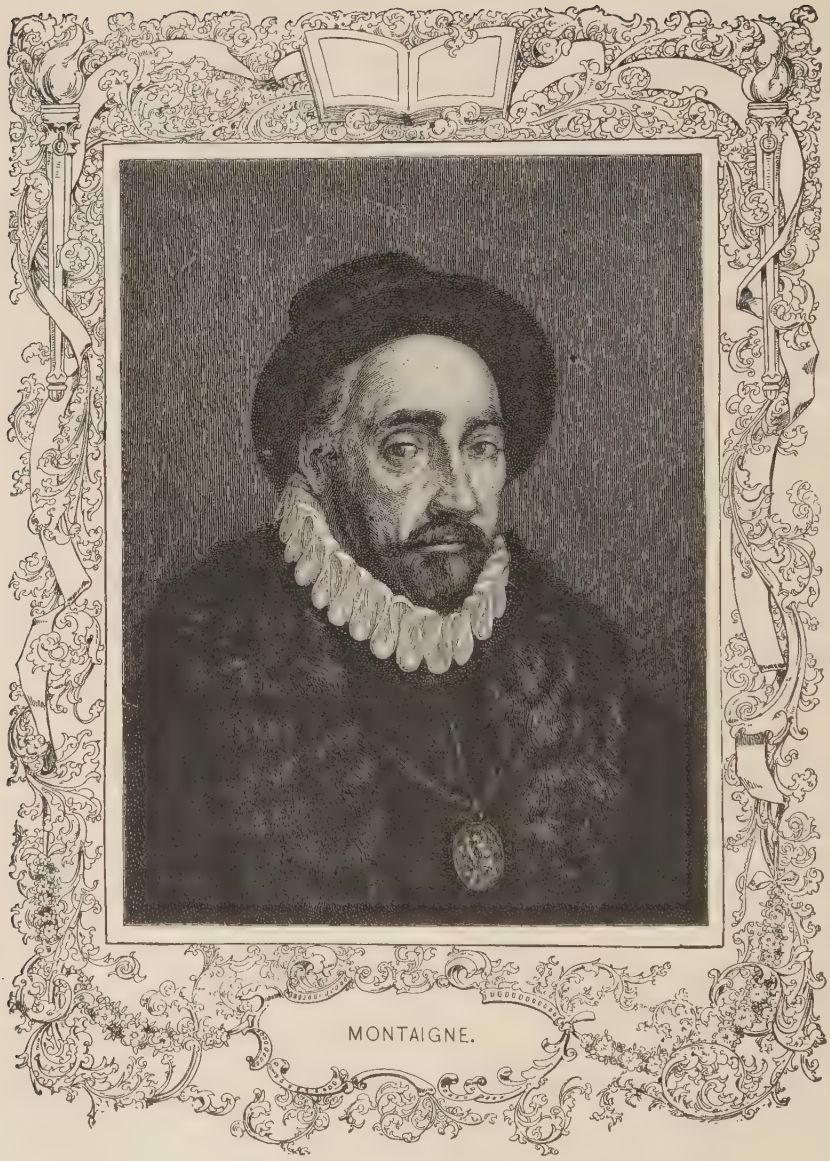
TO THE COUNTESS OF BUTE

SEPTEMBER 30th, 1757.

. . . . . .

DAUGHTER! daughter! don't call names: you are always abusing my pleasures, which is what no mortal will bear. Trash, lumber, sad stuff, are the titles you give to my favorite amusement. If I called a white staff a stick of wood, a gold key gilded brass, and the ensigns of illustrious orders colored strings, this may be philosophically true, but would be very ill received. We have all our playthings: happy are they that can be contented with those they can obtain; those hours are spent in the wisest manner that can easiest shade the ills of life, and are the least productive of ill consequences. I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the

Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed and eternally fretting. The active scenes are over at my age. I indulge, with all the art I can, my love for reading. If I would confine it to valuable books, they are almost as rare as valuable men. I must be content with what I can find. As I approach a second childhood, I endeavor to enter into the pleasures of it. Your youngest son is perhaps at this very moment riding on a poker with great delight; not at all regretting that it is not a gold one, and much less wishing it an Arabian horse, which he would not know how to manage. I am reading an idle tale, not expecting wit or truth in it; and am very glad it is not metaphysics to puzzle my judgment, or history to mislead my opinion. He fortifies his health by exercise: I calm my cares by oblivion. The methods may appear low to busy people; but if he improves his strength, and I forget my infirmities, we attain very desirable ends.



MONTAIGNE.

MICHEL EYQUEM DE MONTAIGNE

(1533–1592)

BY FERDINAND BÔCHER

MONTAIGNE tells us: "If I am talked of, I wish that it should be truthfully and accurately. I should willingly return from the other world to contradict him who should represent me other than I was, even were it to do me honor." And in his own writings he has left a more truthful portrait of himself than any other hand could paint.

Were he to return to the world he might well be dissatisfied; for he would find himself variously pictured — untruthfully and inaccurately — as the type of the egotist, of the skeptic, of the epicurean. But with his keen eyes he would soon see that he himself was the originator of these false impressions. The truth is, his sincerity has been misunderstood. He has been taken at his word by a too literal world, that has transformed his absence of ambition into a desire for inaction, his independence of thought into the denial of received truths, his intelligent analysis of his own nature into a disrespect for human nature, and the humorous sketches of his conditions into commonplace vanity.

We need not read a biography of Montaigne to know him. He is all in his Essays. The more important events of his life are told or suggested in them. His inmost thoughts, his feelings, the good and bad of his character, its strength and its weaknesses, are all revealed in these pages. "I am myself the subject of my book," he says truly. No other writer has ever so made himself the centre from which radiates, and to which converges, all that he touches upon. His book, in his own phrase again, is "consubstantial" with himself.

Yet he never paints a carefully studied full-length portrait of himself. We learn to know him only by becoming his companion,— by becoming intimate with him. All he tells us comes by the way, not in any formal sequence, but as occasion presents itself. At one moment he speaks of his great-grandfather, Ramon Eyquem, he who bought the Château de Montaigne, whence the name. Elsewhere he tells us not only the year of his birth, 1533, but the day and the precise hour. From his own conditions as mayor of Bordeaux, he passes to comments on his father's attitude in the same office. Some

of the tenderest pages in the Essays are devoted to this "kind father," "the best father that ever was," who, carrying out peculiar ideas of his own, had Michel pass his earliest years among peasants, made him learn Latin before he did French, and woke him in the morning by music. Many of these facts of his childhood are narrated to enforce Montaigne's own ideas on education; which were far beyond those of his age, and all of which have not even yet been put into practice.

The physical details of his existence he speaks of with a frequency and freedom to which nineteenth-century readers are not accustomed; nor is he less open regarding his personal habits and humors. He tells us with pleasant garrulity how he loved to talk and joke with his friends, what an indolent dreamer he was in his library, and yet what an eager traveler in foreign countries, even to the verge of old age. His love of books, even while he asserts that he was little of a reader, his special admiration for Plutarch, his thoughts about death, illness, and old age, his hatred of medicine, his detestation of deceit, his ignorances and awkwardnesses, his lack of memory, his dislike of ceremonious customs, his conservatism, his pride, his over-carefulness about money at one time and his over-carelessness at another, his dislike of "affairs," of trouble of any kind, his more than dislike of restraint, his thoughtful hours in his solitary tower away from all the servitudes of life,—these topics, and such as these, are all touched upon incidentally, and often illustrated by a quotation from Horace or Seneca.

But there are other passages which are illustrated—and could only be illustrated—by quotations from Plato. For the most part these were written in his later years, and this is one of the many proofs of the constant deepening and enriching of his thought. The serious interest he took in the complicated public affairs of his time turned his attention to questions regarding government, laws, beliefs, and crimes; which unquestionably concerned himself as a citizen and as a thinker, but which he considered from an admirably unprejudiced and impersonal point of view.

Thus we find that when Montaigne tells us he studies only himself, we must not take him too literally. He smiles behind the words. His Gascon vivacity is far removed from all formality and precision, and he makes no effort to be consistent, knowing that what he thinks to-day he may condemn to-morrow; for "man is an animal unstable and varying." But it is man, not himself alone, that he depicts, and the knowledge he seeks is of man in general. And he finds that knowledge is to be gained chiefly, but not only, by studying himself. "This long attention," he said, "that I devote to considering myself, trains me to judge also tolerably well of others;

it often happens to me to see and distinguish more exactly the conditions of my friends than they do themselves.» It is this blending of insight, whether about himself or about others, with the power of judging beyond all mere personality, that called forth Pascal's saying: «It is not in Montaigne but in myself that I find all I see in him.»

Many of Montaigne's best years he passed in active life, singularly open to all social pleasures, with ardent affections that found a response from his friend La Boëtie; who, dying only four years after they had met, was constantly present to Montaigne's thought, and was often nobly spoken of by him, during the thirty years that he survived him.

It was only at the age of thirty-eight that Montaigne retired, as it were, within himself; and closing «the great book of the world» he had been reading, gave himself up deliberately to companionship with the ancient authors familiar to him in youth, and always loved, and to that self-analysis, never morbid or declamatory, which gradually led him to the serene acceptance of things as they are, that manifests itself more and more as we advance in the Essays.

This is not the mood of a skeptic — taking the word, as it is now generally understood, to imply an absence of faith. Used in its primitive sense, it may be applied to Montaigne. He was essentially an examiner. He could see many sides in any matter he was considering, and they were all so vivid to him that the result was the question, «Que sçais-je?» which might be paraphrased, Who knows? Of every form of dogmatism he was the enemy — the skeptical enemy. But a man with such a high faith in human nature, and its possible development, as Montaigne shows himself to possess whenever he touches on education, friendship, virtue, the true use of knowledge and the true objects of life, — a man who admires the heroic side of humanity as profoundly as he does, — is no skeptic. The terrible effects in his own day of religious and political intolerance, had forced home on him the danger that lies in the imperative assertion of general philosophical or moral conceptions; and it might perhaps be said of him that for his age he was an agnostic, for he is almost dogmatic about one thing alone, namely that on many points we must accept the uncertainty of ignorance. His latent and sincere Catholicism removed him far from what the term «agnostic» denotes to-day; but to be «knowingly ignorant» is the state of mind he would have us acquire. Complete ignorance — «A B C ignorance» — is not wholly bad; to think that one knows is much worse; but it is excellent to have reached «the willing ignorance of those who know.» Let us not try to climb impossible heights, but abide on the level of attainable good. Such are the lessons he would have taught could he have become didactic. Moderation in all things, but a moderation that

accepts all heroisms as possible. If there seems to be an apparent contradiction in this, it finds its corrective in his modest precept, "Do thy deed and know thyself." The "deed," the "doing," of each of us according to his powers is the highest point we can ever reach. The three "most excellent" men in his eyes were Homer and Alexander the Great and Epaminondas: but his Psalm of Life would not bid us "make our lives sublime," but make them wise and happy, contented and resigned; wise with sobriety, happy with discretion, contented and resigned, but not passive and idle. Thus this sage of the Renaissance, this humanist full of pagan reminiscences, reaches conclusions which he himself phrases in the words of St. Paul: "Gloria nostra est testimonium conscientiæ nostræ."

Serenity, toleration in its broadest sense, not indifference,—that is the lesson we learn from the Essays. But even this vague definition of their value is too narrow. The adopted daughter of Montaigne, Mademoiselle de Gournay, said of him excellently, "Il désenseigne la sottise" (he unteaches foolishness). We do not merely learn, but we *unlearn* from him,—perhaps the greatest of benefits. We unlearn the unwisdom of the foolish world.

It is scarcely more easy to put a label on the style in which the Essays are written than on their contents. Its great charm lies in its characteristic freedom, expressiveness, and clearness. Sometimes eloquent, sometimes poetic and picturesque, it is always familiar. But praise is checked by remembrance of Montaigne's saying that he cared so much more for the meaning than the words, that when he heard any one dwelling on the language of the Essays he would rather they should be silent.

He did not aim at the distinction of being a great writer, still less of being a great man. Yet he unquestionably takes a high place among the representative men of humanity. But it is not as Montaigne the Skeptic that he should be known, nor Montaigne the Egotist, nor Montaigne the Epicurean; but as Montaigne the Sincere.

Bibliographic Note.—Two books of his Essays were first published in 1580; a third book was added in 1588. The first posthumous edition, with additions by the author, appeared in 1595; most of the modern editions follow this. The Journal of his travels was published in 1774. The Essays were translated into English early in the seventeenth century by John Florio; later by Charles Cotton. The best and latest translation, that by William Carew Hazlitt, is based on these.

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER

From the 'Essays'

READER, loe here a well-meaning Booke. It doth at the first entrance forewarne thee, that in contriving the same, I have proposed unto my selfe no other than a familiar and private end: I have no respect or consideration at all, either to thy service, or to my glory; my forces are not capable of any such desseigne. I have vowed the same to the particular commodity of my kinsfolks and friends: to the end, that losing me (which they are likely to do ere long) they may therein find some lineaments of my conditions and humours, and by that meanes reserve more whole, and more lively foster, the knowledge and acquaintance they have had of me. Had my intention beene to forestal and purchase the worlds opinion and favour, I would surely have adorned my selfe more quaintly, or kept a more grave and solemne march. I desire therein to be delineated in mine owne genuine, simple and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray. My imperfections shall therein be read to the life, and my naturall forme discerned, so farre-forth as publike reverence hath permitted me. For if my fortune had beene to have lived among those nations, which yet are said to live under the sweet liberty of Natures first and uncorrupted lawes, I assure thee, I would most willingly have pourtrayed my selfe fully and naked. Thus, gentle Reader, my selfe am the groundworke of my booke: It is then no reason thou shouldest employ thy time about so frivolous and vaine a Subject. Therefore farewell.

Translation of John Florio.

The first of March. 1580.

OF FRIENDSHIP

From the 'Essays'

FOR the rest, which we commonly call Friends, and Friendships, are nothing but Acquaintance, and Familiarities, either occasionally contracted, or upon some design, by means of which, there happens some little intercourse betwixt our Souls: but in the Friendship I speak of, they mix and work themselves into one piece, with so universal a mixture, that there

is no more sign of the Seame by which they were first conjoin'd. If a Man should importune me to give a reason why I lov'd him [Etienne de la Boëtie]; I find it could no otherwise be exprest, than by making answer, because it was he, because it was I. There is, beyond I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fatal power that brought on this Union. We sought one another long before we met, and by the Characters we heard of one another, which wrought more upon our Affections, than in reason, meer reports should do, I think by some secret appointment of Heaven, we embraced in our Names; and at our first meeting, which was accidentally at a great City entertainment, we found ourselves so mutually taken with one another, so acquainted, and so endear'd betwixt our selves, that from thenceforward nothing was so near to us as one another. He writ an excellent Latin Satyr, which I since Printed, wherein he excuses the precipitation of our intelligence, so suddenly come to perfection, saying, that being to have so short a continuance, as being begun so late (for we were both full grown Men, and he some Years the older), there was no time to lose; nor was ti'd to conform it self to the example of those slow and regular Friendships, that require so many precautions of a long præliminary Conversation. This has no other Idea, than that of its self; this is no one particular consideration, nor two, nor three, nor four, nor a thousand: 'tis I know not what quintessence of all this mixture, which, seizing my whole Will, carried it to plunge and lose it self in his, and that having seiz'd his whole Will, brought it back with equal concurrence and appetite, to plunge and lose it self in mine. I may truly say, lose, reserving nothing to our selves, that was either his or mine.

Cotton's Translation, 1685.

OF BOOKS

From the 'Essays'

I MAKE no doubt but that I often happen to speak of things that are much better and more truly handled by those who are masters of the trade. You have here purely an essay of my natural parts, and not of those acquired: and whoever shall catch me tripping in ignorance, will not in any sort get the better of me; for I should be very unwilling to become responsible

to another for my writings, who am not so to myself, nor satisfied with them. Whoever goes in quest of knowledge, let him fish for it where it is to be found; there is nothing I so little profess. These are fancies of my own, by which I do not pretend to discover things but to lay open myself; they may, peradventure, one day be known to me, or have formerly been, according as fortune has been able to bring me in place where they have been explained; but I have utterly forgotten it: and if I am a man of some reading, I am a man of no retention; so that I can promise no certainty, more than to make known to what point the knowledge I now have has risen. Therefore, let none lay stress upon the matter I write, but upon my method in writing it. Let them observe, in what I borrow, if I have known how to choose what is proper to raise or help the invention, which is always my own. For I make others say for me, not before but after me, what, either for want of language or want of sense, I cannot myself so well express. I do not number my borrowings, I weigh them; and had I designed to raise their value by number, I had made them twice as many; they are all, or within a very few, so famed and ancient authors, that they seem, methinks, themselves sufficiently to tell who they are, without giving me the trouble. In reasons, comparisons, and arguments, if I transplant any into my own soil, and confound them amongst my own, I purposely conceal the author, to awe the temerity of those precipitate censors who fall upon all sorts of writings, particularly the late ones, of men yet living, and in the vulgar tongue which puts every one into a capacity of criticizing, and which seems to convict the conception and design as vulgar also. I will have them give Plutarch a fillip on my nose, and rail against Seneca when they think they rail at me. . . .

I seek, in the reading of books, only to please myself, by an honest diversion; or if I study, 'tis for no other science than what treats of the knowledge of myself, and instructs me how to die and how to live well.

«Has meus ad metas sudet oportet equus.»

I do not bite my nails about the difficulties I meet with in my reading; after a charge or two, I give them over. Should I insist upon them, I should both lose myself and time: for I have an impatient understanding, that must be satisfied at first; what

*«Unto that goal my steed must needs make haste.»

I do not discern at once, is by persistence rendered more obscure. I do nothing without gayety; continuation and a too obstinate endeavor darkens, stupefies, and tires my judgment. My sight is confounded and dissipated with poring; I must withdraw it, and defer my discovery to a new attempt; just as to judge rightly of the lustre of scarlet, we are taught to pass the eye lightly over it, and again to run it over at several sudden and reiterated glances. If one book do not please me, I take another; and never meddle with any, but at such times as I am weary of doing nothing. I do not care for new ones, because the old seem fuller and stronger; neither do I converse much with Greek authors, because my judgment cannot do its work with imperfect intelligence of the material. . . .

But, to pursue the business of this essay, I have always thought that, in poesy, Virgil, Lucretius, Catullus, and Horace by many degrees excel the rest; and signally, Virgil in his Georgics, which I look upon as the most accomplished piece in poetry. . . .

As to what concerns my other reading, that mixes a little more profit with the pleasure; and whence I learn how to marshal my opinions and conditions, the books that serve me to this purpose are Plutarch (since he has been translated into French) and Seneca. Both of these have this notable convenience suited to my humor, that the knowledge I there seek is discoursed in loose pieces, that do not require from me any trouble of reading long, of which I am incapable. Such are the minor works of the first and the epistles of the latter, which are the best and most profiting of all their writings. 'Tis no great attempt to take one of them in hand, and I give over at pleasure; for they have no sequence or dependence upon one another. These authors, for the most part, concur in useful and true opinions: and there is this parallel betwixt them, that fortune brought them into the world about the same century; they were both tutors to two Roman emperors; both sought out from foreign countries; both rich and both great men. Their instruction is the cream of philosophy, and delivered after a plain and pertinent manner. Plutarch is more uniform and constant; Seneca more various and waving: the last toiled and bent his whole strength to fortify virtue against weakness, fear, and vicious appetites; the other seems more to slight their power, and to disdain to alter his pace and to stand upon his guard. Plutarch's opinions are Platonic, gentle, and accommodated to civil society; those of the other are

Stoical and Epicurean, more remote from the common use, but in my opinion more individually commodious and more firm. Seneca seems to lean a little to the tyranny of the emperors of his time, and only seems; for I take it for certain that he speaks against his judgment when he condemns the action of the generous murderers of Cæsar. Plutarch is frank throughout; Seneca abounds with brisk touches and sallies, Plutarch with things that heat and move you more: this contents and pays you better; he guides us, the other pushes us on.

As to Cicero, those of his works that are most useful to my design are they that treat of philosophy, especially moral. But boldly to confess the truth (for since one has passed the barriers of impudence, off with the bridle), his way of writing, and that of all other long-winded authors, appears to me very tedious: for his prefaces, definitions, divisions, and etymologies take up the greatest part of his work; whatever there is of life and marrow is smothered and lost in the long preparation. When I have spent an hour in reading him,—which is a great deal for me,—and try to recollect what I have thence extracted of juice and substance, for the most part I find nothing but wind; for he is not yet come to the arguments that serve to his purpose, and to the reasons that properly help to form the knot I seek. For me, who only desire to become more wise, not more learned or eloquent, these logical and Aristotelian dispositions of parts are of no use. I would have a man begin with the main proposition. I know well enough what death and pleasure are: let no man give himself the trouble to anatomize them for me. I look for good and solid reasons, at the first dash, to instruct me how to stand their shock; for which purpose neither grammatical subtleties nor the quaint contexture of words are argumentations of any use at all. I am for discourses that give the first charge into the heart of the redoubt: his languish about the subject; they are proper for the schools, for the bar, and for the pulpit, where we have leisure to nod, and may awake a quarter of an hour after, —time enough to find again the thread of the discourse. It is necessary to speak after this manner to judges, whom a man has a design to gain over, right or wrong; to children and common people, to whom a man must say all, and see what will come of it. I would not have an author make it his business to render me attentive. . . . I come already fully prepared from my chamber. I need no allurement, no invitation, no sauce;

I eat the meat raw, so that instead of whetting my appetite by these preparatives, they tire and pall it. Will the license of the time excuse my sacrilegious boldness if I censure the dialogism of Plato himself as also dull and heavy, too much stifling the matter, and lament so much time lost by a man who had so many better things to say, in so many long and needless preliminary interlocutions? My ignorance will better excuse me, in that I understand not Greek so well as to discern the beauty of his language. I generally choose books that use sciences, not such as only lead to them. . . .

The historians are my right ball: for they are pleasant and easy, and where man in general, the knowledge of whom I hunt after, appears more vividly and entire than anywhere else: the variety and truth of his internal qualities in gross and piecemeal, the diversity of means by which he is united and knit, and the accidents that threaten him. Now those that write lives, by reason they insist more upon counsels than events, more upon what sallies from within than upon what happens without, are the most proper for my reading; and therefore, above all others, Plutarch is the man for me. . . . Cæsar, in my opinion, particularly deserves to be studied, not for the knowledge of the history only, but for himself, so great an excellence and perfection he has above all the rest, though Sallust be one of the number. In earnest I read this author with more reverence and respect than is usually allowed to human writings: one while considering him in his person, by his actions and miraculous greatness, and another in the purity and inimitable polish of his language, wherein he not only excels all other historians, as Cicero confesses, but peradventure even Cicero himself; speaking of his enemies with so much sincerity in his judgment, that (the false colors with which he strives to palliate his evil cause, and the ordure of his pestilent ambition, excepted) I think there is no fault to be objected against him, saving this, that he speaks too sparingly of himself,—seeing so many great things could not have been performed under his conduct, but that his own personal acts must necessarily have had a greater share in them than he attributes to them.

Translation of William Carew Hazlitt.

OF REPENTANCE

From the 'Essays'

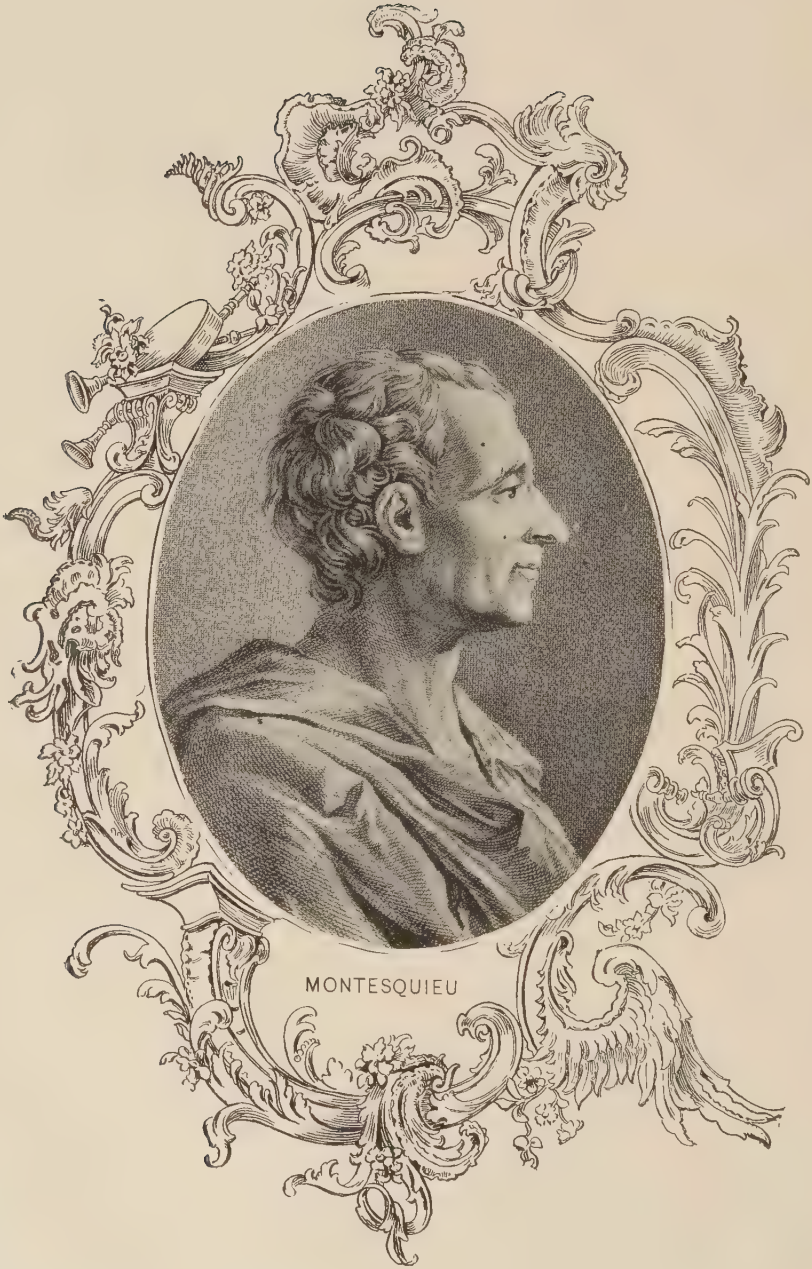
OTHERS form man: I only report him; and represent a particular one, ill fashioned enough, and whom, if I had to model him anew, I should certainly make something else than what he is: but that's past recalling. Now, though the features of my picture alter and change, 'tis not, however, unlike: the world eternally turns round; all things therein are incessantly moving,—the earth, the rocks of Caucasus, and the Pyramids of Egypt, both by the public motion and their own. Even constancy itself is no other but a slower and more languishing motion. . . . I must accommodate my history to the hour: I may presently change, not only by fortune, but also by intention. . . . Could my soul once take footing, I would not essay but resolve; but it is always learning and making trial.

I propose a life ordinary and without lustre; 'tis all one: all moral philosophy may as well be applied to a common and private life, as to one of richer composition; every man carries the entire form of human condition. Authors communicate themselves to the people by some especial and extrinsic mark: I, the first of any, by my universal being; as Michel de Montaigne, not as a grammarian, a poet, or a lawyer. If the world find fault that I speak too much of myself, I find fault that they do not so much as think of themselves. . . . I have this, at least, according to discipline, that never any man treated of a subject he better understood and knew, than I what I have undertaken, and that in this I am the most understanding man alive: secondly, that never any man penetrated farther into his matter, nor better and more distinctly sifted the parts and sequences of it, nor ever more exactly and fully arrived at the end he proposed to himself. To perfect it, I need bring nothing but fidelity to the work; and that is there, and the most pure and sincere that is anywhere to be found. I speak truth, not so much as I would, but as much as I dare: and I dare a little the more, as I grow older; for methinks custom allows to age more liberty of prating, and more indiscretion of talking of a man's self. . . . My book and I go hand in hand together. Elsewhere men may commend or censure the work, without reference to the workman; here they cannot: who touches the one, touches the other. . . . I shall be happy beyond my desert, if I can obtain only thus

much from the public approbation, as to make men of understanding perceive that I was capable of profiting by knowledge, had I had it; and that I deserved to have been assisted by a better memory.

Be pleased here to excuse what I often repeat, that I very rarely repent, and that my conscience is satisfied with itself, not as the conscience of an angel, or that of a horse, but as the conscience of a man; always adding this clause,—not one of ceremony, but a true and real submission,—that I speak inquiring and doubting, purely and simply referring myself to the common and accepted beliefs for the resolution. I do not teach, I only relate.

Translation of William Carew Hazlitt.



MONTESQUIEU

MONTESQUIEU

(1689–1755)

BY FRANCIS NEWTON THORPE

INTO whatever condition of life a man is born, he finds the State made up. If he discovers that society is ever in a flux, he will also discover that its foundations are laid deep. The complexity of his surrounding may awaken his astonishment, his acquiescence, or his resentment. With desire to know, he may work out a political system of things and men. Its value to himself or to others depends on his insight, his data, his conclusions. These may be narrow and limited. His intellection may remain only for a brief time a part of his own little world. Or his may be the insight of genius; his data, of the whole world; his conclusions, those of a philosopher. He may have put into literary form for use and application in that vast public business which we call government, the experience of men in all ages, under different skies, and animated by different conceptions of life.

Charles Louis de Secondat, Baron de la Brède et de Montesquieu, was born at the château of La Brède, near Bordeaux in 1689. He came of aristocratic stock on both sides, and inherited title, place, and the life presidency of the Parliament of Bordeaux. With leisure, money, scholarly tastes, and a great fondness for society, the young man found life a delightful and instructive experience. At twenty-five he was admitted counselor of the Parliament. At twenty-six he married an heiress. At twenty-seven he found himself, by his uncle's will, one of the richest and most influential men in the department. And now, with the famous 'Persian Letters,' he began his serious work in literature. This book was made up of correspondence between two imaginary Persians of high rank, supposed to be traveling in Europe, and their friends at home. The letters satirize the social, political, ecclesiastical, and literary follies of the time with brilliant audacity. Though anonymous, the book was at once attributed to Montesquieu, and at the height of its vogue was suppressed by a ministerial decree. The irresistible wit of the letters, their crushing satire, and their elegant style, made the decree of the censor the trumpet of their fame; and from the day of their publication they set a fashion in literature. Who will venture now to estimate the

number of jealous, discomfited, and unsuccessful authors whose cry has gone up,—"Let us write some Persian letters also."

Another anonymous work appeared thirteen years later: the 'Considerations on the Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans.' Its authorship was soon suspected. Who save Montesquieu had such comprehension, such reflections, such a style? Yet this study of Roman civilization, that would make the reputation of any author, proved to be only the herald of Montesquieu's great work 'The Spirit of Laws.' It was published while he was in the midst of his political studies; and it bears interesting, and perhaps organic relation to the closing chapters of that work.

After its occupying him for twenty years, Montesquieu published his masterpiece, the 'Spirit of Laws,' at Geneva, in 1748. In less than two years it had passed into twenty-two editions. Time works out all equations, and resolves individuals and nations into their true elements. It has resolved Montesquieu into a political institution. His function is akin to that of great masses of men, organized as society, working out principles on which the State is laid. Because he expounds rather than codifies, he differs from Moses and Solon. Because he is a realist, and a modern, he differs from Plato and Aristotle. The whole world, down to his time, is his political parish, and he is singularly free from the prejudices that usually come from race, religion, country, occupation, and age. Because of this mental wholeness, his work provoked the hostility of sectaries, of political schools, of established orders of men. It illustrated antiquity, and marked the inauguration of a new order of the ages. Like great and useful political institutions, it is more fitting to attempt to measure its effects than to criticize its scope, plan, or character.

It appeared at a critical time. Democracy, in France, in England, in America, was stirring like sap in early spring; and leaf, flower, and bud, fruiting in revolution, were on the way. Yet it was not of democracy, specially, that he wrote; nor of aristocracy; nor of despotism. He never discloses his politics. His theme was more profound than a discussion of the mere form of the State. The State he found in various forms, and his purpose was to discover the law that regulates all forms. Analysis and illustration with him were wayside inns along the road to principles. Amidst the flux of human institutions he sought that which abides. His work therefore is economic, and its whole spirit modern. He knew men: he could disclose the spirit of their laws.

A hundred and fifty years have passed since he wrote, and the world has greatly changed: in large degree because of his instruction. Though he presents the State primarily as a compact, he shows that it is so only in form: it is essentially an organism. Political

institutions fall wholly within the domain of law. Words of high rank in the dictionary of politics — such as equality, luxury, education, morality, order, liberty — are in substance the masque of functions, and they co-ordinate the State in administration. Taxation is a method of common protection, whatever the form of the State. It is nature that sets the pace in government; therefore let those who organize and administer the State duly consider race, soil, and climate, for these affect the morals, the religion, the character of a people. Governments become an illustration of his famed definition of the laws: "the necessary relations arising from the nature of things." These relations extend throughout the sphere of human activities, and are disclosed by the operation of forces more or less clear, whatever the form of the State. Of these forces, which he called the spirit of laws, he wrote. Passing over the field affected by this spirit, he found all human interests inclosed within it.

A book of relations like this would make much of commerce and its tributaries. In whatever way a people foster commerce, they will thereby give a clew to the spirit of their political institutions. This, it may be observed, is distinctively a modern view of the State. Montesquieu anticipates our own time by recognizing that persons outrank things in the State. Democracy in America has as yet not fully caught up with this idea. He sees in money a sign or symbol of values; and in wealth, the capacity of a people to realize the opportunities of civilization. Fundamental to the State is the family; whence the importance of the laws affecting marriage, the domestic relations, the rights of women and children, and the relation the State holds to them. Perpetuity is a paramount function of the State; whence laws of religion and of war, those affecting ecclesiastical orders, church tenures, crimes and punishments. He suggests but less often draws conclusions, and in this lies no small part of his influence.

Though saying much of laws, he is not a mere legalist: otherwise his work would be no more than a masterly treatise on codes and decrees, or an abstruse speculation on human government. His 'Considérations sur les Causes de la Grandeur et de la Décadence des Romains' has been pronounced by some to be his most learned work; yet its learning has not given it the utility of the 'Spirit of Laws.' It is rich in illustration; subtle in analysis; comprehensive in conclusions. But the Roman era closed, and the modern, the English, began, about the time of the appearance of this book in 1734. Antiquity until then was the world's chief instructor; but after the opening of the second half of the eighteenth century, the ancient régime was found to demand translation, and much of its political wisdom to be useless to the modern world. No one recognized this

more clearly than did Montesquieu; and his was the genius to transform the whole estate of politics into a fee simple, vested in the individual citizen of the new régime. His influence in England and America illustrates this. Any nation is fond of the philosopher who discovers its admirable qualities, and especially when they are obscure to those who enjoy them. England stands in such an attitude to Montesquieu. He is popularly credited with the discovery of the tripartite form of the English Constitution, and was the first eminent Continental scholar to locate liberty in its purest form in the British Isles. If all this discovery was of a tendency rather than of a fact, it still counted in administration; and though a mere tendency, its consequences were bound to be great.

Among the first of Englishmen who spoke with authority and recognized Montesquieu was Justice Blackstone. Early in his 'Commentaries' he cited the 'Spirit of Laws' as of rank with the opinions of Coke, of Grotius, and of Justinian. But this friendly citation was less fruitful in political effects in England than in America. The 'Spirit of Laws' had been published ten years when Blackstone entered upon his duties as Vinerian Professor of Law at Oxford, and was known to the Americans. Almost at the opening of his 'Commentaries,' Blackstone quotes Montesquieu as authority that England was perhaps the only country in which political and civil liberty was the end and scope of the Constitution. A Frenchman who would say that was sure of fame in English foot-notes. The 'Commentaries' at their appearance became the text-book for all students of English law, and in America were used with great ardor. There political changes were pending. A revolution was at hand, and chiefly because the colonists believed that they were denied the ancient and undoubted rights of Englishmen. Colonialism fast gave way to continentalism. A Congress assembled to take stock of grievances and to appeal to the whole world. This included the inhabitants of Quebec, to whom an address, written by John Dickinson, was sent. He was its author because of his familiarity with the French language. The address consisted chiefly of pertinent quotations from the 'Spirit of Laws.' England was accused of attempting to subvert civil authority in America. Was not this contrary to "your countryman, the immortal Montesquieu?" Did he not say—"In a free State every man, as is supposed of a free agent, ought to be concerned in his own government: therefore the legislative should reside in the whole body of the people, or their representatives;" "The political liberty of the subject is the tranquillity of mind arising from the opinion which a person has of his safety;" "In order to have this liberty, it is requisite that government be so constituted that one man need not be afraid of another;" "When the power of making laws

and the power of executing them are united in the same person, or the same body of magistrates, there can be no liberty, because apprehensions may arise lest the same monarch or magistrates should enact tyrannical laws and execute them in a tyrannical manner;» «The power of judging should be exercised by persons taken from the body of the people at certain times of the year, pursuant to a form and manner prescribed by law;» «There is no liberty if the power of judging be not separated from the legislative and executive powers;» «Military men belong to a profession which may be useful, but is often dangerous;» «The enjoyment of liberty, and even its support and preservation, consists in every man's being allowed to speak his thoughts and lay open his sentiments»?

What was the significance of all this, more than that Montesquieu knew the British Constitution, that he had pointed out the true spirit of laws, and that he was the court of last resort when a civil war was impending between the parts of an empire? Had not Great Britain accepted his interpretation of liberty, in the writings of the greatest commentator on her laws? This was turning the tables, and the Americans pressed their point. The Quebec address was read with enthusiasm everywhere in America except Quebec. Montesquieu was henceforth the political guide-book of the new nation. Here was to be found the wisdom of the ages all arranged for practical use, awaiting independent America. As the colonies became commonwealths they modified the form of their constitutions; and the men who made the changes knew Montesquieu as familiarly as they knew the traditions of Englishmen. This is evident from the speeches they made; the pamphlets they wrote; the constitutions they adopted.

Montesquieu thus became grafted into American institutions during that critical period from 1765 to 1776. Nor was this the end. A more critical period followed. Jefferson shows the influence of Montesquieu in the great Declaration. Madison, Gouverneur Morris, Hamilton, and the men of their generation in America who received legal or collegiate training, read Montesquieu (and the other political encyclopædists) with intent to use his wisdom in practical politics. They knew him even better than they knew Blackstone.

As soon as Washington decided to attend the Federal Convention at Philadelphia, «he made himself familiar with the reasonings of Montesquieu.» His copy of the 'Spirit of Laws,' like Madison's, attests by its marginal notes with what care it was read. In the Convention, as the Constitution evolved, no writer was quoted as of higher authority. On several occasions Dickinson showed that he had not forgotten the Quebec address or its principal authority. Nor was this the conclusion of the matter. Two of the framers of the

Constitution, Hamilton and Madison,—and Jay, soon to be called to expound it,—projected and wrote a series of newspaper articles, known as the 'Federalist,' in exposition and defense of the proposed plan; directed to the people of the State of New York, who at the time were considering the question of ratification. Of the twenty foot-notes to the 'Federalist,' three refer to Blackstone and three to the 'Spirit of Laws'; but the references to Montesquieu are accompanied by quotations, one of which is the longest quotation in the 'Federalist.' The ninth and the seventy-eighth numbers, in which the quotations from Montesquieu occur, are by Hamilton. The paramount influence of Montesquieu in the American constitutions is seen in the practically successful separation of the three functions of the State, "to the end," as the Constitution of Massachusetts puts it, that "it may be a government of laws and not of men"; and, as this and others provide, that one department shall never exercise the powers of either of the others. The phrase "checks and balances in government," which occurs so often in American political literature down to 1850, though not originating with Montesquieu, is an American abbreviation of a large use of him in practical politics. When it is remembered that the American constitutions are the oldest written constitutions in existence, that they have become precedents for all later republics, and that they have powerfully affected the written and the unwritten constitutions of European nations,—the influence of Montesquieu must be acknowledged to be as wide-spread, in our day, as are the sources on which he based his profound conclusions.

To this influence, as it were by dynastic and political succession, there must be added the economic and educational influence he has long exercised in all civilized countries. He has been a principal text-book in politics for a century and a half. In English-speaking lands he has quite displaced Aristotle; for he is found, on trial, to be the only writer whom a modern student can understand without such a body of corrective notes as to make the original text a mere exercise in translation. Specialization, which characterizes modern scholarship, has relegated portions of the 'Spirit of Laws' to the epoch-making books of the past, and has left those portions as a sort of political encyclopædia that the world has outgrown. Time is a trying editor, and many who read Montesquieu now feel that they are going over some old edition of a general treatise on government. What change is this in a book which, as Helvetius and Saurin, fellow Academicians, warned Montesquieu, contained so many innovations that his reputation would be destroyed! His reply was, "Prolem sine creatam" (Spare the born child).

Fortune favored Montesquieu at birth and through life. Ten years in the hereditary office of chief justice at Bordeaux, near which city

he was born, completed his public services. He was thirty-seven when he resigned and entered upon the life of the scholar. Montesquieu was an academician and an encyclopædist, and with Voltaire, helped to turn the world upside down. But between the two men acquaintance never ripened into love. The 'Persian Letters,' which Montesquieu published at thirty-two, laid the foundations of his fame, and started a controversy that raged even at his death-bed.

"Vous savez, Monsieur le President," began the curate of Saint Sulpice, in exhortation, as Montesquieu lay dying, "Vous savez combien Dieu est grand." "Oui," quickly replied the philosopher, "et combien les hommes sont petits."*

Francis Newton Thorpe.

ON THE POWER OF PUNISHMENTS

From 'The Spirit of Laws'

EXPERIENCE shows that in countries remarkable for the lenity of their laws, the spirit of the inhabitants is as much affected by slight penalties as in other countries by severer punishments.

If an inconveniency or abuse arises in the State, a violent government endeavors suddenly to redress it; and instead of putting the old laws in execution, it establishes some cruel punishment, which instantly puts a stop to the evil. But the spring of government hereby loses its elasticity: the imagination grows accustomed to the severe as well as to the milder punishment; and as the fear of the latter diminishes, they are soon obliged in every case to have recourse to the former. Robberies on the highway were grown common in some countries. In order to remedy this evil, they invented the punishment of breaking upon the wheel: the terror of which put a stop for a while to this mischievous practice; but soon after, robberies on the highways became as common as ever.

Desertion, in our days, was grown to a very great height; in consequence of which it was judged proper to punish those delinquents with death; and yet their number did not diminish. The reason is very natural: a soldier, accustomed to venture his life, despises, or affects to despise, the danger of losing it; he is habituated to the fear of shame: it would have been, therefore,

*"You know how great God is."—"Yes, and how small men are."

much better to have continued a punishment which branded him with infamy for life; the penalty was pretended to be increased, while it really was diminished.

Mankind must not be governed with too much severity: we ought to make a prudent use of the means which nature has given us to conduct them. If we inquire into the cause of all human corruptions, we shall find that they proceed from the impunity of criminals, and not from the moderation of punishments.

Let us follow nature, who has given shame to man for his scourge, and let the heaviest part of the punishment be the infamy attending it.

But if there be some countries where shame is not a consequence of punishment, this must be owing to tyranny, which has inflicted the same penalties on villains and honest men.

And if there are others where men are deterred only by cruel punishments, we may be sure that this must, in a great measure, arise from the violence of the government, which has used such penalties for slight transgressions.

It often happens that a legislator, desirous of remedying an abuse, thinks of nothing else: his eyes are open only to this object, and shut to its inconveniences. When the abuse is redressed, you see only the severity of the legislator;—yet there remains an evil in the State, that has sprung from this severity: the minds of the people are corrupted and become habituated to despotism.

Lysander having obtained a victory over the Athenians, the prisoners were ordered to be tried, in consequence of an accusation brought against that nation of having thrown all the captives of two galleys down a precipice, and of having resolved, in full assembly, to cut off the hands of those whom they should chance to make prisoners. The Athenians were therefore all massacred, except Adymantes, who had opposed this decree. Lysander reproached Philocles, before he was put to death, with having depraved the people's minds, and given lessons of cruelty to all Greece.

"The Argives" (says Plutarch), "having put fifteen hundred of their citizens to death, the Athenians ordered sacrifices of expiation, that it might please the gods to turn the hearts of the Athenians from so cruel a thought."

There are two sorts of corruption: one when the people do not observe the laws; the other when they are corrupted by the laws,—an incurable evil, because it is in the very remedy itself.

IN WHAT MANNER REPUBLICS PROVIDE FOR THEIR SAFETY

From 'The Spirit of Laws'

IF A republic be small, it is destroyed by a foreign force; if it be large, it is ruined by an internal imperfection.

To this twofold inconveniency democracies and aristocracies are equally liable, whether they be good or bad. The evil is in the very thing itself, and no form can redress it.

It is therefore very probable that mankind would have been, at length, obliged to live constantly under the government of a single person, had they not contrived a kind of constitution that has all the internal advantages of a republican, together with the external force of a monarchical government. I mean a confederate republic.

This form of government is a convention, by which several petty States agree to become members of a larger one which they intend to establish. It is a kind of assemblage of societies that constitute a new one, capable of increasing by means of further associations, till they arrive at such a degree of power as to be able to provide for the security of the whole body.

It was these associations that so long ago contributed to the prosperity of Greece. By these the Romans attacked the whole globe; and by these alone the whole globe withstood them. For when Rome had attained her highest pitch of grandeur, it was the associations beyond the Danube and the Rhine,—associations formed by the terror of her arms,—that enabled the barbarians to resist her. From hence it proceeds that Holland, Germany, and the Swiss Cantons are considered in Europe as perpetual republics.

The associations of cities were formerly more necessary than in our times. A weak defenseless town was exposed to greater danger. By conquest, it was deprived not only of the executive and legislative power, as at present, but moreover of all human rights.

A republic of this kind, able to withstand an external force, may support itself without any internal corruption; the form of this society prevents all manner of inconveniences.

If a single member should attempt to usurp the supreme power, he could not be supposed to have an equal authority and credit in all the confederate States. Were he to have too great an influence over one, this would alarm the rest; were he to subdue a part, that which would still remain free might oppose

him with forces independent of those which he had usurped, and overpower him before he could be settled in his usurpation.

Should a popular insurrection happen in one of the confederate States, the others are able to quell it. Should abuses creep into one part, they are reformed by those that remain sound. The State may be destroyed on one side and not on the other; the confederacy may be dissolved, and the confederates preserve their sovereignty.

As this government is composed of petty republics, it enjoys the internal happiness of each; and with regard to its external situation, by means of the association it possesses all the advantages of large monarchies.

ORIGIN OF THE RIGHT OF SLAVERY AMONG THE ROMAN CIVILIANS

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

One would never have imagined that slavery should owe its birth to pity, and that this should have been excited three different ways.

The law of nations, to prevent prisoners from being put to death, has allowed them to be made slaves. The civil law of the Romans empowered debtors, who were subject to be ill-used by their creditors, to sell themselves. And the law of nature requires that children whom a father in the state of servitude is no longer able to maintain, should be reduced to the same state as the father.

These reasons of the civilians are all false. It is false that killing in war is lawful, unless in a case of absolute necessity; but when a man has made another his slave, he cannot be said to have been under a necessity of taking away his life, since he actually did not take it away. War gives no other right over prisoners than to disable them from doing any farther harm, by securing their persons. All nations concur in detesting the murdering of prisoners in cold blood.

Neither is it true that a freeman can sell himself. Sale implies a price: now, when a person sells himself, his whole substance immediately devolves to his master; the master therefore in that case gives nothing, and the slave receives nothing. You will say he has a *peculium*. But this *peculium* goes along with his

person. If it is not lawful for a man to kill himself, because he robs his country of his person, for the same reason he is not allowed to barter his freedom. The freedom of every citizen constitutes a part of the public liberty; and in a democratical State is even a part of the sovereignty. To sell one's freedom is so repugnant to all reason as can scarcely be supposed in any man. If liberty may be rated with respect to the buyer, it is beyond all price to the seller. The civil law which authorizes a division of goods among men, cannot be thought to rank among such goods a part of the men who were to make this division. The same law annuls all iniquitous contracts; surely, then, it affords redress in a contract where the grievance is most enormous

The third way is birth: which falls with the two former; for if a man could not sell himself, much less could he sell an unborn infant. If a prisoner of war is not to be reduced to slavery, much less are his children.

The lawfulness of putting a malefactor to death arises from this circumstance,—the law by which he is punished was made for his security. A murderer, for instance, has enjoyed the benefit of the very law which condemns him; it has been a continued protection to him: he cannot therefore object against it. But it is not so with the slave. The law of slavery can never be beneficial to him; it is in all cases against him, without ever being for his advantage; and therefore this law is contrary to the fundamental principle of all societies.

If it be pretended that it has been beneficial to him, as his master has provided for his subsistence, slavery at this rate should be limited to those who are incapable of earning their livelihood. But who will take up with such slaves? As to infants,—nature, which has supplied their mothers with milk, has provided for their sustenance; and the remainder of their childhood approaches so near the age in which they are most capable of being of service, that he who supports them cannot be said to give them an equivalent which can entitle him to be their master.

Nor is slavery less opposite to the civil law than to that of nature. What civil law can restrain a slave from running away, since he is not a member of society, and consequently has no interest in any civil institutions? He can be retained only by a family law; that is, by the master's authority.

ON THE SPIRIT OF TRADE

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

COMMERCE is a cure for the most destructive prejudices: for it is almost a general rule, that wherever we find agreeable manners, there commerce flourishes; and that wherever there is commerce, there we meet with agreeable manners.

Let us not be astonished, then, if our manners are now less savage than formerly. Commerce has everywhere diffused a knowledge of the manners of all nations; these are compared one with another; and from this comparison arise the greatest advantages.

Commercial laws, it may be said, improve manners for the same reason as they destroy them. They corrupt the purest morals; this was the subject of Plato's complaints; and we every day see that they polish and refine the most barbarous.

Peace is the natural effect of trade. Two nations who traffic with each other become reciprocally dependent; for if one has an interest in buying, the other has an interest in selling; and thus their union is founded on their mutual necessities.

But if the spirit of commerce unites nations, it does not in the same manner unite individuals. We see that in countries where the people are moved only by the spirit of commerce, they make a traffic of all the humane, all the moral virtues: the most trifling things — those which humanity itself demands — are there done or there given only for money.

The spirit of trade produces in the mind of man a certain sense of exact justice; opposite on the one hand to robbery, and on the other to those moral virtues which forbid our always adhering rigidly to the rules of private interest, and suffer us to neglect this for the advantage of others.

The total privation of trade, on the contrary, produces robbery; which Aristotle ranks in the number of means of acquiring, yet it is not at all inconsistent with certain moral virtues. Hospitality, for instance, is most rare in trading countries, while it is found in the most admirable perfection among nations of vagabonds.

It is a sacrilege, says Tacitus, for a German to shut his door against any man whomsoever, whether known or unknown. He who has behaved with hospitality to a stranger goes to show him another house where this hospitality is also practiced; and

he is there received with the same humanity. But when the Germans had founded kingdoms, hospitality was become burthensome. This appears by two laws of the code of the Burgundians: one of which inflicted a penalty on every barbarian who presumed to show a stranger the house of a Roman; and the other decreed that whoever received a stranger should be indemnified by the inhabitants, every one being obliged to pay his proper proportion.

ON THE TRUE NATURE OF BENEVOLENCE

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

A man is not poor because he has nothing, but because he does not work. The man who without any degree of wealth has an employment, is as much at his ease as he who without labor has an income of a hundred crowns a year. He who has no substance, and yet has a trade, is not poorer than he who, possessing ten acres of land, is obliged to cultivate it for his subsistence. The mechanic who gives his art as an inheritance to his children has left them a fortune which is multiplied in proportion to their number. It is not so with him who, having ten acres of land, divides it amongst his children.

In trading countries, where many men have no other subsistence but from the arts, the State is frequently obliged to supply the necessities of the aged, the sick, and the orphan. A well-regulated government draws this support from the arts themselves. It gives to some, such employment as they are capable of performing; others are taught to work, and this teaching becomes of itself an employment.

The alms given to a naked man in the street do not fulfill the obligations of the State, which owes to every citizen a certain subsistence, a proper nourishment, convenient clothing, and a kind of life not incompatible with health.

Aurengzebe being asked why he did not build hospitals, said, "I will make my empire so rich that there shall be no need of hospitals." He ought to have said, "I will begin by rendering my empire rich, and then I will build hospitals."

The riches of the State suppose great industry. Amidst the numerous branches of trade, it is impossible but some must suffer;

and consequently the mechanics must be in a momentary necessity.

Whenever this happens, the State is obliged to lend them a ready assistance; whether it be to prevent the sufferings of the people, or to avoid a rebellion. In this case hospitals, or some equivalent regulations, are necessary to prevent this misery.

But when the nation is poor, private poverty springs from the general calamity; and is, if I may so express myself, the general calamity itself. All the hospitals in the world cannot cure this private poverty; on the contrary, the spirit of indolence which it constantly inspires, increases the general and consequently the private misery.

Henry VIII., resolving to reform the Church of England, ruined the monks, of themselves a lazy set of people, that encouraged laziness in others; because, as they practiced hospitality, an infinite number of idle persons, gentlemen and citizens, spent their lives in running from convent to convent. He demolished even the hospitals, in which the lower people found subsistence, as the gentlemen did theirs in the monasteries. Since these changes, the spirit of trade and industry has been established in England.

At Rome the hospitals place every one at his ease except those who labor, except those who are industrious, except those who have land, except those who are engaged in trade.

I have observed that wealthy nations have need of hospitals, because fortune subjects them to a thousand accidents; but it is plain that transient assistances are much better than perpetual foundations. The evil is momentary; it is necessary therefore that the succor should be of the same nature, and that it be applied to particular accidents.

ON RELIGION

From the 'Spirit of Laws'

The different religions of the world do not give to those who profess them equal motives of attachment: this depends greatly on the manner in which they agree with the turn of thought and perceptions of mankind. We are extremely addicted to idolatry, and yet have no great inclination for the religion of idolaters; we are not very fond of spiritual ideas, and

yet are most attached to those religions which teach us to adore a spiritual being. This proceeds from the satisfaction we find in ourselves at having been so intelligent as to choose a religion which raises the Deity from that baseness in which he had been placed by others. We look upon idolatry as the religion of an ignorant people; and the religion which has a spiritual being for its object as that of the most enlightened nations.

When with a doctrine that gives us the idea of a spiritual supreme being, we can still join those of a sensible nature, and admit them into our worship, we contract a greater attachment to religion; because those motives which we have just mentioned are added to our natural inclinations for the objects of sense. Thus the Catholics, who have more of this kind of worship than the Protestants, are more attached to their religion than the Protestants are to theirs, and more zealous for its propagation.

When the people of Ephesus were informed that the fathers of the council had declared they might call the Virgin Mary the Mother of God, they were transported with joy; they kissed the hands of the bishops, they embraced their knees, and the whole city resounded with acclamations.

When an intellectual religion superadds a choice made by the Deity, and a preference of those who profess it to those who do not, this greatly attaches us to religion. The Mahometans would not be such good Mussulmans, if on the one hand there were not idolatrous nations who make them imagine themselves the champions of the unity of God; and on the other, Christians to make them believe that they are the objects of his preference.

A religion burthened with many ceremonies attaches us to it more strongly than that which has a fewer number. We have an extreme propensity to things in which we are continually employed: witness the obstinate prejudices of the Mahometans and the Jews, and the readiness with which barbarous and savage nations change their religion,—who, as they are employed entirely in hunting or war, have but few religious ceremonies.

Men are extremely inclined to the passions of hope and fear: a religion therefore that had neither a heaven nor a hell could hardly please them. This is proved by the ease with which foreign religions have been established in Japan, and the zeal and fondness with which they were received.

In order to raise an attachment to religion, it is necessary that it should inculcate pure morals. Men who are knaves by retail are extremely honest in the gross: they love morality.

And were I not treating of so grave a subject, I should say that this appears remarkably evident in our theatres: we are sure of pleasing the people by sentiments avowed by morality; we are sure of shocking them by those it disapproves.

When external worship is attended with great magnificence, it flatters our minds, and strongly attaches us to religion. The riches of temples, and those of the clergy, greatly affect us. Thus, even the misery of the people is a motive that renders them fond of a religion which has served as a pretext to those who were the cause of their misery.

ON TWO CAUSES WHICH DESTROYED ROME

From the 'Grandeur and Decadence of the Roman Empire'

WHILST the sovereignty of Rome was confined to Italy, it was easy for the commonwealth to subsist: every soldier was at the same time a citizen; every consul raised an army, and other citizens marched into the field under his successor: as their forces were not very numerous, such persons only were received among the troops as had possessions considerable enough to make them interested in the preservation of the city; the Senate kept a watchful eye over the conduct of the generals, and did not give them an opportunity of machinating anything to the prejudice of their country.

But after the legions had passed the Alps and crossed the sea, the soldiers whom the Romans had been obliged to leave during several campaigns in the countries they were subduing, lost insensibly that genius and turn of mind which characterized a Roman citizen; and the generals having armies and kingdoms at their disposal were sensible of their own strength, and would no longer obey.

The soldiers therefore began to acknowledge no superior but their general; to found their hopes on him only, and to view the city as from a great distance: they were no longer the soldiers of the republic, but of Sylla, of Marius, of Pompey, and of Cæsar. The Romans could no longer tell whether the person who headed an army in a province was their general or their enemy.

So long as the people of Rome were corrupted by their tribunes only, on whom they could bestow nothing but their power, the Senate could easily defend themselves, because they acted consistently and with one regular tenor, whereas the common

people were continually shifting from the extremes of fury to the extremes of cowardice; but when they were enabled to invest their favorites with a formidable exterior authority, the whole wisdom of the Senate was baffled, and the commonwealth was undone.

The reason why free States are not so permanent as other forms of government is because the misfortunes and successes which happen to them generally occasion the loss of liberty; whereas the successes and misfortunes of an arbitrary government contribute equally to the enslaving of the people. A wise republic ought not to run any hazard which may expose it to good or ill fortune; the only happiness the several individuals of it should aspire after is to give perpetuity to their State.

If the unbounded extent of the Roman empire proved the ruin of the republic, the vast compass of the city was no less fatal to it.

The Romans had subdued the whole universe by the assistance of the nations of Italy, on whom they had bestowed various privileges at different times. Most of those nations did not at first set any great value on the freedom of the city of Rome, and some chose rather to preserve their ancient usages; but when this privilege became that of universal sovereignty,—when a man who was not a Roman citizen was considered as nothing, and with this title was everything,—the people of Italy resolved either to be Romans or die: not being able to obtain this by cabals and entreaties, they had recourse to arms; and rising in all that part of Italy opposite to the Ionian sea, the rest of the allies were going to follow their example. Rome, being now forced to combat against those who were, if I may be allowed the figure, the hands with which they shackled the universe, was upon the brink of ruin; the Romans were going to be confined merely to their walls: they therefore granted this so much wished-for privilege to the allies who had not yet been wanting in fidelity; and they indulged it, by insensible degrees, to all other nations.

But now Rome was no longer that city the inhabitants of which had breathed one and the same spirit, the same love for liberty, the same hatred of tyranny; a city in which a jealousy of the power of the Senate and of the prerogatives of the great (ever accompanied with respect) was only a love of equality. The nations of Italy being made citizens of Rome, every

city brought thither its genius, its particular interests, and its dependence on some mighty protector: Rome, being now rent and divided, no longer formed one entire body, and men were no longer citizens of it but in a kind of fictitious way; as there were no longer the same magistrates, the same walls, the same gods, the same temples, the same burying-places, Rome was no longer beheld with the same eyes; the citizens were no longer fired with the same love for their country, and the Roman sentiments were obliterated.

Cities and nations were now invited to Rome by the ambitious, to disconcert the suffrages, or influence them in their own favor; the public assemblies were so many conspiracies against the State, and a tumultuous crowd of seditious wretches was dignified with the title of Comitia. The authority of the people and their laws — nay, that people themselves — were no more than so many chimæras; and so universal was the anarchy of those times, that it was not possible to determine whether the people had made a law or not.

Authors enlarge very copiously on the divisions which proved the destruction of Rome; but their readers seldom discover those divisions to have been always necessary and inevitable. The grandeur of the republic was the only source of that calamity, and exasperated popular tumults into civil wars. Dissensions were not to be prevented; and those martial spirits which were so fierce and formidable abroad could not be habituated to any considerable moderation at home. Those who expect in a free State to see the people undaunted in war and pusillanimous in peace, are certainly desirous of impossibilities; and it may be advanced as a general rule that whenever a perfect calm is visible, in a State that calls itself a republic, the spirit of liberty no longer subsists.

Union, in a body politic, is a very equivocal term: true union is such a harmony as makes all the particular parts, as opposite as they may seem to us, concur to the general welfare of the society, in the same manner as discords in music contribute to the general melody of sound. Union may prevail in a State full of seeming commotions; or in other words, there may be a harmony from whence results prosperity, which alone is true peace; and may be considered in the same view as the various parts of this universe, which are eternally connected by the action of some and the reaction of others.

In a despotic State, indeed, which is every government where the power is immoderately exerted, a real division is perpetually kindled. The peasant, the soldier, the merchant, the magistrate, and the grandee, have no other conjunction than what arises from the ability of the one to oppress the other without resistance; and if at any time a union happens to be introduced, citizens are not then united, but dead bodies are laid in the grave contiguous to each other.

It must be acknowledged that the Roman laws were too weak to govern the republic; but experience has proved it to be an invariable fact that good laws, which raise the reputation and power of a small republic, become incommodious to it when once its grandeur is established, because it was their natural effect to make a great people but not to govern them.

The difference is very considerable between good laws and those which may be called convenient; between such laws as give a people dominion over others, and such as continue them in the possession of power when they have once acquired it.

There is at this time a republic in the world (the Canton of Berne), of which few persons have any knowledge, and which, by plans accomplished in silence and secrecy, is daily enlarging its power. And certain it is that if it ever rises to that height of grandeur for which it seems preordained by its wisdom, it must inevitably change its laws; and the necessary innovations will not be effected by any legislator, but must spring from corruption itself.

Rome was founded for grandeur, and her laws had an admirable tendency to bestow it; for which reason, in all the variations of her government, whether monarchy, aristocracy, or popular, she constantly engaged in enterprises which required conduct to accomplish them, and always succeeded. The experience of a day did not furnish her with more wisdom than all other nations, but she obtained it by a long succession of events. She sustained a small, a moderate, and an immense fortune with the same superiority, derived true welfare from the whole train of her prosperities, and refined every instance of calamity into beneficial instructions.

She lost her liberty because she completed her work too soon.

USBEK AT PARIS, TO IBBEN AT SMYRNA

From the 'Persian Letters'

THE women of Persia are finer than those of France, but those of this country are prettier. It is difficult not to love the first, and not to be pleased with the latter; the one are more delicate and modest, and the others more gay and airy. What in Persia renders the blood so pure is the regular life the women observe: they neither game nor sit up late, they drink no wine, and do not expose themselves to the open air. It must be allowed that the seraglio is better adapted for health than for pleasure: it is a dull, uniform kind of life, where everything turns upon subjection and duty; their very pleasures are grave, and their pastimes solemn, and they seldom taste them but as so many tokens of authority and dependence. The men themselves in Persia are not so gay as the French; there is not that freedom of mind, and that appearance of content, which I meet with here in persons of all estates and ranks. It is still worse in Turkey, where there are families in which, from father to son, not one of them ever laughed from the foundation of the monarchy. The gravity of the Asiatics arises from the little conversation there is among them, who never see each other but when obliged by ceremony. Friendship, that sweet engagement of the heart, which constitutes here the pleasure of life, is there almost unknown. They retire within their own house, where they constantly find the same company; insomuch that each family may be considered as living in an island detached from all others. Discoursing one time on this subject with a person of this country, he said to me:—

"That which gives me most offense among all your customs is the necessity you are under of living with slaves, whose minds and inclinations always savor of the meanness of their condition. Those sentiments of virtue which you have in you from nature are enfeebled and destroyed by these base wretches who surround you from your infancy. For, in short, divest yourself of prejudice, and what can you expect from an education received from such a wretch, who places his whole merit in being a jailer to the wives of another man, and takes a pride in the vilest employment in society? who is despicable for that very fidelity which is his only virtue, to which he is prompted by envy, jealousy, and despair; who, inflamed with a

desire of revenging himself on both sexes, of which he is an outcast, submits to the tyranny of the stronger sex provided he may distress the weaker; a wretch who, deriving from his imperfection, ugliness, and deformity, the whole lustre of his condition, is valued only because he is unworthy to be so; who, in short, riveted forever to the gate where he is placed, and harder than the hinges and bolts which secure it, boasts of having spent a life of fifty years in so ignoble a station, where, commissioned by his master's jealousy, he exercises all his cruelties.»

RICA AT PARIS, TO IBBEN AT SMYRNA

From the 'Persian Letters'

WHETHER it is better to deprive women of their liberty or to permit it them, is a great question among men: it appears to me that there are good reasons for and against this practice. If the Europeans urge that there is a want of generosity in rendering those persons miserable whom we love, our Asiatics answer that it is meanness in men to renounce the empire which nature has given them over women. If they are told that a great number of women, shut up, are troublesome, they reply that ten women in subjection are less troublesome than one who is refractory.

Another question among the learned is, whether the law of nature subjects the women to the men. No, said a gallant philosopher to me the other day, nature never dictated such a law. The empire we have over them is real tyranny, which they only suffer us to assume because they have more good-nature than we, and in consequence more humanity and reason. These advantages, which ought to have given them the superiority had we acted reasonably, have made them lose it because we have not the same advantages. But if it is true that the power we have over women is only tyrannical, it is no less so that they have over us a natural empire — that of beauty — which nothing can resist. Our power extends not to all countries; but that of beauty is universal. Wherefore then do we hear of this privilege? Is it because we are the strongest? But this is really injustice. We employ every kind of means to reduce their spirits. Their abilities would be equal with ours, if their education was the same. Let us examine them in those talents which education has

not enfeebled, and we shall see if ours are as great. It must be acknowledged, though it is contrary to our custom, that among the most polite people the women have always had the authority over their husbands; it was established among the Egyptians in honor of Isis, and among the Babylonians in honor of Semiramis. It is said of the Romans that they commanded all nations, but obeyed their wives. I say nothing of the Sauromates, who were in perfect slavery to the sex: they were too barbarous to be brought for an example. Thou seest, my dear Ibben, that I have contracted the fashion of this country, where they are fond of defending extraordinary opinions, and reducing everything to a paradox. The prophet has determined the question, and settled the rights of each sex: the women, says he, must honor their husbands, and the men their wives; but the husbands are allowed one degree of honor more.

THOMAS MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE

(1779–1852)

BY THOMAS WALSH

ALTHOUGH of late years, through the gradual change of taste, the importance of Thomas Moore to the critical reader has grown to be more that of a personality than that of a poet, yet, in large and steady demand at the libraries, his works outrank those of Byron, Scott, and all other popular poets.

Whether this be a tribute to his sentimentality or his music, there can be no doubt that Moore, who came of the people,—his father a small grocer and liquor-dealer of Dublin,—understood their feelings better than he is generally supposed to have done; and while he was singing to the languishing ladies of London, never forgot the less fashionable though no less sentimental audience beyond.

For it is by his songs that his name has made its place in the poet's corner of the heart: not by his elaborated pictures of an Orient that he never beheld; his loves of angelic (and too earthly) spirits; nor his high-flown and modish 'Evenings in Greece.' Fate has its ironies, and this is one of them: Tom Moore, the darling of English aristocracy, the wit of fashionable Bohemia, lives for us principally as the pretty Irish lad from Dublin; his boyish fad of Anacreon and Thomas Little forgotten, and only the songs that came from his heart remembered.

Born in a humble though decent quarter of Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, he inherited that love of country which is so characteristic of his race. Ireland has cause indeed to be grateful to Moore. It is true that his tastes and his friendships were placed far from her unfortunate shores. But in those days she offered no future to a literary man; and it required more than ordinary courage to espouse her cause when even sympathy with her was considered treasonable to England. Among his English friends, who thought Ireland synonymous with barbarity and ignorance, he moved about amiably patriotic, striking down the barriers of intolerance with the shafts of his conciliating wit. Sunday after Sunday, though his controversial works in favor of Catholicism would fill many volumes, he was to be found in an Anglican chapel.

While Moore never deserted or neglected his humble parents, of whom he was justifiably proud, nor forgot his early friends and

helpers, yet as he rose in life, his diaries contain few names but those of the great. With his gifts of social wit and gayety he was more courted than courting, however; and in this light should be received the saying that "Tommy dearly loved a lord." Few men ever surpassed him in that art of brilliant conversation that contributed so largely to his successful career. He is the past-master in that art among the moderns; and Golzan, when he asserted that the footmen in the old French salons were more distinguished in their conversation than the great writers since their day, should have excepted the Irish poet.

While not a great linguist, he was certainly endowed with the gift of tongues; so that when he left the University in Dublin in 1799, with his classical studies completed, he was proficient in both French and Italian. His name was now entered at the Middle Temple, London. His youth,—he was only twenty,—his humble parents and meagre fortunes, had not prevented him from gaining some foothold in Dublin society. For besides his personal gifts, he was already known as a poet, from some published effusions; and it was whispered that the pretty youth who had dabbled in the plot that sent his college-mate, Robert Emmet, to the gallows, had under his arm the manuscript of the 'Odes of Anacreon,' which, to the unsophisticated aristocrats of Dublin, must have given the young bard an air of fascinating worldliness.

His first business in London was to obtain a patron; and we soon hear of him as supping, through Lord Moira's influence, with the Prince Regent, at the table of Mrs. Fitzherbert. A subscription for the publication of the 'Odes,' headed by the name of his Royal Highness, soon enabled Moore to produce his dainty translations of the Teian bard, with all the conventional foot-notes and pretty pieces of learning that the time so much admired; with every nymph and cup-bearer pictured in corkscrew curls and voluminous draperies. It is an epitome of the spirit of its time,—this little volume,—so bland in its pretensions to learning, at the same time so fashionable and so seemingly erudite. Quotations in Greek, Latin, French, and Italian meet the eye on almost every page; and pretty conceits from outside sources, that can be brought by any straining of means into some connection with the main work, are scattered with a lavish hand.

The success of this volume was so great that we hear no more of Moore in the Middle Temple. In the years of prosperity and gayety that followed,—years of bewildering successes for so young a man,—a laureateship is offered and declined. The great men of the day stood anxious to be of use to the youth whom fashion had taken by the hand; and, again through the influence of Lord Moira, Moore was made Registrar of the Admiralty Court of Bermuda. But the island

of «the still-vext Bermoothes» was not to the taste of the gay little dancer in the sun; and tarrying there only long enough to appoint a deputy, he proceeded on the American tour that resulted in his 'Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems.' In America Moore naturally found little to admire. He was shocked at «the rude familiarity of the lower orders»; and on his arrival in Washington, took sides with the British minister and his wife in that historic quarrel with the President on the subject of social precedence, that mystified the magnates of the republican court.

He shared, indeed, the national aptitude for quarreling; on one occasion challenging Jeffrey to a duel, because of a critique in the Edinburgh,—a duel which the police interrupted at the crucial moment, and which resulted in the lifelong friendship of the combatants. It happened, however, that when the pistols were seized, one of them was discovered to be without a bullet; whereupon Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' so ridiculed the affair that Moore challenged him in turn. Friends however interfered, and a friendship was founded between the combatants that has for its memorial the 'Life and Journals of Lord Byron' by Thomas Moore.

In 1811 the poet married Miss Bessie Dyke, an Irish actress of some note, whose beauty had gained her from the fastidious Rogers the names of «Madonna della Sedia» and «Psyche.» She had all the womanly qualities of self-control, patience, and economy, that were needed by the wife of the spoiled little bard, who gave her until his death all the devotion of a lover.

His life after his marriage was to be one series of social and literary triumphs, shadowed only by the money difficulties by which his own carelessness and his Bermudan deputy's dishonesty threatened at one time to overwhelm him. He paid his debts, however, by means of the success of his satires, the generous terms of the Longmans in ordering 'Lalla Rookh,' and the pension of £300 given him by the government through the grace of Lord John Russell, who was one day to be his biographer. Fond as he was of dancing and dining, however, he was both industrious and persevering at his work-bench, where he turned out not less than thirty volumes, among the best known of which are—'The Odes of Anacreon,' 'The Fudge Family in Paris,' 'Epistles, Odes, and Other Poems,' 'The Two-penny Post Bag,' 'Lalla Rookh,' 'Rhymes on the Road,' 'The Epicurean, a Prose Story,' 'The Loves of the Angels,' 'The Life of Sheridan,' 'The Life of Lord Byron,' and 'The Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald.'

During his sojourns in France, while his friends compromised the Bermudan suits, Continental society united to do him honor. Royalty listened to his charming drolleries, and languished over the songs which he sang and accompanied on the piano with an elegance that

great musicians envied for its effect. 'Lalla Rookh' was presented by the Imperial personages on the court stage of St. Petersburg. The Duchess of Kent and the little Princess Victoria sang his own songs to him. For "Moore," says Lady Morgan,—a very capable judge,—"now belongs to gilded saloons and grand pianofortes."

When he goes to Ireland, he must kiss every woman on board the Dublin packet; and the galleries of the theatres ring with "Come, show your Irish face, Tom!" That he had the tastes of a dandy, we learn from a letter of the time describing his "smart white hat, kid gloves, brown frock coat, yellow cassimere waistcoat, gray duck trousers, and blue silk handkerchief carelessly secured in front by a silver pin." At another time he orders a coat of "blue with yellow buttons"; but meanwhile he complains that he has been obliged to wear his white hat in the winter rains for want of a better. In spite of his toilets, however, the good-natured crowd that followed the "Great Poet" in his Irish wanderings were so disappointed that there were frequent outcries of "Well, 'tis a darling little pet, at any rate;" "Be dad, isn't he a dawny creature, and doesn't he just look like one of the good people!" (fairies). But there was never any lack of enthusiasm and cheering.

At length the shadows began to darken on the spirit of Moore, as one by one his five children died, and he was left at last alone with his devoted Bessy. His wit and brilliancy began to fade; and though, as Willis relates, he continued to stumble in his short-sighted way into the salons of the great houses where he was worshiped, and though he still sat among the wits and peers at table,—the light fancy, the store of anecdote and droll allusion, diminished until all that made his greatness became mere tradition. It was too late to hope that he would change his life,—retire to the privacy of his home, hiding the eclipse of mind that has so often darkened the last years of men of genius. It was in the midst of the gay and worldly throng in which he had passed his golden days that he lapsed into silence, and became the spectre of the feasts to which, above all, he was once welcome.

The end came in February 1852, when he had reached his seventy-third year. Of all his family, he was survived only by the noble woman who saw him laid beside their five children in the churchyard of Bromham in Wiltshire.

PARADISE AND THE PERI

From 'Lalla Rookh'

ONE morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy," exclaimed this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there
'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall:
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
One blossom of heaven outblooms them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree Isle reflected clear,
And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,
Yet — oh, 'tis only the blest can say
How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years —
One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel who was keeping
The gates of light beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which — Bramins say —
Blooms nowhere but in Paradise.

"Nymph of a fair but erring line!"
Gently he said — "one hope is thine,

'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The gift that is most dear to heaven!
Go seek it, and redeem thy sin,—
'Tis sweet to let the pardoned in."

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;
Fleeter than the starry brands
Flung at night from angel hands
At those dark and daring sprites
Who would climb the empyreal heights,—
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
And, lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn
In which unnumbered rubies burn
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;
I know where the Isles of Perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;
I know too where the Genii hid
The jeweled cup of their King Jamshid,
With life's elixir sparkling high,—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful throne?
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fanned
The air of that sweet Indian land
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!

But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood; the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man the sacrifice of man
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers.
Land of the sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods and thy pillared shades,
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?

'Tis he of Gazna: fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scattered in his ruinous path.
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved sultana;
Maidens within their pure zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand
Alone beside his native river,
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood;
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood:
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to the invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last,
Last glorious drop his heart had shed
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light.
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For liberty shed so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land;
But see — alas! — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not: holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's lunar mountains
Far to the south the Peri lighted,
And sleeked her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Where oft the Genii of the floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile
And hail the new-born giant's smile.
Thence over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled spirit sighing roves,
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale; now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris's lake.

'Twas a fair scene: a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold

Basking in heaven's serenest light;
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crowned heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;
Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright
When their beloved sun's awake;
Those ruined shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream,
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows flitting
Fast from the moon unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-winged sultana sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The demon of the plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick that every living thing
Of human shape touched by his wing,
Like plants where the simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!
The sun went down on many a brow
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again.
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyena stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies;—
Woe to the half-dead wretch who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying Spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall:

Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept: the air grew pure and clear
Around her as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!

Just then beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy,—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour
Had thither stolen to die alone:
One who in life, where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him; none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes;
No voice well known through many a day
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which when all other sounds decay
Is still like distant music heard,—
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death:
That she whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have called his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fanned.

But see — who yonder comes by stealth
This melancholy bower to seek,

Like a young envoy sent by Health
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she: far off, through moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothèd bride,—
She who would rather die with him
Than live to gain the world beside!
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosened tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling-place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields — now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffered lips alone;
Those lips that then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unasked or without shame.
"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There — drink my tears while yet they fall;
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou knowest I'd shed it all
To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face:
Am I not thine — thy own loved bride —
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side?
Think'st thou that she whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night
That must be hers when thou art gone?
That I can live and let thee go,
Who art my life itself? No, no —
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before, like thee, I fade and burn;

Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails — she sinks; as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes.
One struggle; and his pain is past —
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last
Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warmed a woman's breast,—
"Sleep on; in visions of odor rest;
In balmier airs than ever yet stirred
The enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death-lay
And in music and perfume dies away!"
Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seemed,
Upon the eve of Doomsday taken
From their dim graves in odor sleeping;
While that benevolent Peri beamed
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure self-sacrificing love.
High throbbed her heart, with hope elate:
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake

Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain:
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed. "Not yet,"
The angel said, as with regret
He shut from her that glimpse of glory:
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see — the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not; holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the gates of heaven for thee."

Now upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And like a glory the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon,
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer in a vale of flowers
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who looked from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruined shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,— as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows such as span
The unclouded skies of Peristan.
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum

Of the wild bees of Palestine,
Banqueting through the flowery vales;
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods so full of nightingales.
But naught can charm the luckless Peri:
Her soul is sad, her wings are weary;
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials which the wizard Time
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie concealed
Beneath those chambers of the sun
Some amulet of gems, annealed
In upper fires, some tablet sealed
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spelled by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean, lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon
An erring spirit to the skies.

Cheered by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Balbec winging,
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing with eager hands and eyes
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That fluttered round the jasmine stems
Like wingèd flowers or flying gems:
And near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount,
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turned
To the fair child, who fearless sat,

Though never yet hath day-beam burned
Upon a brow more fierce than that:
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed,—
The ruined maid, the shrine profaned,
Oaths broken, and the threshold stained
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening-time
Softened his spirit) looked and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play;
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
As torches that have burnt all night,
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels with his forehead to the south,
Lisping the eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth;
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again.
Oh! 'twas a sight,—that heaven, that child,—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there, while memory ran

O'er many a year of guilt and strife,—
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.
"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones, "thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I looked and prayed like thee; but now—"
He hung his head; each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence;
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies
And health reanimates earth and skies!
Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispelled them all!"

And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they lingered yet,
There fell a light more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dewed that repentant sinner's cheek.
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam;
But well the enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw

From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

«Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

«Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die
Passing away like a lover's sigh:
My feast is now of the Tooba Tree,
Whose scent is the breath of Eternity!

«Farewell, ye vanishing flowers that shone
In my fairy wreath so bright and brief:
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree springing by Alla's throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf.
Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are passed, and heaven is won!»

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

OH! THE days are gone, when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream;
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.

Though the bard to purer fame may soar,
When wild youth's past;
Though he win the wise, who frowned before,
To smile at last:
He'll never meet
A joy so sweet,
In all his noon of fame,

As when first he sung to woman's ear
His soul-felt flame,
And at every close she blushed to hear
The one loved name.

No, that hallowed form is ne'er forgot
Which first love traced;
Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot
On memory's waste.
'Twas odor fled
As soon as shed;
'Twas morning's winged dream:
'Twas a light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream:
Oh! 'twas light that ne'er can shine again
On life's dull stream.

THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING

THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes,
Has been my heart's undoing.
Though Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorned the lore she brought me:
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the sprite
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.
Like him, too, Beauty won me;
But while her eyes were on me,
If once their ray
Was turned away,
Oh! winds could not outrun me.

And are those follies going?
And is my proud heart growing
Too cold or wise
For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing?

No—vain, alas! the endeavor
From bonds so sweet to sever:
Poor Wisdom's chance
Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away:
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear:
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

COME, REST IN THIS BOSOM

Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer:
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.

Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,—
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.

Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be through the horrors of this:
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee, or perish there too!

NORA CREINA

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises;
Few its looks, but every one
Like unexpected light surprises!
O my Nora Creina, dear,
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But Love in yours, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath laced it,
Not a charm of beauty's mold
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,
My simple, graceful Nora Creina,
Nature's dress
Is loveliness —
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refined,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillowed on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes —
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
O my Nora Creina dear,
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright,
Hath no such light
As warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but him departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

OH! BREATHE NOT HIS NAME

OH! BREATHE not his name,—let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonored his relics are laid;
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THE HARP THAT ONCE THROUGH TARA'S HALLS

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more.

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL

Miriam's Song

"And Miriam, the Prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her with timbrels and with dances."
— Exod. xv. 20.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!
Sing — for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave —
How vain was their boast; for the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!
Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, his breath was our sword.
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free!

"THOU ART, O GOD"

"The day is thine, the night is also thine; thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

"Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter." — Psalm lxxiv. 16, 17.

Thou art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine!

When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues, that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord! are thine.

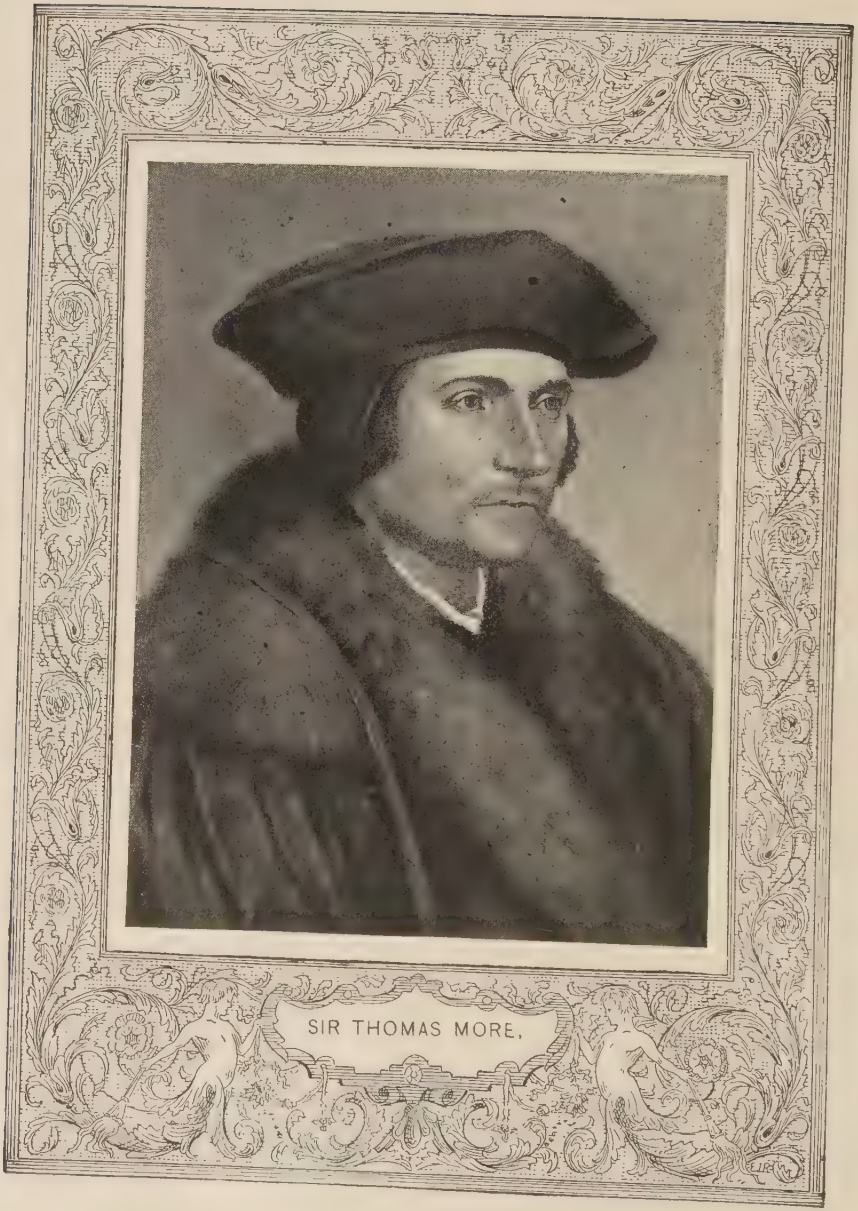
When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord! are thine.

When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower the summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye.
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

THE BIRD LET LOOSE

The bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam;
But high she shoots through air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadows dim her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee!
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs:
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings!



SIR THOMAS MORE.

SIR THOMAS MORE

(1478–1535)

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

SIR THOMAS MORE is conspicuous among English men of letters, not solely because of the quality of his English and Latin prose; but in the main for the humanistic spirit of his culture. In an age when his nation was not distinguished for liberality of thought nor for breadth of human view, Thomas More linked to his mediæval devoutness a passion for intellectual freedom which places him in the first rank of modern thinkers. He obtains perhaps broader recognition, as one whose public and private life was of such exalted purity and high-minded fidelity to a fixed ideal, that later generations have found in his character the essential elements of sainthood.

He was born in 1478, in the morning twilight of the Renaissance. The strong new life of Italy, awakening to the beauty and wonder of the world and of man, under the inspiration of the Hellenic spirit, had not yet communicated its full warmth and vigor to the nations of the north. England was still mediæval and scholastic when Thomas More was a page in the household of Cardinal Morton. Even the great universities were under the domination of the schoolmen. Greek was neglected for the dusty Latin of scholasticism. The highly susceptible nature of Thomas More felt nevertheless the influence of the classical revival, with its accompanying revival of humanitarian sympathies. Humane in temperament, of a sweet and reasonable mind, he was drawn naturally to the study of the Greek classics. At the same time his inheritance of the simple Christian piety of an earlier day inclined him to asceticism. His soul was mediæval; his mind was modern. Self-repression and self-expansion struggled within him for the mastery. The hair shirt and the wooden pillow were placed over against the delights of the new learning. The career of Thomas More was determined by his father, a lawyer of distinction, who wished his son to be a devotee neither of religion nor of literature. In 1494, after a two-years' residence at Oxford, More was entered at New Inn to begin the study of law. From thenceforth his career was to be more and more involved with the troubled politics of England in the reigns of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. For a time,

however, he was to advance quietly in his chosen profession, maturing under the influences of life in the world, and under the enriching forces of his friendship with Erasmus. In Erasmus, the cultured and philosophical representative of the new era, More found satisfaction for needs of his own nature which neither the study of law nor the exercises of devotion could wholly meet. The author of the 'Utopia' would follow the leadership of love into many paths which might otherwise have offered no thoroughfare. It is in the 'Utopia' that the friend of Erasmus, the lover of Greek humanism, the modern thinker, escapes from the trammels of his age and environment, and gives expression to the best that is within him.

As far as was possible More sought to give a practical outlet to his high and prophetic ideals. In doing so he ran contrary to the tendency of his time, and paid the last penalty of such a course—martyrdom. From the accession of Henry VIII. in 1509, to 1532, the year in which More resigned the Great Seal, his career indicated not only his moral and intellectual greatness, but the pressure of his individuality against the trammels of an age too strait for it. The justice and mercy of Sir Thomas More belong rather to the nineteenth century than to the sixteenth, despite their setting in the religious thought and feeling of the Middle Age.

The landmarks of his life,—his appointment as under-sheriff of London in 1510, his embassy to Flanders in 1514 and to Calais in 1517, his admission to the Privy Council in 1518, his promotion to the Under-Treasurership in 1521 and his knighting in the same year, his election as Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523, his advancement to the Lord Chancellorship in 1529—these events were steps in an uncongenial progress towards an undesired goal. Between the author of the 'Utopia' and Henry VIII. there was a great gulf fixed. The monarch might walk and talk familiarly with his Lord Chancellor in the pleasant gardens of More's home at Chelsea, but this friendship of royal imposition was the artificial linking of a modern man with a feudal tyrant. The conflict of Sir Thomas More with Henry VIII. over the divorce of Katherine of Aragon was less one of religion than of the old order with the new. The execution of More in 1535, for refusing to accept the Act of Supremacy, was but the natural outcome of this conflict.

In the 'Utopia' More embodied his ideals of society and government, for which he had found so few mediums of expression in the actual order about him. A critic in the Quarterly Review justly says of the book that "it is an indictment of the state of society in which More found himself, and an aspiration after a fairer and juster ordering of the commonwealth. We can trace in it something vaticinatory; some forecast of the prophetic soul of the great world dreaming on

things to come." Another critic, Rudbart, finds it underlain with three great truths: that toleration should prevail in matters of religious belief; that all political power should not be vested in a single hand; that the well-being of the body politic depends upon the ethical and religious fitness of its members.

'Utopia,' the island of Nowhere, where labor is recreation, where want is not, where men are brothers, remains still an ideal to modern minds of a certain type. The charm of the book itself lies partly in its attractive subject—a golden age is always of interest—partly in its quaint and fragrant style.

In the annals of English literature, Sir Thomas More the Lord Chancellor is less remembered than Sir Thomas More the friend of Erasmus and of Holbein, the head of the patriarchal household at Chelsea, the father of Margaret Roper. As one of the first-born of an age whose hospitality he was not destined to enjoy, he possesses a strong claim upon the interest and sympathy of modern generations.

Anna McClure Sholl

A LETTER TO LADY MORE

[Returning from the negotiations at Cambray, Sir Thomas More heard that his barns and some of those of his neighbors had been burned down; he consequently wrote the following letter to his wife. Its gentleness to a sour-tempered woman, and the benevolent feelings expressed about the property of his neighbors, have been much admired. The spelling is modernized.]

MISTRESS ALICE, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbors' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of this visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning,

for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good ensearch what my poor neighbors have lost, and bid them take no thought therefor; for if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbor of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk off our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the King's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

And thus as heartily fare-you-well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September [1528], by the hand of your loving husband,

THOMAS MORE, Knight.

LIFE IN UTOPIA

From 'Utopia'

THERE are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built, the manners, customs, and laws of which are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow. The nearest lie at least twenty-four miles' distance from one another, and the most remote

are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, to consult about their common concerns; for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the centre of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. The jurisdiction of every city extends at least twenty miles; and where the towns lie wider, they have much more ground. No town desires to enlarge its bounds, for the people consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords.

They have built, over all the country, farm-houses for husbandmen; which are well contrived, and furnished with all things necessary for country labor. Inhabitants are sent, by turns, from the cities to dwell in them; no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family, and over thirty families there is a magistrate. Every year twenty of this family come back to the town after they have stayed two years in the country, and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, as they must teach those that come to them the next from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors which might otherwise be fatal and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a shifting of the husbandmen, to prevent any man being forced against his will to follow that hard course of life too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it that they desire leave to continue in it many years.

These husbandmen till the ground, breed cattle, hew wood and convey it to the towns either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner: for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but a vast number of eggs are laid in a gentle and equal heat in order to be hatched; and they are no sooner out of the shell, and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding them; for they do not put them to any work, either of plowing or carriage, in

which they employ oxen. For though their horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge and with less trouble. And even when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labor, they are good meat at last. They sow no corn but that which is to be their bread: for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes boiled with honey or liquorice, with which they abound; and though they know exactly how much corn will serve every town and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more, and breed more cattle, than are necessary for their consumption, and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbors.

When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it. And the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them; for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes, the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly dispatch it all in one day.

He that knows one of their towns knows them all — they are so like one another, except where the situation makes some difference. I shall therefore describe one of them, and none is so proper as Amaurot; for as none is more eminent (all the rest yielding in precedence to this, because it is the seat of their supreme council), so there was none of them better known to me, I having lived five years all together in it.

It lies upon the side of a hill, or rather a rising ground. Its figure is almost square: for from the one side of it, which shoots up almost to the top of the hill, it runs down in a descent for two miles, to the river Anider; but it is a little broader the other way that runs along by the bank of that river. The Anider rises about eighty miles above Amaurot, in a small spring at first. But other brooks falling into it, of which two are more considerable than the rest, as it runs by Amaurot it is grown half a mile broad; but it still grows larger and larger, till after sixty miles' course below it, it is lost in the ocean. Between the town and the sea, and for some miles above the town, it ebbs and flows

every six hours with a strong current. The tide comes up about thirty miles so full that there is nothing but salt water in the river, the fresh water being driven back with its force; and above that, for some miles, the water is brackish; but a little higher, as it runs by the town, it is quite fresh; and when the tide ebbs, it continues fresh all along to the sea. There is a bridge cast over the river, not of timber, but of fair stone, consisting of many stately arches; it lies at that part of the town which is farthest from the sea, so that the ships, without any hindrance, lie all along the side of the town.

There is likewise another river that runs by it, which, though it is not great, yet it runs pleasantly, for it rises out of the same hill on which the town stands, and so runs down through it and falls into the Anider. The inhabitants have fortified the fountain-head of this river, which springs a little without the towns; that so, if they should happen to be besieged, the enemy might not be able to stop or divert the course of the water, nor poison it; from thence it is carried in earthen pipes to the lower streets. And for those places of the town to which the water of that small river cannot be conveyed, they have great cisterns for receiving the rain-water, which supplies the want of the other.

The town is compassed with a high and thick wall, in which there are many towers and forts; there is also a broad and deep dry ditch, set thick with thorns, cast round three sides of the town, and the river is instead of a ditch on the fourth side. The streets are very convenient for all carriage, and are well sheltered from the winds. Their buildings are good, and are so uniform that a whole side of a street looks like one house. The streets are twenty feet broad. There lie gardens behind all their houses; these are large, but inclosed with buildings, that on all hands face the streets, so that every house has both a door to the street and a back door to the garden. Their doors have all two leaves, which, as they are easily opened, so they shut of their own accord; and there being no property among them, every man may freely enter into any house whatsoever. At every ten years' end they shift their houses by lots. They cultivate their gardens with great care, so that they have both vines, fruits, herbs, and flowers in them; and all is so well ordered and so finely kept that I never saw gardens anywhere that were both so fruitful and so beautiful as theirs. And this humor of ordering their gardens so well is not only kept up by the pleasure they

find in it, but also by an emulation between the inhabitants of the several streets, who vie with each other. And there is, indeed, nothing belonging to the whole town that is both more useful and more pleasant. So that he who founded the town seems to have taken care of nothing more than of their gardens; for they say the whole scheme of the town was designed at first by Utopus, but he left all that belonged to the ornament and improvement of it to be added by those that should come after him, that being too much for one man to bring to perfection.

Their records, that contain the history of their town and State, are preserved with an exact care, and run backwards seventeen hundred and sixty years. From these it appears that their houses were at first low and mean, like cottages, made of any sort of timber, and were built with mud walls and thatched with straw. But now their houses are three stories high; the fronts of them are faced either with stone, plastering, or brick, and between the facings of their walls they throw in their rubbish. Their roofs are flat; and on them they lay a sort of plaster, which costs very little, and yet is so tempered that it is not apt to take fire, and yet resists the weather more than lead. They have great quantities of glass among them, with which they glaze their windows; they use also in their windows a thin linen cloth, that is so oiled or gummed that it both keeps out the wind and gives free admission to the light.

SLAVERY AND PUNISHMENTS FOR CRIME

From 'Utopia'

THEY do not make slaves of prisoners of war, except those that are taken in battle; nor of the sons of their slaves, nor of those of other nations: the slaves among them are only such as are condemned to that state of life for the commission of some crime, or, which is more common, such as their merchants find condemned to die in those parts to which they trade, whom they sometimes redeem at low rates; and in other places have them for nothing. They are kept at perpetual labor, and are always chained, but with this difference, that their own natives are treated much worse than others; they are considered as more profligate than the rest, and since they could not be restrained by the advantages of so excellent an education, are judged worthy

of harder usage. Another sort of slaves are the poor of the neighboring countries, who offer of their own accord to come and serve them; they treat these better, and use them in all other respects as well as their own countrymen, except their imposing more labor upon them, which is no hard task to those that have been accustomed to it: and if any of these have a mind to go back to their own country,—which indeed falls out but seldom,—as they do not force them to stay, so they do not send them away empty-handed. . . .

Their law does not determine the punishment for other crimes; but that is left to the Senate, to temper it according to the circumstances of the fact. Husbands have power to correct their wives, and parents to chastise their children, unless the fault is so great that a public punishment is thought necessary for striking terror into others. For the most part slavery is the punishment even of the greatest crimes; for as that is no less terrible to the criminals themselves than death, so they think the preserving them in a state of servitude is more for the interest of the commonwealth than killing them; since as their labor is a greater benefit to the public than their death could be, so the sight of their misery is a more lasting terror to other men than that which would be given by their death. If their slaves rebel, and will not bear their yoke and submit to the labor that is enjoined them, they are treated as wild beasts, that cannot be kept in order neither by a prison nor by their chains; and are at last put to death. But those who bear their punishment patiently, and are so much wrought on by that pressure that lies so hard on them that it appears they are really more troubled for the crimes they have committed than for the miseries they suffer, are not out of hope but that at last either the Prince will by his prerogative, or the people by their intercession, restore them again to their liberty, or at least very much mitigate their slavery.

JAMES JUSTINIAN MORIER

(1780–1849)

HAJJI BABA, one of the most delightful of all the disreputable rascals in literature, was invented, or rather discovered, in Persia by James Justinian Morier, about the year 1808. In that year Mr. Morier went to Tehrân as private secretary of the English minister to the Persian court. He was born in Constantinople, where his father held the position of British consul; brought up in an Oriental atmosphere, although he passed some years at Harrow; and was dedicated to the Oriental diplomatic or consular service. At the age of twenty-eight he had his first Persian experience. From 1811 to 1815 he was again in Persia as secretary and *chargé d'affaires*. He wrote two works on Persia, which were greatly valued in England for their historical information and keen insight into Persian character. In 1824 appeared 'Hajji Baba,' the ripened product of his observation and experience. It became at once a favorite of the intelligent reading public, and speedily passed through several editions. This popularity it has never lost, and new editions have constantly been in demand. The latest (Macmillan & Co.) was published in 1895 with a biographical introduction by the Hon. George Curzon, and with the original illustrations made from drawings by the author. 'Hajji Baba in England,' a narrative which followed this classic, gives the droll experiences of Mirza Firouz, Persian envoy to the court of St. James, whither he is supposed to have been accompanied by Hajji.

Mr. Morier seems to have been saturated with the Oriental feeling; and his knowledge of the Persian character, in all grades of society, is so comprehensive, his acquaintance with Persian literature so sympathetic, and his study of its religion, morals and manners, and way of regarding life, is so deep, that the narrative put into the mouth of the barber of Ispahan strikes no false note. The story has no companion for verisimilitude in all those written by foreigners of another age and another race; including all the romances of Greek and Roman life, which invariably smell of erudition and of archæology. Hajji tells his story like a Persian, and his tale is worthy to rank with the 'Arabian Nights.' Hajji is as unconscious of his cheerful rascality, and of the revelations he is making of his people, as the story-tellers of the 'Nights' are of the Occidental view of the moral law. As a

picture of Oriental life his narrative fits in well with the 'Arabian Nights'; but it has also kinship to Benvenuto Cellini and to 'Gil Blas.' But there is a great difference between the 'Arabian Nights' and 'Hajji Baba.' The latter is a satire, and was bitterly resented by the Persians as a satire; whereas the same sort of revelations in the 'Tales' seem to them genial and natural. To them this satire is particularly offensive in the exposure of the pillars of the church,—the dervishes and the mollahs,—and Hajji's apparently unconscious admission of the natural vices of cowardice, lying, and deceit. As a keen piece of satire it has never been surpassed; and it is heightened by coming from the mouth of a good-natured adventurer and thief.

The reader will not go amiss of entertainment on any page of this curious book; but we have selected from it the following account of the Persian physician and how the Shah took physic, as fairly representative of its humor, and complete in itself.

HAJJI AS A QUACK

From 'The Adventures of Hajji Baba'

At length one morning Asker called me to him and said:—"Hajji my friend, you know how thankful I have always expressed myself for your kindness to me when we were prisoners together in the hands of the Turcomans, and now I will prove my gratitude. I have recommended you strongly to Mirza Ahmak, the king's Hakîm bashi, or chief physician, who is in want of a servant; and I make no doubt that if you give him satisfaction, he will teach you his art, and put you in the way of making your fortune. You have only to present yourself before him, saying that you come from me, and he will immediately assign you an employment."

I had no turn for the practice of physic, and recollecting the story which had been related to me by the dervish, I held the profession in contempt: but my case was desperate; I had spent my last dînar, and therefore I had nothing left me but to accept of the doctor's place. Accordingly, the next morning I proceeded to his house, which was situated in the neighborhood of the palace; and as I entered a dull, neglected court-yard, I there found several sick persons, some squatted against the wall, others supported by their friends, and others again with bottles in their hands, waiting the moment when the physician should leave the women's apartments to transact business in public. I proceeded

to an open window, where those who were not privileged to enter the room stood, and there I took my station until I should be called in. Within the room were several persons, who came to pay their court to the doctor (for every man who is an officer of the court has his levee); and from remarking them I learnt how necessary it was, in order to advance in life, to make much of everything, even the dog or the cat if they came in my way, of him who can have access to the ear of men in power. I made my reflections upon the miseries I had already undergone, and was calculating how long it would take me to go through a course of cringing and flattery to be entitled to the same sorts of attention myself, when I perceived, by the bows of those near me, that the doctor had seated himself at the window, and that the business of the day had commenced.

The Hakîm was an old man, with an eye sunk deep into his head, high cheek-bones, and a scanty beard. He had a considerable bend in his back; and his usual attitude, when seated, was that of a projecting chin, his head reclining back between his shoulders, and his hands resting on his girdle, whilst his elbows formed two triangles on each side of his body. He made short snappish questions, gave little hums at the answers, and seemed to be thinking of anything but the subject before him. When he heard the account of the ailments of those who had come to consult him, and had said a few words to his little circle of parasites, he looked at me; and after I had told him that I was the person of whom the poet had spoken, he fixed his little sharp eyes upon me for a second or two, and then desired me to wait, for that he wished to speak to me in private. Accordingly, he soon after got up and went out of the room; and I was called upon to attend him in a small separate court, closely walled on all sides, except on the one where was situated the *khelwet*, or private room, in which the doctor was seated.

As soon as I appeared, the doctor invited me into the room, and requested me to be seated; which I did with all the humility which it is the etiquette for an inferior to show towards his superior, for so great an honor.

He informed me that the poet had spoken very favorably of me, and had said that I was a person to be depended upon, particularly on account of my discretion and prudence; that I had seen a great deal of life; that I was fertile in expedients; and that if any business in which circumspection and secrecy

were necessary was intrusted to me, I should conduct it with all the ability required. I bowed repeatedly as he spoke, and kept my hands respectfully before me, covered with the border of my sleeve, whilst I took care that my feet were also completely hid. He then continued, and said:—"I have occasion for a person of your description precisely at this moment, and as I put great confidence in the recommendation of my friend Asker, it is my intention to make use of your good offices; and if you succeed according to my expectations, you may rest assured that it will be well for you, and that I shall not remain unmindful of your services."

Then requesting me to approach nearer to him, and in a low and confidential tone of voice, he said, looking over his shoulders as if afraid of being overheard:—

"Hajji, you must know that an ambassador from the Franks is lately arrived at this court, in whose suite there is a doctor. This infidel has already acquired considerable reputation here. He treats his patients in a manner quite new to us, and has arrived with a chest full of medicines, of which we do not even know the names. He pretends to the knowledge of a great many things of which we have never yet heard in Persia. He makes no distinction between hot and cold diseases, and hot and cold remedies, as Galenus and Avicenna have ordained, but gives mercury by way of a cooling medicine; stabs the belly with a sharp instrument for wind in the stomach; and what is worse than all, pretends to do away with the small-pox altogether, by infusing into our nature a certain extract of cow, a discovery which one of their philosophers has lately made. Now this will never do, Hajji. The small-pox has always been a comfortable source of revenue to me; I cannot afford to lose it because an infidel chooses to come here and treat us like cattle. We cannot allow him to take the bread out of our mouths. But the reason why I particularly want your help proceeds from the following cause. The grand vizier was taken ill, two days ago, of a strange uneasiness, after having eaten more than his usual quantity of raw lettuce and cucumber, steeped in vinegar and sugar. This came to the Frank ambassador's ears, who in fact was present at the eating of the lettuce; and he immediately sent his doctor to him, with a request that he might be permitted to administer relief. The grand vizier and the ambassador, it seems, had not been upon good terms for some time, because the

latter was very urgent that some demand of a political nature might be conceded to him, which the vizier, out of consideration for the interests of Persia, was obliged to deny; and therefore, thinking that this might be a good opportunity of conciliating the infidel, and of coming to a compromise, he agreed to accept of the doctor's services. Had I been apprised of the circumstance in time, I should easily have managed to put a stop to the proceeding; but the doctor did not lose an instant in administering his medicine, which, I hear, only consisted of one little white and tasteless pill. From all accounts, and as ill luck would have it, the effect it has produced is something quite marvelous. The grand vizier has received such relief that he can talk of nothing else; he says that 'he felt the pill drawing the damp from the very tips of his fingers'; and that now he has discovered in himself such newness of strength and energy that he laughs at his old age, and even talks of making up the complement of wives permitted to him by our blessed Prophet. But the mischief has not stopped here: the fame of this medicine, and of the Frank doctor, has gone throughout the court; and the first thing which the King talked of at the selam (the audience) this morning was of its miraculous properties. He called upon the grand vizier to repeat to him all that he had before said upon the subject; and as he talked of the wonders that it had produced upon his person, a general murmur of applause and admiration was heard throughout the assembly. His Majesty then turned to me and requested me to explain the reason why such great effects should proceed from so small a cause; when I was obliged to answer, stooping as low as I could to hide my confusion, and kissing the earth:—'I am your sacrifice: O King of kings, I have not yet seen the drug which the infidel doctor has given to your Majesty's servant, the grand vizier; but as soon as I have, I will inform your Majesty of what it consists. In the mean while, your humble slave beseeches the Centre of the Universe to recollect that the principal agent, on this occasion, must be an evil spirit, an enemy to the true faith, since he is an instrument in the hands of an infidel,—of one who calls our holy Prophet a cheat, and who disowns the all-powerful decrees of predestination.'

"Having said this, in order to shake his growing reputation, I retired in deep cogitation how I might get at the secrets of the infidel, and particularly inquire into the nature of his prescription,

which has performed such miracles; and you are come most opportunely to my assistance. You must immediately become acquainted with him: and I shall leave it to your address to pick his brain and worm his knowledge out of him; but as I wish to procure a specimen of the very medicine which he administered to the grand vizier, being obliged to give an account of it to-morrow to the Shah, you must begin your services to me by eating much of lettuce and raw cucumber, and of making yourself as sick to the full as his Highness the vizier. You may then apply to the Frank, who will doubtless give you a duplicate of the celebrated pill, which you will deliver over to me."

"But," said I, who had rather taken fright of this extraordinary proposal, "how shall I present myself before a man whom I do not know? Besides, such marvelous stories are related of the Europeans, that I should be puzzled in what manner to behave. Pray give me some instructions how to act."

"Their manners and customs are totally different from ours, that is true," replied Mirza Ahmak: "and you may form some idea of them, when I tell you that instead of shaving their heads and letting their beards grow, as we do, they do the very contrary; for not a vestige of hair is to be seen on their chins, and their hair is as thick on their heads as if they had made a vow never to cut it off: then they sit on little platforms, whilst we squat on the ground; they take up their food with claws made of iron, whilst we use our fingers; they are always walking about, we keep seated; they wear tight clothes, we loose ones; they write from left to right, we from right to left; they never pray, we five times a day; in short, there is no end to what might be related of them: but most certain it is, that they are the most filthy people on the earth, for they hold nothing to be unclean; they eat all sorts of animals, from a pig to a tortoise, without the least scruple, and that without first cutting their throats; they will dissect a dead body without requiring any purification after it."

"And is it true," said I, "that they are so irascible, that if perchance their word is doubted, and they are called liars, they will fight on such an occasion till they die?"

"That is also said of them," answered the doctor; "but the case has not happened to me yet: however, I must warn you of one thing,—which is, that if they happen to admire anything that you possess, you must not say to them, as you would to one of us, 'It is a present to you, it is your property,' lest they should

take you at your word and keep it, which you know would be inconvenient, and not what you intended; but you must endeavor as much as possible to speak what you think, for that is what they like."

"But then, if such is the case," said I, "do not you think that the Frank doctor will find me out with a lie in my mouth,—pretending to be sick when I am well, asking medicine from him for myself when I want it for another?"

"No, no," said the Mirza: "you are to be sick, really sick, you know, and then it will be no lie. Go, Hajji my friend," said he, putting his arm round my neck: "go, eat your cucumbers immediately, and let me have the pill by this evening." And then coaxing me, and preventing me from making any further objections to his unexpected request, he gently pushed me out of the room; and I left him, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or to cry at the new posture which my affairs had taken. To sicken without any stipulated reward was what I could not consent to do, so I retraced my steps with a determination of making a bargain with my patron: but when I got to the room, he was no longer there, having apparently retreated into his harem; and therefore I was obliged to proceed on my errand.

I inquired my way to the ambassador's house, and actually set off with the intention of putting the doctor's wishes into execution, and getting, if possible, a writhing disorder on the road; but upon more mature reflection I recollected that a stomach-ache was not a marketable commodity, which might be purchased at a moment's notice; for although lettuce and cucumber might disagree with an old grand vizier, yet it was a hundred to one but they would find an easy digestion in a young person like me. However, I determined to obtain the pill by stratagem, if I could not procure it in a more direct manner. I considered that if I feigned to be ill, the doctor would very probably detect me, and turn me out of his house for a cheat; so I preferred the easier mode of passing myself off for one of the servants of the royal harem, and then making out some story by which I might attain my end. I accordingly stepped into one of the old-clothes shops in the bazaar, and hired a cloak for myself such as the scribes wear; and then substituting a roll of paper in my girdle instead of a dagger, I flattered myself that I might pass for something more than a common servant.

I soon found out where the ambassador dwelt. Bearing in mind all that Mirza Ahmak had told me, I rather approached the

door of the doctor's residence with fear and hesitation. I found the avenues to it crowded with poor women bearing infants in their arms, who, I was told, came to receive the new-fashioned preservative against the small-pox. This, it was supposed for political reasons, the Franks were anxious to promote; and as the doctor performed the operation gratis, he had no lack of patients, —particularly of the poorer sort, who could not approach a Persian doctor without a present or a good fee in their hand.

On entering, I found a man seated in the middle of the room, near an elevated wooden platform, upon which were piled boxes, books, and a variety of instruments and utensils, the uses of which were unknown to me. He was in dress and appearance the most extraordinary-looking infidel I had ever seen. His chin and upper lip were without the vestige of a hair upon them, as like a eunuch as possible. He kept his head most disrespectfully uncovered, and wore a tight bandage round his neck, with other contrivances on the sides of his cheeks, as if he were anxious to conceal some wound or disease. His clothes were fitted so tight to his body, and his outward coat in particular was cut off at such sharp angles, that it was evident cloth was a scarce and dear commodity in his country. The lower part of his dress was particularly improper; and he kept his boots on in his room, without any consideration for the carpet he was treading upon, which struck me as a custom subversive of all decorum.

I found that he talked our language; for as soon as he saw me, he asked me how I did, and then immediately remarked that it was a fine day, which was so self-evident a truth that I immediately agreed to it. I then thought it necessary to make him some fine speeches, and flattered him to the best of my abilities, informing him of the great reputation he had already acquired in Persia; that Locman was a fool when compared to one of his wisdom; and that as for his contemporaries, the Persian physicians, they were not fit to handle his pestle for him. To all this he said nothing. I then told him that the King himself, having heard of the wonderful effects of his medicine upon the person of his grand vizier, had ordered his historian to insert the circumstance in the annals of the empire as one of the most extraordinary events of his reign; that a considerable sensation had been produced in his Majesty's seraglio, for many of the ladies had immediately been taken ill, and were longing to make a trial of his skill; that the King's favorite Georgian slave was in fact at this moment in great pain; that I had been deputed by the

chief eunuch, owing to a special order from his Majesty, to procure medicine similar to that which the first minister had taken; and I concluded my speech by requesting the doctor immediately to furnish me with some.

He seemed to ponder over what I had told him; and after reflecting a short time, said that it was not his custom to administer medicine to his patients without first seeing them, for by so doing he would probably do more harm than good; but that if he found that the slave was in want of his aid, he should be very happy to attend her.

I answered to this, that as to seeing the face of the Georgian slave, that was totally out of the question; for no man ever was allowed that liberty in Persia, excepting her husband. In cases of extreme necessity, perhaps a doctor might be permitted to feel a woman's pulse; but then it must be done when a veil covers the hand.

To which the Frank replied: "In order to judge of my patient's case I must not only feel the pulse, but see the tongue also."

"Looking at the tongue is totally new in Persia," said I; "and I am sure you could never be indulged with such a sight in the seraglio without a special order from the King himself: a eunuch would rather cut out his own tongue first."

"Well, then," said the doctor, "recollect that if I deliver my medicine to you, I do so without taking any responsibility upon myself for its effects; for if it does not cure, it may perhaps kill."

When I had assured him that no harm or prejudice could possibly accrue to him, he opened a large chest, which appeared to be full of drugs, and taking therefrom the smallest quantity of a certain white powder, he mixed it up with some bread into the form of pill, and putting it into paper gave it me, with proper directions how it should be administered. Seeing that he made no mystery of his knowledge, I began to question him upon the nature and properties of this particular medicine, and upon his practice in general. He answered me without any reserve; not like our Persian doctors, who only make a parade of fine words, and who adjust every ailment that comes before them to what they read in their Galen, their Hippocrates, and their Abou Avicenna.

When I had learned all I could, I left him with great demonstration of friendship and thankfulness, and immediately returned to Mirza Ahmak, who doubtless was waiting for me with great

impatience. Having divested myself of my borrowed cloak and resumed my own dress, I appeared before him with a face made up for the occasion; for I wished to make him believe that the lettuce and cucumbers had done their duty. At every word I pretended to receive a violent twitch; and acted my part so true to life, that the stern and inflexible nature of Mirza Ahmak himself was moved into somewhat like pity for me.

"There! there!" said I, as I entered his apartment, "in the name of Allah take your prize:" and then pretending to be bent double, I made the most horrid grimaces, and uttered deep groans: "there! I have followed your orders, and now throw myself upon your generosity." He endeavored to take the object of his search from me, but I kept it fast; and whilst I gave him to understand that I expected prompt reward, I made indications of an intention to swallow it, unless he actually gave me something in hand. So fearful was he of not being able to answer the King's interrogatories concerning the pill, so anxious to get it into his possession, that he actually pressed a gold piece upon me. No lover could sue his mistress with more earnestness to grant him a favor than the doctor did me for my pill. I should very probably have continued the deceit a little longer, and have endeavored to extract another piece from him: but when I saw him preparing a dose of his own mixture to ease my pain, I thought it high time to finish; and pretending all of a sudden to have received relief, I gave up my prize.

When once he had got possession, he looked at it with intense eagerness, and turned it over and over on his palm, without appearing one whit more advanced in his knowledge than before. At length, after permitting him fully to exhaust his conjectures, I told him that the Frank doctor had made no secret in saying that it was composed of jivch, or mercury. "Mercury, indeed!" exclaimed Mirza Ahmak, "just as if I did not know that. And so, because this infidel, this dog of an Isauvi, chooses to poison us with mercury, I am to lose my reputation, and my prescriptions (such as his father never even saw in a dream) are to be turned into ridicule. Who ever heard of mercury as a medicine? Mercury is cold, and lettuce and cucumber are cold also. You would not apply ice to dissolve ice? The ass does not know the first rudiments of his profession. No, Hajji, this will never do: we must not permit our beards to be laughed at in this manner."

He continued to inveigh for a considerable time against his rival; and would no doubt have continued to do so much longer,

but he was stopped by a message from the King, who ordered him to repair forthwith to his presence. In the greatest trepidation he immediately put himself into his court dress, exchanged his common black lambskin cap for one wound about with a shawl, huddled on his red-cloth stockings, called for his horse, and taking the pill with him, went off in a great hurry, and full of the greatest apprehension at what might be the result of the audience.

The doctor's visit to the King had taken place late in the evening; and as soon as he returned from it he called for me. I found him apparently in great agitation, and full of anxiety. "Hajji," said he, when I appeared, "come close to me;" and having sent every one else out of the room, he said in a whisper, "This infidel doctor must be disposed of somehow or other. What do you think has happened? The Shah has consulted him; he had him in private conference for an hour this morning, without my being apprised of it. His Majesty sent for me to tell me its result; and I perceive that the Frank has already gained great influence. It seems that the King gave him the history of his complaints,—of his debility, of his old asthma, and of his imperfect digestion,—but talked in raptures of the wretch's sagacity and penetration: for merely by looking at the tongue and feeling the pulse, before the infidel was told what was the state of the case, he asked whether his Majesty did not use the hot-baths very frequently; whether, when he smoked, he did not immediately bring on a fit of coughing; and whether, in his food, he was not particularly addicted to pickles, sweetmeats, and rice swimming in butter? The King has given him three days to consider his case, to consult his books, and to gather the opinions of the Frank sages on subjects so important to the State of Persia, and to compose such a medicine as will entirely restore and renovate his constitution. The Centre of the Universe then asked my opinion, and requested me to speak boldly upon the natures and properties of Franks in general, and of their medicines. I did not lose this opportunity of giving utterance to my sentiments; so, after the usual preface to my speech, I said, 'that as to their natures, the Shah, in his profound wisdom, must know that they were an unbelieving and an unclean race: for that they treated our Prophet as a cheat, and ate pork and drank wine without any scruple; that they were women in looks, and in manners bears; that they ought to be held in the greatest suspicion, for their ultimate object (see what they had done in India) was

to take kingdoms, and to make Shahs and Nabobs their humble servants. As to their medicines,' I exclaimed, 'Heaven preserve your Majesty from them! they are just as treacherous in their effects as the Franks are in their politics: with what we give to procure death, they pretend to work their cures. Their principal ingredient is mercury' (and here I produced my pill); 'and they use their instruments and knives so freely, that I have heard it said they will cut off a man's limbs to save his life.' I then drew such a picture of the fatal effects likely to proceed from the foreign prescription, that I made the Shah promise that he would not take it without using every precaution that his prudence and wisdom might suggest. To this he consented; and as soon as the Frank shall have sent in the medicine which he is preparing, I shall be summoned to another interview. Now, Hajji," added the doctor, "the Shah must not touch the infidel's physic; for if perchance it were to do good, I am a lost man. Who will ever consult Mirza Ahmak again? No: we must avert the occurrence of such an event, even if I were obliged to take all his drugs myself."

We parted with mutual promises of doing everything in our power to thwart the infidel doctor; and three days after, Mirza Ahmak was again called before the King in order to inspect the promised *ordonnance*, and which consisted of a box of pills. He of course created all sorts of suspicions against their efficacy, threw out some dark hints about the danger of receiving any drug from the agent of a foreign power, and finally left the Shah in the determination of referring the case to his ministers. The next day, at the usual public audience, when the Shah was seated on his throne, and surrounded by his prime vizier, his lord high treasurer, his minister for the interior, his principal secretary of state, his lord chamberlain, his master of the horse, his principal master of the ceremonies, his doctor in chief, and many other of the great officers of his household,—addressing himself to his grand vizier, he stated the negotiations which he had entered into with the foreign physician, now resident at his court, for the restoration and the renovation of the royal person; that at the first conference, the said foreign physician, after a due inspection of the royal person, had reported that there existed several symptoms of debility; that at the second, after assuring the Shah that he had for three whole days employed himself in consulting his books and records, and gathering from them the opinions of his own country sages on the subject, he had

combined the properties of the various drugs into one whole, which, if taken interiorly, would produce effects so wonderful that no talisman could come in competition with it. His Majesty then said that he had called into his councils his Hakîm bashi, or head physician, who, in his anxiety for the weal of the Persian monarchy, had deeply pondered over the *ordonnances* of the foreigner, and had set his face against them, owing to certain doubts and apprehensions that had crept into his mind, which consisted, first, whether it were politic to deliver over the internal administration of the royal person to foreign regulations and *ordonnances;* and second, whether in the remedy prescribed there might not exist such latent and destructive effects as would endanger, undermine, and finally overthrow that royal person and constitution which it was supposed to be intended to restore and renovate. "Under these circumstances," said the Centre of the Universe, raising his voice at the time, "I have thought it advisable to pause before I proceeded in this business; and have resolved to lay the case before you, in order that you may, in your united wisdom, frame such an opinion as may be fitting to be placed before the King; and in order that you may go into the subject with a complete knowledge of the case, I have resolved, as a preparatory act, that each of you, in your own persons, shall partake of this medicine, in order that both you and I may judge of its various effects."

To this most gracious speech the grand vizier and all the courtiers made exclamations: "May the King live for ever! May the royal shadow never be less! We are happy not only to take physic, but to lay down our lives in your Majesty's service! We are your sacrifice, your slaves! May God give the Shah health, and a victory over all his enemies!" Upon which the chief of the valets was ordered to bring the foreign physician's box of pills from the harem, and delivered it to the Shah in a golden salver. His Majesty then ordered the Hakîm bashi to approach, and delivering the box to him, ordered him to go round to all present, beginning with the prime vizier, and then to every man according to his rank, administering to each a pill.

This being done, the whole assembly took the prescribed gulp; after which ensued a general pause, during which the King looked carefully into each man's face to mark the first effects of the medicine. When the wry faces had subsided, the conversation took a turn upon the affairs of Europe; upon which his Majesty asked a variety of questions, which were answered

by the different persons present in the best manner they were able.

The medicine now gradually began to show its effects. The lord high treasurer first — a large, coarse man, who to this moment had stood immovable, merely saying *belli*, *belli*, yes, yes, whenever his Majesty opened his mouth to speak — now appeared uneasy; for what he had swallowed had brought into action a store of old complaints which were before lying dormant. The eyes of all had been directed towards him, which had much increased his perturbed state; when the chief secretary of state, a tall, thin, lathy man, turned deadly pale, and began to stream from every pore. He was followed by the minister for the interior, whose unhappy looks seemed to supplicate a permission from his Majesty to quit his august presence. All the rest in succession were moved in various ways, except the prime vizier, a little old man, famous for a hard and unyielding nature, and who appeared to be laughing in his sleeve at the misery which his compeers in office were undergoing.

As soon as the Shah perceived that the medicine had taken effect, he dismissed the assembly, ordering Mirza Ahmak, as soon as he could ascertain the history of each pill, to give him an official report of the whole transaction; and then retired into his harem.

The crafty old doctor had now his rival within his power; of course he set the matter in such a light before the King that his Majesty was deterred from making the experiment of the foreign physician's *ordonnance*, and it was forthwith consigned to oblivion. When he next saw me, and after he had made me acquainted with the preceding narrative, he could not restrain his joy and exultation. "We have conquered, friend Hajji," would he say to me. "The infidel thought that we were fools; but we will teach him what Persians are. Whose dog is he, that he should aspire to so high an honor as prescribing for a king of kings? No: that is left to such men as I. What do we care about his new discoveries? As our fathers did, so are we contented to do. The prescription that cured our ancestors shall cure us; and what Locman and Abou Avicenna ordained, we may be satisfied to ordain after them." He then dismissed me, to make fresh plans for destroying any influence or credit that the new physician might acquire, and for preserving his own consequence and reputation at court.

EDUARD MÖRIKE

(1804–1875)

GENTLEST and sweetest of all the Suabian poets was Eduard Mörike. He was born on September 8th, 1804, at Ludwigsburg, the birthplace also of Justinus Kerner, David Strauss, and Friedrich Theodor Vischer, with all of whom Mörike subsequently formed friendships. He was destined for the ministry, and studied theology at Tübingen. The gentleness of his character and his quiet winning manners seemed to have marked him for this career. He served as curate in several places in Würtemberg, and in 1834 secured an independent pastorate at Cleversulzbach, near Weinsberg. Here he remained until in 1843 the state of his health obliged him to resign. For several years he earned his livelihood as a private teacher; and in 1851, having married the daughter of the lady with whom he and his sister had been living, he went to Stuttgart, where he had been appointed to a tutorship in St. Katharine's Institute. In 1866 he was forced to retire altogether from active labors. The remaining years of his life were rendered happy by the comforts of a congenial home, and by intercourse with the steadily increasing number of friends and admirers who sought the poet out. He died on June 4th, 1875. This was the simple outward life of the man, without stirring adventure or event, and without heart-breaking grief. But his inner life was as rich as it was sunny. This contented him. From the quiet beauties of his mental world he dreaded to go forth into the actualities of life. Few poets have been able in the same degree to make the circumstances of their career conform so well to their intellectual needs. The simple character and customs of his Suabian countrymen were sufficient for him; the Suabian landscapes satisfied him. He felt no desire to study men under other conditions, or to seek new emotions under strange skies. He lived in his own poet's heart: the unaccustomed and the sublime left his simple spirit untouched. His life was that of a poet, without the storm and stress and without the world-woe.

EDUARD MÖRIKE

His first important work was a novel in two volumes, published in 1832, and entitled 'Maler Nolten' (Nolten the Painter). In its first form much was obscure; but in the revision which Mörike undertook late in life, the underlying design of the work came out more clearly, and the early crudities were polished away by the maturer hand. The story is full of finely poetic fancy; it is one of the best examples of that perfectly naïve blending of the realistic and fantastic, of the natural and the supernatural, which is one of Mörike's characteristic charms. But the novel is now outlived. It had its roots in the soil of Romanticism, where the mysterious "blue flower" still bloomed in the vesper light of a departing day. Its intense subjectivity transcends all psychological interest, and by losing its foothold in reality deprives the book of a lasting place in literature.

But 'Maler Nolten' was an undoubted success, and won for its author a host of friends. In 1838, however, appeared a book which still remains his most important contribution to literature,—the first edition of his collected poems. Whether these lyrics have the freshness of the folk-song, the solemnity of the hymn, or the pathos and humor of the idyl, their tone is always true. A convincing proof of Mörike's lyric quality is his popularity with the great song composers. The perfect form of the simple song, which charms with its naïve grace and thrills with its restrained emotion, is attained in his poetry as in that of no other German bard except Goethe and Uhland. Clearness, harmony, and limpid flow distinguished his diction, which is free from all "patchwork" and useless phrases; while sincerity of feeling and tenderness of sympathy characterize his conceptions. In his delicate fancy no sharp boundary separates the real world from the fairy realms of the imagination; and in the midst of scenes from actual life there suddenly appear elves and gnomes and nixies, which seem to have their being by the same right of reality as the men and women of coarser mold. This is the privilege only of the naïve and unspoiled poet, to whom fancy is as real as fact. It is only from such a mind that the true folk-song and the true fairy tale can spring.

And Mörike has enriched German literature with one of its most charming fairy tales, 'Das Hutzelmännlein' (The Little Dried-up Man), published in 1852. Four years later came the idyllic tale 'Mozart auf der Reise nach Prag' (Mozart on the Way to Prague). His 'Die Regenbrüder' (Rain Brothers) was taken by Ignaz Lachner as the text of his opera. Translations from Theocritus and Anacreon—for Mörike was a close student of the Greeks—and several compilations complete the list of the poet's literary works.

General recognition came to Mörike slowly. Nevertheless his poems passed through five editions during his lifetime; and as he

added poem after poem to his lyric treasury, leaf after leaf was added to the chaplet of his fame. Before he died, Mörike had come to be recognized as one of the chief lyric poets of his time; and the succeeding generation has sustained this judgment. He was the last great poet of the Suabian group.

MY RIVER

River! my river in the young sunshine!
Oh, clasp afresh in thine embrace
This longing, burning frame of mine,
And kiss my breast, and kiss my face!
So—there!—Ha, ha!—already in thine arms!
I feel thy love—I shout—I shiver;
But thou outlaughest loud a flouting song, proud river,
And now again my bosom warms!

The droplets of the golden sunlight glide
Over and off me, sparkling, as I swim
Hither and thither down thy mellow tide,
Or loll amid its crypts with outstretched limb;
I fling abroad my arms, and lo!
Thy wanton waves curl slyly round me;
But ere their loose chains have well bound me,
Again they burst away and let me go!

O sun-loved river! wherefore dost thou hum,
Hum, hum alway, thy strange, deep, mystic song
Unto the rocks and strands?—for they are dumb,
And answer nothing as thou flowest along.
Why singest so all hours of night and day?
Ah, river! my best river! thou, I guess, art seeking
Some land where souls have still the gift of speaking
With nature in her own old wondrous way!

Lo! highest heaven looms far below me here;
I see it in thy waters, as they roll,
So beautiful, so blue, so clear,
'Twould seem, O river mine, to be thy very soul!
Oh, could I hence dive down to such a sky,
Might I but bathe my spirit in that glory,
So far outshining all in ancient fairy story,
I would indeed have joy to die!

What on cold earth is deep as thou? Is aught?
Love is as deep, love only is as deep:
Love lavisheth all, yet loseth, lacketh naught;
Like thee, too, love can neither pause nor sleep.
Roll on, thou loving river, thou! Lift up
Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing!
Thou makest me immortal! I am quaffing
The wine of rapture from no earthly cup!

At last thou bearest me, with soothing tone,
Back to thy bank of rosy flowers:
Thanks, then, and fare thee well! Enjoy thy bliss alone!
And through the year's melodious hours
Echo forever from thy bosom broad
All glorious tales that sun and moon be telling;
And woo down to their soundless fountain dwelling
The holy stars of God!

TWO LOVERS

A SKIFF swam down the Danube's tide;
Therein a bridegroom sate, and bride,—
He one side, she the other.

"Tell me, my dearest heart," said she,
"What present shall I make to thee?"

And back her little sleeve she stripped,
And deeply down her arm she dipped.

And so did he, the other side,
And laughed and jested with his bride:

"Fair lady Danube, give me here
Some pretty gift to please my dear."

She drew a sparkling sword aloft,
Just such the boy had longed for, oft.

The boy, what holds he in his hand?
Of milk-white pearls a costly band.

He binds it round her jet-black hair:
She looks a princess, sitting there.

"Fair lady Danube, give me here,
Some pretty gift to please my dear!"

Once more she'll try what she can feel;
She grasps a helmet of light steel.

On his part, terrified with joy,
Fished up a golden comb the boy.

A third time clutching in the tide,
Woe! she falls headlong o'er the side.

The boy leaps after, clasps her tight;
Dame Danube snatches both from sight.

Dame Danube grudged the gifts she gave:
They must atone for't in the wave.

An empty skiff glides down the stream,
The mountains hide the sunset gleam.

And when the moon in heaven did stand,
The lovers floated dead to land,
He one side, she the other.

AN HOUR ERE BREAK OF DAY

From 'Lyrics and Ballads of Heine and other German Poets': G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers. Translated by Frances Hellman. Copyright 1892, by Frances Hellman.

As I once sleeping lay,
An hour ere break of day,
Sang near the window, on a tree,
A little bird, scarce heard by me
An hour ere break of day.

«Give heed to what I say:
Thy sweetheart false doth play
Whilst I am singing this to thee,
He hugs a maiden, cozily,
An hour ere break of day.»

«Alas! no further say!
Hush! I'll not hear thy lay!
Fly off, away fly from my tree,—
Ah! love and faith are mockery
An hour ere break of day.»

JOHN MORLEY

(1838–)

THE not infrequent union in English public life of the man of letters with the politician, is illustrated in the career of John Morley. In an address on the study of literature, delivered by him in 1887 to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, he refers to the fact that he has strayed from literature into the region of politics, adding that he is "not at all sure that such a journey conduces to the aptness of one's judgment on literary subjects." Had Mr. Morley's essays in criticism been concerned exclusively with literature, his political life might not have been of profit to him as a man of letters. As it is, his 'Miscellanies'—studies of men and their times—and his biographies witness to the fruitful influence of actual contact with present-day affairs upon the critical spirit. Mr. Morley has enriched his literary products through his public life. The biographer of Richard Cobden, of Edmund Burke, and of Horace Walpole was certainly aided in his estimates of these statesmen by his own political experience; and in his estimates of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, by contact with the social-philosophic and humanitarian spirit of the extreme Gladstone party. It is significant that Mr. Morley chose as subjects of political biography, men identified with the more liberal tendencies of modern English statesmanship. He himself is a radical and a scientific idealist, who places his reliance upon the future rather than upon the past. His political career did not open, however, until he was well established as a writer and editor. Born at Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838, he was educated at Cheltenham, and at Lincoln College, Oxford, where he obtained his B. A. in 1859. Ten years later he was an unsuccessful candidate to Parliament for his native place. In the mean time he had undertaken the editorship of the Fortnightly Review, a position which he held from 1867 to 1882. Mr. Morley's sound literary sense, and his well-developed critical faculty, were put to valuable use in the conduct of

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this important periodical. He drew to his aid men like George Henry Lewes, Bagehot, and Cairnes. The apparently insignificant innovation of signing articles was due to his influence. His editorial qualifications were further exhibited in his conduct of the Pall Mall Gazette from 1880 to 1883, and of Macmillan's Magazine from 1883 to 1885. From 1883, however, he was drawn more and more into a purely political career. In that year he had been a successful candidate for Newcastle-on-Tyne; and in 1886 he was appointed chief secretary for Ireland, an office to which he was reappointed in 1892.

In Morley's essays and biographies he exhibits the same spirit of radicalism which has governed his political career. He is drawn naturally to a consideration of those writers, thinkers, and statesmen whose influence upon their times has been in the direction of essentially modern ideals of government and social constitution, or who have stood as representatives of a new order in opposition to the old. For this reason Mr. Morley has found congenial subjects of critical biography in the French philosophers and thinkers of the eighteenth century. His studies of Vauvenargues, of Turgot, of Condorcet, of Diderot, are written in a spirit of sympathetic criticism which witnesses to his divination of the dominating social and political forces of a given era, and to his recognition of the concrete expression of these forces in the individual. In this sense his life of Rousseau is a study of French politics in the eighteenth century. The author of the 'Social Contract,' although more of a vaporist and dreamer than a politician, exerted a strong influence upon the political temper of his own and later times. Mr. Morley traces this influence through the social and political confusions of the Revolution, and into the readjusting forces of the nineteenth century, where it gives birth to those "schemes of mutualism, and all other shapes of collective action for a common social good, which have possessed such commanding attraction for the imagination of large classes of good men in France ever since." In his elaborate analysis of the 'Social Contract,' Mr. Morley displays his own insight into difficult problems of society and of politics. His modern habit of mind is shown in his appreciation of the time-spirit as the most reliable interpreter of the phenomena of history. He is indeed a historical critic rather than a creator in the domain of literature. He has used the essay more as a vehicle for his political reflections than for itself as a literary product. He possesses, however, ideals of style which are high, exacting, and comprehensive. These are expressed in his clear, strong English, compactly fitted to his thought. He has given to the literature of his century a not inconsiderable body of vigorous and well-tempered prose.

ROUSSEAU AT MONTMORENCY

From 'Rousseau'

THE many conditions of intellectual productiveness are still hidden in such profound obscurity that we are as yet unable to explain why in certain natures a period of stormy moral agitation seems to be the indispensable antecedent of their highest creative effort. Byron is one instance, and Rousseau is another, in which the current of stimulating force made rapid way from the lower to the higher parts of character, only expending itself after having traversed the whole range of emotion and faculty, from their meanest, most realistic, most personal forms of exercise, up to the summit of what is lofty and ideal. No man was ever involved in such an odióus complication of moral maladies as beset Rousseau in the winter of 1758. Within three years of this miserable epoch he had completed not only the 'New Heloïsa,' which is the monument of his fall, but the 'Social Contract,' which was the most influential, and 'Emilius,' which was perhaps the most elevated and spiritual of all the productions of the prolific genius of France in the eighteenth century. A poor light-hearted Marmontel thought that the secret of Rousseau's success lay in the circumstance that he began to write late; and it is true that no other author so considerable as Rousseau waited until the age of fifty for the full vigor of his inspiration. No tale of years, however, could have ripened such fruit without native strength and incommunicable savor; nor can the splendid mechanical movement of those characters which keep the balance of the world even, impart to literature the peculiar quality, peculiar but not the finest, that comes from experience of the black and unlighted abysses of the soul.

The period of actual production was externally calm. The 'New Heloïsa' was completed in 1759, and published in 1761. The 'Social Contract' was published in the spring of 1762, and 'Emilius' a few weeks later. Throughout this period Rousseau was, for the last time in his life, at peace with most of his fellows; that is to say, though he never relented from his antipathy to the Holbachians, for the time it slumbered, until a more real and serious persecution than any which he imputed to them transformed his antipathy into a gloomy frenzy.

The new friends whom he made at Montmorency were among the greatest people in the kingdom. The Duke of Luxembourg

(1702–64) was a marshal of France, and as intimate a friend of the King as the King was capable of having. The Maréchale de Luxembourg (1707–87) had been one of the most beautiful, and continued to be one of the most brilliant leaders of the last aristocratic generation that was destined to sport on the slopes of the volcano. The former seems to have been a loyal and homely soul; the latter, restless, imperious, penetrating, unamiable. Their dealings with Rousseau were marked by perfect sincerity and straightforward friendship. They gave him a convenient apartment in a small summer lodge in the park, to which he retreated when he cared for a change from his narrow cottage. He was a constant guest at their table, where he met the highest names in France. The marshal did not disdain to pay him visits, or to walk with him, or to discuss his private affairs. Unable as ever to shine in conversation, yet eager to show his great friends that they had to do with no common mortal, Rousseau bethought him of reading the 'New Heloïsa' aloud to them. At ten in the morning he used to wait upon the maréchale, and there by her bedside he read the story of the love, the sin, the repentance of Julie, the distraction of Saint Preux, the wisdom of Wolmar, and the sage friendship of Lord Edward, in tones which enchanted her both with his book and its author for all the rest of the day, as all the women in France were so soon to be enchanted. This, as he expected, amply reconciled her to the uncouthness and clumsiness of his conversation, which was at least as maladroit and as spiritless in the presence of a duchess as it was in presences less imposing.

One side of character is obviously tested by the way in which a man bears himself in his relations with persons of greater consideration. Rousseau was taxed by some of his plebeian enemies with a most unheroic deference to his patrician friends. He had a dog whose name was Duc. When he came to sit at a duke's table, he changed his dog's name to Turc. Again, one day in a transport of tenderness he embraced the old marshal — the duchess embraced Rousseau ten times a day, for the age was effusive: "Ah, monsieur le maréchal, I used to hate the great before I knew you, and I hate them still more, since you make me feel so strongly how easy it would be for them to have themselves adored." On another occasion he happened to be playing at chess with the Prince of Conti, who had come to visit him in his cottage. In spite of the signs and grimaces of the attendants, he

insisted on beating the prince in a couple of games. Then he said with respectful gravity, "Monseigneur, I honor your Serene Highness too much not to beat you at chess always." A few days after, the vanquished prince sent him a present of game, which Rousseau duly accepted. The present was repeated; but this time Rousseau wrote to Madame de Boufflers that he would receive no more, and that he loved the prince's conversation better than his gifts. He admits that this was an ungracious proceeding; and that to refuse game "from a prince of the blood who throws so much good feeling into the present, is not so much the delicacy of a proud man bent on preserving his independence, as the rusticity of an unmannerly person who does not know his place." Considering the extreme virulence with which Rousseau always resented gifts even of the most trifling kind from his friends, we find some inconsistency in this condemnation of a sort of conduct to which he tenaciously clung; unless the fact of the donor being a prince of the blood is allowed to modify the quality of the donation, and that would be a hardly defensible position in the austere citizen of Geneva. Madame de Boufflers, the intimate friend of our sage Hume, and the yet more intimate friend of the Prince of Conti, gave him a judicious warning when she bade him beware of laying himself open to a charge of affectation, lest it should obscure the brightness of his virtue, and so hinder its usefulness. "Fabius and Regulus would have accepted such marks of esteem without feeling in them any hurt to their disinterestedness and frugality." Perhaps there is a flutter of self-consciousness that is not far removed from this affectation, in the pains which Rousseau takes to tell us that after dining at the castle, he used to return home gleefully to sup with a mason who was his neighbor and his friend. On the whole, however, and so far as we know, Rousseau conducted himself not unworthily with these high people. His letters to them are for the most part marked by self-respect and a moderate graciousness; though now and again he makes rather too much case of the difference of rank, and asserts his independence with something too much of protestation. Their relations with him are a curious sign of the interest which the members of the great world took in the men who were quietly preparing the destruction both of them and their world. The Maréchale de Luxembourg places this squalid dweller in a hovel on her estate in the place of honor at her table, and embraces his Theresa.

The Prince of Conti pays visits of courtesy, and sends game to a man whom he employs at a few sous an hour to copy manuscript for him. The Countess of Boufflers, in sending him the money, insists that he is to count her his warmest friend. When his dog dies, the countess writes to sympathize with his chagrin, and the prince begs to be allowed to replace it. And when persecution and trouble and infinite confusion came upon him, they all stood as fast by him as their own comfort would allow. Do we not feel that there must have been in the unhappy man, besides all the recorded pettinesses and perversities which revolt us in him, a vein of something which touched men, and made women devoted to him, until he drove both men and women away? With Madame d'Epinay and Madame d'Houdetot, as with the dearer and humbler patroness of his youth, we have now parted company. But they are instantly succeeded by new devotees. And the lovers of Rousseau, in all degrees, were not silly women led captive by idle fancy. Madame de Boufflers was one of the most distinguished spirits of her time. Her friendship for him was such, that his sensuous vanity made Rousseau against all reason or probability confound it with a warmer form; and he plumes himself in a manner most displeasing on the victory which he won over his own feelings on the occasion. As a matter of fact he had no feelings to conquer, any more than the supposed object of them ever bore him any ill-will for his indifference, as in his mania of suspicion he afterwards believed.

There was a calm about the too few years he passed at Montmorency, which leaves us in doubt whether this mania would ever have afflicted him, if his natural irritation had not been made intense and irresistible by the cruel distractions that followed the publication of 'Emilius.' He was tolerably content with his present friends. The simplicity of their way of dealing with him contrasted singularly, as he thought, with the never-ending solicitudes, as importunate as they were officious, of the patronizing friends whom he had just cast off. Perhaps, too, he was soothed by the companionship of persons whose rank may have flattered his vanity, while unlike Diderot and his old literary friends in Paris, they entered into no competition with him in the peculiar sphere of his own genius. Madame de Boufflers, indeed, wrote a tragedy; but he told her gruffly enough that it was a plagiarism from Southerne's 'Oroonoko.' That Rousseau was thoroughly capable of this hateful emotion of sensitive literary

jealousy is proved, if by nothing else, by his readiness to suspect that other authors were jealous of him. No one suspects others of a meanness of this kind, unless he is capable of it himself. The resounding success which followed the 'New Heloïsa' and 'Emilius' put an end to this apprehension, for it raised him to a pedestal in popular esteem as high as that on which Voltaire stood triumphant. This very success unfortunately brought troubles which destroyed Rousseau's last chance of ending his days in full reasonableness.

Meanwhile he enjoyed his last interval of moderate wholesomeness and peace. He felt his old healthy joy in the green earth. One of the letters commemorates his delight in the great scudding southwest winds of February, soft forerunners of the spring, so sweet to all who live with nature. At the end of his garden was a summer-house, and here even on wintry days he sat composing or copying. It was not music only that he copied. He took a curious pleasure in making transcripts of his romance, which he sold to the Duchess of Luxembourg and other ladies for some moderate fee. Sometimes he moved from his own lodging to the quarters in the park which his great friends had induced him to accept. "They were charmingly neat; the furniture was of white and blue. It was in this perfumed and delicious solitude, in the midst of woods and streams and choirs of birds of every kind, with the fragrance of the orange-flower poured round me, that I composed in a continual ecstasy the fifth book of 'Emilius.' With what eagerness did I hasten every morning at sunrise to breathe the balmy air! What good coffee I used to take under the porch in company with my Theresa! My cat and my dog made the rest of our party. That would have sufficed for all my life, and I should never have known weariness." And so to the assurance, so often repeated under so many different circumstances, that here was a true heaven upon earth, where if fate had only allowed, he would have known unbroken innocence and lasting happiness.

CONDORCET

From 'Critical Miscellanies'

Of the illustrious thinkers and writers who for two generations had been actively scattering the seed of revolution in France, only Condorcet survived to behold the first bitter ingathering of the harvest. Those who had sown the wind were no more; he only was left to see the reaping of the whirlwind, and to be swiftly and cruelly swept away by it. Voltaire and Diderot, Rousseau and Helvétius, had vanished; but Condorcet both assisted at the Encyclopædia and sat in the Convention,—the one eminent man of those who had tended the tree, who also came in due season to partake of its fruit,—at once a precursor, and a sharer in the fulfillment. In neither character has he attracted the good-will of any of those considerable sections and schools into which criticism of the Revolution has been mainly divided. As a thinker he is roughly classed as an Economist; and as a practical politician he figured first in the Legislative Assembly, and next in the Convention. Now, as a rule, the political parties that have most admired the Convention have had least sympathy with the Economists; and the historians who are most favorable to Turgot and his followers are usually most hostile to the actions and associations of the great revolutionary chamber successively swayed by a Vergniaud, a Danton, a Robespierre. Between the two, Condorcet's name has been allowed to lie hidden for the most part in a certain obscurity, or else has been covered with those taunts and innuendoes which partisans are wont to lavish on men of whom they do not know exactly whether they are with or against them.

Generally, the men of the Revolution are criticized in blocks and sections, and Condorcet cannot be accurately placed under any of these received schools. He was an Economist, but he was something more; for the most characteristic article in his creed was a passionate belief in the infinite perfectibility of human nature. He was more of a Girondin than a Jacobin, yet he did not always act, any more than he always thought, with the Girondins; and he did not fall when they fell, but was proscribed by a decree specially leveled at himself. Isolation of this kind is assuredly no merit in political action, but it explains the coldness with which Condorcet's memory has been treated; and it flowed from some marked singularities both of character and opinion.

which are of the highest interest, if we consider the position of the man, and the lustre of that ever-memorable time. "Condorcet," said D'Alembert, "is a volcano covered with snow." Said another, less picturesquely, "He is a sheep in a passion." "You may say of the intelligence of Condorcet in relation to his person," wrote Madame Roland, "that it is a subtle essence soaked in cotton." The curious mixture disclosed by sayings like these, of warm impulse and fine purpose with immovable reserve, only shows that he of whom they were spoken belonged to the class of natures which may be called non-conducting. They are not effective, because without this effluence of power and feeling from within, the hearer or onlooker is stirred by no sympathetic thrill. They cannot be the happiest, because consciousness of the inequality between expression and meaning, between the influence intended and the impression conveyed, must be as tormenting as to one who dreams is the vain effort to strike a blow. If to be of this non-conducting temperament is impossible in the really greatest sorts of men, like St. Paul, St. Bernard, or Luther, at least it is no proper object of blame; for it is constantly the companion of lofty and generous aspiration. It was perhaps unfortunate that Condorcet should have permitted himself to be drawn into a position where his want of that magical quality by which even the loathed and loathsome Marat could gain the sympathies of men, should be so conspicuously made visible. Frankly, the character of Condorcet, unlike so many of his contemporaries, offers nothing to the theatrical instinct. None the less on this account should we weigh the contributions which he made to the stock of science and social speculation, and recognize the fine elevation of his sentiments, his noble solicitude for human well-being, his eager and resolute belief in its indefinite expansion, and the devotion which sealed his faith by a destiny that was as tragical as any in those bloody and most tragical days.

I

Until the outbreak of the Revolution, the circumstances of Condorcet's life were as little externally disturbed or specially remarkable as those of any other geometer and thinker of the time. He was born in a small town in Picardy, in the year 1743. His father was a cavalry officer; but as he died when his son was only three years old, he could have exerted no influence upon the

future philosopher, save such as comes of transmission through blood and tissue. Condillac was his uncle, but there is no record of any intercourse between them. His mother was a devout and trembling soul, who dedicated her child to the Holy Virgin, and for eight years or more made him wear the dress of a little girl, by way of sheltering him against the temptations and unbelief of a vile world. So long as women are held by opinion and usage in a state of educational and political subjection which prevents the growth of a large intelligence, made healthy and energetic by knowledge and by activity, we may expect to read of pious extravagances of this kind. Condorcet was weakened physically by much confinement and the constraint of cumbrous clothing; and not even his dedication to the Holy Virgin prevented him from growing up the most ardent of the admirers of Voltaire. His earliest instructors, as happened to most of the skeptical philosophers, were the Jesuits, then within a few years of their fall. That these adroit men, armed with all the arts and traditions which their order had acquired in three centuries, and with the training of the nation almost exclusively in their hands, should still have been unable to shield their persons from proscription and their creed from hatred, is a remarkable and satisfactory instance how little it avails ecclesiastical bodies to have a monopoly of official education, if the spirit of their teaching be out of harmony with those most potent agencies which we sum up as the spirit of the time. The Jesuits were the great official teachers of France for the first half of the eighteenth century. In 1764 the order was thrust forth from the country, and they left behind them an army of the bitterest enemies Christianity has ever had. To do them justice, they were destroyed by weapons which they had themselves supplied. The intelligence which they had so honorably developed and sharpened, turned inevitably against the incurable faults in their own system. They were admirable teachers of mathematics. Condorcet, instructed by the Jesuits at Rheims, was able, when he was only fifteen years old, to go through such performances in analysis as to win especial applause from illustrious judges like D'Alembert and Clairaut. It was impossible, however, for Jesuits, as it has ever been for all enemies of movement, to constrain within prescribed limits the activity which has once been effectively stirred. Mathematics has always been in the eyes of the Church a harmless branch of knowledge; but the mental energy that mathematics first touched

is sure to turn itself by-and-by to more complex and dangerous subjects in the scientific hierarchy.

At any rate, Condorcet's curiosity was very speedily drawn to problems beyond those which geometry and algebra pretend to solve. "For thirty years," he wrote in 1790, "I have hardly ever passed a single day without meditating on the political sciences." Thus, when only seventeen, when the ardor of even the choicest spirits is usually most purely intellectual, moral and social feeling was rising in Condorcet to that supremacy which it afterwards attained in him to so admirable a degree. He wrote essays on integral calculus, but he was already beginning to reflect upon the laws of human societies and the conditions of moral obligation. At the root of Condorcet's nature was a profound sensibility of constitution. One of his biographers explains his early enthusiasm for virtue and human welfare as the conclusion of a kind of syllogism. It is possible that the syllogism was only the later shape into which an instinctive impulse threw itself by way of rational intrenchment. This sensibility caused Condorcet to abandon the barbarous pleasures of the chase, which had at first powerfully attracted him. To derive delight from what inflicts pain on any sentient creature revolted his conscience and offended his reason; because he perceived that the character which does not shrink from associating its own joy with the anguish of another, is either found or left mortally blunted to the finest impressions of humanity. It was this same sensibility, fortified by reason, which drove him while almost still at school to reflect, as he confided to Turgot he had done, on the moral ideas of virtue and justice.

It is thus assured that from the beginning Condorcet was unable to satisfy himself with the mere knowledge of the specialist, but felt the necessity of placing social aims at the head and front of his life, and of subordinating to them all other pursuits. That he values knowledge only as a means to social action, is one of the highest titles to our esteem that any philosopher can have. Such a temper of mind has penetrated no man more fully than Condorcet, though there are other thinkers to whom time and chance have been more favorable in making that temper permanently productive. There is a fine significance in his words, after the dismissal of the great and virtuous Turgot from office: "We have had a delightful dream, but it was too brief. Now I mean to apply myself to geometry. It is terribly cold to be for

the future laboring only for the *gloriole*, after flattering oneself for a while that one was working for the public weal." It is true that a geometer, too, works for the public weal; but the process is tardier, and we may well pardon an impatience that sprung of reasoned zeal for the happiness of mankind. There is something much more attractive about Condorcet's undisguised disappointment at having to exchange active public labor for geometrical problems, than in the affected satisfaction conventionally professed by statesmen when driven from place to their books. His correspondence shows that even when his mind seemed to be most concentrated upon his special studies, he was incessantly on the alert for every new idea, book, transaction, that was likely to stimulate the love of virtue in individuals, or to increase the strength of justice in society. It would have been, in one sense, more fortunate for him to have cared less for high social interests, if we remember the contention of his latter days, and the catastrophe which brought them to so frightful a close. But Condorcet was not one of those natures who can think it happiness to look passively out from the tranquil literary watch-tower upon the mortal struggles of a society in a state of revolution. In measuring other men of science — as his two volumes of Eloges abundantly show — one cannot help being struck by the eagerness with which he seizes on any trait of zeal for social improvement, of anxiety that the lives and characters of our fellows should be better worth having. He was himself too absolutely possessed by this social spirit to have flinched from his career, even if he had foreseen the martyrdom which was to consummate it. "You are very happy," he once wrote to Turgot, "in your passion for the public good, and your power to satisfy it; it is a great consolation, and of an order very superior to that of study."

In 1769, at the age of six-and-twenty, Condorcet became connected with the Academy; to the mortification of his relations, who hardly pardoned him for not being a captain of cavalry, as his father had been before him. About the same time or a little later, he performed a pilgrimage of a kind that could hardly help making a mark upon a character so deeply impressible. In company with D'Alembert, he went to Ferney and saw Voltaire. To the position of Voltaire in Europe in 1770 there has never been any other man's position in any age wholly comparable. It is true that there had been one or two of the great popes, and a

great ecclesiastic like St. Bernard, who had exercised a spiritual authority, pretty universally submitted to, or even spontaneously invoked, throughout western Europe. But these were the representatives of a powerful organization and an accepted system. Voltaire filled a place before men's eyes in the eighteenth century as conspicuous and as authoritative as that of St. Bernard in the twelfth. The difference was that Voltaire's place was absolutely unofficial in its origin, and indebted to no system nor organization for its maintenance. Again, there have been others, like Bacon or Descartes, destined to make a far more permanent contribution to the ideas which have extended the powers and elevated the happiness of men; but these great spirits for the most part labored for the generation that followed them, and won comparatively slight recognition from their own age. Voltaire, during his life, enjoyed to the full not only the admiration that belongs to the poet, but something of the veneration that is paid to the thinker, and even something of the glory usually reserved for captains and conquerors of renown. No other man before or since ever hit so exactly the mark of his time on every side, so precisely met the conditions of fame for the moment, nor so thoroughly dazzled and reigned over the foremost men and women who were his contemporaries. Wherever else intellectual fame has approached the fame of Voltaire, it has been posthumous. With him it was immediate and splendid. Into the secret of this extraordinary circumstance we need not here particularly inquire. He was an unsurpassed master of the art of literary expression in a country where that art is more highly prized than anywhere else; he was the most brilliant of wits among a people whose relish for wit is a supreme passion; he won the admiration of the lighter souls by his plays, of the learned by his interest in science, of the men of letters by his never-ceasing flow of essays, criticisms, and articles, not one of which lacks vigor and freshness and sparkle; he was the most active, bitter, and telling foe of what was then the most justly abhorred of all institutions,—the Church. Add to these remarkable titles to honor and popularity that he was no mere declaimer against oppression and injustice in the abstract, but the strenuous, persevering, and absolutely indefatigable champion of every victim of oppression or injustice whose case was once brought under his eye.

THE CHURCH AND THE 'ENCYCLOPÆDIA'

From 'Diderot and the Encyclopædists'

THE Church had known how to deal with intellectual insurgents, from Abélard in the twelfth century down to Giordano Bruno and Vanini in the seventeenth. They were isolated; they were for the most part submissive; and if they were not, the arm of the Church was very long, and her grasp mortal. And all these meritorious precursors were made weak by one cardinal defect, for which no gifts of intellectual acuteness could compensate. They had the scientific idea, but they lacked the social idea. . . .

After the middle of the last century, the insurrection against the pretensions of the Church, and against the doctrines of Christianity, was marked in one of its most important phases by a new and most significant feature. In this phase it was animated at once by the scientific idea and by the social idea. . . . Its leaders surveyed the entire field with as much accuracy, and with as wide a range, as their instruments allowed; and they scattered over the world a set of ideas which at once entered into energetic rivalry with the ancient scheme of authority. The great symbol of this new comprehensiveness in the insurrection was the 'Encyclopædia.'

The 'Encyclopædia' was virtually a protest against the old organization, no less than against the old doctrine. Broadly stated, the great central moral of it all was this: that human nature is good, that the world is capable of being made a desirable abiding-place, and that the evil of the world is the fruit of bad education and bad institutions. This cheerful doctrine now strikes on the ear as a commonplace and a truism. A hundred years ago in France it was a wonderful gospel, and the beginning of a new dispensation. It was the great counter-principle to asceticism in life and morals, to formalism in art, to absolutism in the social ordering, to obscurantism in thought. Every social improvement since has been the outcome of that doctrine in one form or another. The conviction that the character and lot of man are indefinitely modifiable for good, was the indispensable antecedent to any general and energetic endeavor to modify the conditions that surround him.

WILLIAM MORRIS

(1834–1896)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

WILLIAM MORRIS was a man of such varied activities and exuberant vitality, that an account of his career as a man of letters can give but an inadequate impression of his personality. The present sketch, however, must be restricted to the single aspect of his life by virtue of which he won a place among the greatest English writers of the nineteenth century; and may mention, thereafter only to ignore them, his epoch-making work as a decorative designer, his revival of the well-nigh lost art of printing beautiful books, and the socialist propaganda which he carried on for so many years, and with so much of fiery energy. All of these things belong to the character of the man rather than of the poet; and it is with the poet alone that we are now concerned.

WILLIAM MORRIS

With a volume entitled 'The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems,' published in 1858, Morris made his first appearance in literature. At this time the fame of Tennyson as the greatest of Victorian poets was fully established; the fame of Browning, with fifteen volumes already to his credit, was rapidly growing; and the chief poetical work of Matthew Arnold had already been produced. The affinities of the new poet were, however, with none of these masters, but rather with two men whose voices were yet to be heard. It was not until 1861 that Swinburne published 'The Queen Mother' and 'Rosamund,' to be followed in 1864 by 'Atalanta in Calydon,' in 1865 by 'Chastelard,' and in 1866 by the famous first series of 'Poems and Ballads.' As for Rossetti, while it is true that some of the most characteristic of his youthful pieces had appeared in the Germ as early as 1850, yet it was not until 1870 that the manuscript collection of his 'Poems' was exhumed from the grave of his wife, and given to the world.

Thus we see that Morris must be considered the pioneer of the poetical movement with which these three men are chiefly identified. Whether we give them the vague title of Pre-Raphaelites, or of apostles of mediævalism, or of representatives of the stained-glass school of poetry, it is evident that they were united, at least in their earlier years, by the possession of common ideals and a common inspiration. The fact is also worth noting that 'The Defence of Guenevere,' a considerable section of which deals with material taken from the cycle of Arthurian legend, was published in the year that gave birth to the first group of Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King.' A comparison of these two volumes is instructive; for it shows how divergent were the aims of Tennyson's exquisite but sophisticated art and the simpler and bolder art of the new poet. In diction, in emotional color, and in envisagement of the period with which both are concerned, the two works are very sharply contrasted: that of Tennyson embodies the last and most subtle refinement of a continuous literary tradition, while that of Morris harks back to earlier modes of thought and expression, and sacrifices the conventional trappings of modern song in order to reproduce with more of vital truthfulness the spirit of a vanished past. This point must be insisted upon, because it differentiates, not merely the two singers that have been named, but the two groups to which they respectively belong; and because it offers what justification there may be for the epithet "Pre-Raphaelite" so frequently applied to one of the groups. As the genius of Morris developed, his art became far finer; but it retained to the last those qualities of simplicity and sincerity that had informed it in its beginnings.

The distinctive achievement of Morris in English poetry is that of a story-teller by right divine — such a story-teller as Chaucer alone had been before him. But although the poet himself pays tribute to

> "— that mastery
> That from the rose-hung lanes of woody Kent
> Through these five hundred years such songs have sent
> To us, who, meshed within this smoky net
> Of unrejoicing labor, love them yet,"

yet the parallel may not be carried very far. Morris lacks the wit, the shrewdness, the practical good sense, and the dramatic faculty of Chaucer: he has instead the sentiment of romance in a heightened degree, the sense of pure beauty in nature and in life, the melancholic strain of a "dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time," and taking refuge in an idealized golden age of the past from a vain effort "to set the crooked straight" in this modern workaday world. As a story-teller in verse, Morris conquered the public with 'The

Life and Death of Jason' (1867), and 'The Earthly Paradise' (1868–70). 'The Earthly Paradise' is a cycle of twenty-four narrative poems with a prologue. "Certain gentlemen and mariners of Norway," so runs the argument, "having considered all that they had heard of the Earthly Paradise, set sail to find it: and after many troubles and the lapse of many years, came old men to some Western land, of which they had never before heard; there they died, when they had dwelt there certain years, much honored of the strange people." The land in which these "mariners of Norway" found their final haven was inhabited by a people descended from the ancient Greeks, and inheriting the poetical traditions of their race. After their guests had tarried with them for a while, they were thus addressed by the chief priest of the land:—

> "Dear guests, the year begins to-day;
> And fain are we, before it pass away,
> To hear some tales of that now altered world,
> Wherefrom our fathers in old time were hurled
> By the hard hands of fate and destiny.
> Nor would ye hear perchance unwillingly
> How we have dealt with stories of the land
> Wherein the tombs of our forefathers stand;
> Wherefore henceforth two solemn feasts shall be
> In every month, at which some history
> Shall crown our joyance."

The scheme is thus provided for the story-telling, and for a whole year the elders of the land alternate with the wanderers in recounting legendary tales. The former choose for their themes such stories as those of Atalanta, Alcestis, Cupid and Psyche, and Pygmalion and Galatea; the latter explore the rich fields of mediæval romance, and tell of Ogier the Dane, Gudrun and her lovers, the search for "the land east of the sun and west of the moon," and the fateful history of Tannhäuser. The twenty-four tales thus linked together are given in a variety of poetical forms, and differ greatly in length. They are "full of soft music and familiar olden charm," to use Mr. Stedman's felicitous phrase; they blend clearness of poetic vision with the sense of wonder; they are fresh, pathetic, vividly picturesque, and the loveliness of their best passages is beyond all praise. Of the earlier 'Life and Death of Jason' it should be said that the poem was originally planned to fill a place in 'The Earthly Paradise,' but so outgrew the author's purpose as to make a volume of itself.

The poetical work subsequently produced by Morris comprises the following volumes: 'Love is Enough, a Morality' (1872), 'The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs' (1876), and 'Poems by the Way' (1892). In the opinion of Morris himself, as well as in

that of most of his critics, the epic of 'Sigurd' is the greatest of his works. Mr. William Sharp has written of this poem in the following terms:—

«In this great work we come upon William Morris as the typical sagaman of modern literature. The breath of the North blows across these billowy lines as the polar wind across the green waves of the North Sea. The noise of waters, the splashing of oars, the whirling of swords, the conflict of battle, cries and heroic summons to death, re-echo in the ears. All the romance which gives so wonderful an atmosphere to his earlier poems, all the dreamy sweetness of 'The Earthly Paradise' and creations such as 'Love is Enough,' are here also; but with them are a force, a vigor and intensity, of which, save in his translation of the 'Odyssey,' there are few prior indications.»

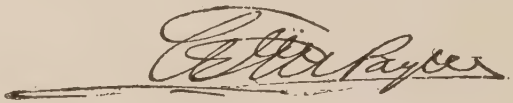
The eight or ten volumes of imperishably beautiful verse thus far described, constitute one of the chief glories of the Victorian era; but they still represent only a part of the prodigious literary achievement of William Morris. Another phase of his genius, second in importance only to the one just under discussion, is illustrated by the series of romances in prose and verse that were produced during the last seven years of his life. Having lived so long in the world of mediæval romancers and sagamen, he began in 1889 to write sagas and mediæval romances of his own; and may almost be said to have enriched English literature with a new form of composition. The more important of these works are—'The House of the Wolfings' (1889), 'The Roots of the Mountains' (1890), 'The Story of the Glittering Plain' (1891), 'The Wood Beyond the World' (1894), and 'The Well at the World's End' (1896). Two others—'The Water of the Wondrous Isles' and 'The Sundering Flood'—were left for posthumous publication. These romances show, even better than his poetry, how deeply Morris penetrated into the essential spirit of mediævalism. As far as material goes, they are pure inventions; and the reader marvels at the imaginative wealth which they display. Sometimes, as in 'The House of the Wolfings,' they afford an insight into that early life of our Teutonic ancestors of which Tacitus gives us a few glimpses; but their scenes for the most part are laid in some land «east of the sun and west of the moon,» to which the poet alone has access. They take us back to the springtime of the world, as the sagamen and the romancers conceived of it; and unfold to us vistas of sheer delight. They tell us of noble men and lovely women, of perilous guests and heroic deeds; they are tinged with the melancholy that must ever be a residuum in the contemplative modern mind, however objective its grasp; but the subtle perplexities of modern life are left far behind. In form, they mingle actual verse with a sort of poetic prose that is not marred by cæsuric effects; having, as Mr. Watts-Dunton says, «the concrete figures and

impassioned diction that are the poet's vehicle," but entering into no competition with works of acknowledged metrical structure.

If Morris were not a great original poet and romancer, his fame would still be secure as one of the greatest of English translators. He gave us the 'Æneid' in 1876, the 'Odyssey' in 1887, 'Béowulf' in 1895, and a long series of Icelandic sagas during the last quarter-century of his life. He held with Pope that "the fire of a poem is what a translator should principally regard"; and in dealing with a foreign masterpiece, he felt that his first duty was to convert it into an English poem. Hence his Virgil has little value as a "crib," and his Homer is almost as free as Chapman's version. But he was more completely in his element when dealing with Teutonic materials, and his 'Béowulf' and Icelandic sagas must be reckoned among the classics of English translation. His Icelandic work includes the 'Grettis Saga' (1869), the 'Völsunga Saga' (1870), 'Three Northern Love Stories and Other Tales' (1875), and the volumes of 'The Saga Library,' prepared in collaboration with Professor Eirikr Magnusson. This 'Library' was begun in 1891, and projected upon a liberal scale. Five volumes were published; the first of which includes three of the shorter sagas, the second gives us 'The Story of the Ere-Dwellers' (Eyrbyggja Saga) and 'The Story of the Heath-Slayings,' while the remaining three contain a nearly complete translation of the 'Heimskringla' of Snorri Sturluson,—'The Stories of the Kings of Norway Called the Round World.' In these translations we have a fortunate union of Professor Magnusson's exact scholarship with the literary instinct of Morris—an instinct trained by long association with Icelandic themes, and long practice in the semi-archaic diction which is so happily made use of in these remarkable versions. Besides these translations, mention must be made, among the poet's miscellaneous writings, of 'Hopes and Fears for Art' (1881), 'A Dream of John Ball' (1888), 'News from Nowhere' (1892), and the work called 'Socialism, its Growth and Outcome,' which was written in conjunction with Mr. Belfort Bax.

In the creative work which constitutes, after all, the great bulk of the literary output of William Morris, one is most impressed by the insistence with which the note of pure beauty is sounded. The poet was not insensible of "problems," as his socialistic writing amply shows; but literature took him clean away from them, and into a world which he might shape "nearer to the heart's desire" than this modern world of restless striving after more or less ignoble ends. When we get into the region of 'The Earthly Paradise' or of the prose romances, it is, to use Whitman's fine phrase, "as if no artifice of business, fashion, politics, had ever been." It is a world in which we may find the beguilement of all weariness, and refresh our

faith in the simpler virtues and the unsophisticated life. It is good for the spirit to take refuge at times in such a world; and those who have once breathed its healing airs will not fail in gratitude to the magician who led them to its confines, and bade them enter into its delights.



SHAMEFUL DEATH

THERE were four of us about that bed:
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day;
But in the morning twilight
His spirit passed away,
When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely gray.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,—
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinioned fast,
Sir John, the Knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,

With knights threescore and ten,
  Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
  And my hair is all turned gray;
But I met Sir John of the Fen
  Long ago on a summer day,—
And am glad to think of the moment when
  I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
  And my strength is mostly passed;
But long ago I and my men,
  When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke rolled over the reeds of the fen,
  Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you, pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true;
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

HALLBLITHE DWELLETH IN THE WOOD ALONE

From 'The Story of the Glittering Plain'

On the morrow they arose betimes, and broke their fast on that woodland victual, and then went speedily down the mountain-side; & Hallblithe saw by the clear morning light that it was indeed the Uttermost House which he had seen across the green waste. So he told the seekers; but they were silent and heeded naught, because of a fear that had come upon them, lest they should die before they came into that good land. At the foot of the mountain they came upon a river, deep but not wide, with low grassy banks; and Hallblithe, who was an exceeding strong swimmer, helped the seekers over without much ado, and there they stood upon the grass of that goodly waste. Hallblithe looked on them to note if any change should come over them, and he deemed that already they were become stronger and of more avail. But he spake naught thereof, and strode on toward the Uttermost House, even as that other day he had stridden away from it. Such diligence they made, that it was but little after noon when they came to the door thereof.

Then Hallblithe took the horn and blew upon it, while his fellows stood by murmuring, "It is the Land! It is the Land!" So came the Warden to the door clad in red scarlet, and the elder went up to him and said, "Is this the Land?" "What Land?" said the Warden. "Is it the Glittering Plain?" said the second of the seekers. "Yea, forsooth," said the Warden. Said the sad man, "Will ye lead us to the King?" "Ye shall come to the King," said the Warden. "When, oh, when?" cried they out all three. "The morrow of to-morrow, maybe," said the Warden. "Oh! if to-morrow were but come!" they cried. "It will come," said the red man: "enter ye the house. and eat and drink and rest you."

So they entered, and the Warden heeded Hallblithe nothing. They ate and drank and then went to their rest; and Hallblithe lay in a shut-bed off from the hall, but the Warden brought the seekers otherwhere, so that Hallblithe saw them not after he had gone to bed; but as for him, he slept and forgot that aught was. In the morning when he awoke he felt very strong and well-liking; and he beheld his limbs that they were clear of skin and sleek and fair; and he heard one hard by in the hall caroling and singing joyously. So he sprang from his bed with the wonder of sleep yet in him, and drew the curtains of the shut-bed and looked forth into the hall: and lo! on the high-seat a man of thirty winters by seeming, tall, fair of fashion, with golden hair and eyes as gray as glass, proud and noble of aspect; and anigh him sat another man of like age to look on, —a man strong and burly, with short curling brown hair and a red beard, and ruddy countenance, and the mien of a warrior. Also, up & down the hall, paced a man younger of aspect than these two, tall and slender, black-haired & dark-eyed, amorous of countenance; he it was who was singing a snatch of song as he went lightly on the hall pavement,—a snatch like to this:

FAIR is the world, now autumn's wearing,
And the sluggard sun lies long abed;
Sweet are the days, now winter's nearing,
And all winds feign that the wind is dead.

Dumb is the hedge where the crabs hang yellow,
Bright as the blossoms of the spring;
Dumb is the close where the pears grow mellow,
And none but the dauntless redbreast sing.

Fair was the spring, but amidst his greening
Gray were the days of the hidden sun;
Fair was the summer, but overweening,
So soon his o'er-sweet days were done.

Come then, love, for peace is upon us;
Far off is failing, and far is fear,
Here where the rest in the end hath won us
In the garnering tide of the happy year.

Come from the gray old house by the water,
Where, far from the lips of the hungry sea,
Green groweth the grass o'er the field of the slaughter,
And all is a tale for thee and me.

So Hallblithe did on his raiment and went into the hall; & when those three saw him, they smiled upon him kindly and greeted him; and the noble man at the board said: "Thanks have thou, O Warrior of the Raven, for thy help in our need; thy reward from us shall not be lacking." Then the brown-haired man came up to him, and clapped him on the back and said to him: "Brisk man of the Raven, good is thy help at need; even so shall be mine to thee henceforward." But the young man stepped up to him lightly, and cast his arms about him, and kissed him, and said: "O friend and fellow, who knoweth but I may one day help thee as thou hast holpen me? though thou art one who by seeming mayst well help thyself. And now mayst thou be as merry as I am to-day!" Then they all three cried out joyously: "It is the Land! It is the Land!" So Hallblithe knew that these men were the two elders and the sad man of yesterday, and that they had renewed their youth. Joyously now did those men break their fast; nor did Hallblithe make any grim countenance, for he thought, "That which these dotards and drivelers have been mighty enough to find, shall I not be mighty enough to flee from?" Breakfast done, the seekers made little delay, so eager as they were to behold the King, and to have handsel of their new sweet life. So they got them ready to depart, and the once-captain said: "Art thou able to lead us to the King, O Raven-son, or must we seek another man to do so much for us?" Said Hallblithe: "I am able to lead you so nigh unto Wood-end (where, as I deem, the King abideth) that ye shall not miss him." Therewith they went to the door,

and the Warden unlocked to them, & spake no word to them when they departed, though they thanked him kindly for the guesting. When they were without the garth, the young man fell to running about the meadow, plucking great handfuls of the rich flowers that grew about, singing & caroling the while. But he who had been king looked up and down and round about, and said at last: "Where be the horses and the men?" But his fellow with the red beard said: "Raven-son, in this land when they journey, what do they as to riding or going afoot?" Said Hallblithe: "Fair fellows, ye shall wot that in this land folk go afoot for the most part, both men and women; whereas they weary but little, and are in no haste." Then the once-captain clapped the once-king on the shoulder, and said: "Hearken, lord, and delay no longer, but gird up thy gown, since here is no mare's son to help thee; for fair is to-day that lies before us, with many a fair new day beyond it." So Hallblithe led the way inward, thinking of many things, yet but little of his fellows. Albeit they, and the younger man especially, were of many words; for this black-haired man had many questions to ask, chiefly concerning the women, what they were like to look on, and of what mood they were. Hallblithe answered thereto as long as he might, but at last he laughed and said: "Friend, forbear thy questions now; for meseemeth in a few hours thou shalt be as wise hereon as is the god of love himself."

So they made diligence along the road, and all was tidingless till on the second day at even they came to the first house off the waste. There had they good welcome, and slept. But on the morrow when they arose, Hallblithe spake to the seekers, and said: "Now are things much changed betwixt us since the time when we first met; for then I had all my desire, as I thought, and ye had but one desire, and well-nigh lacked hope of its fulfillment. Whereas now the lack hath left you and come to me. Wherefore even as time agone ye might not abide even one night at the House of the Raven, so hard as your desire lay on you,—even so it fareth with me to-day, that I am consumed with my desire, and I may not abide with you; lest that befall which befalleth betwixt the full man and the fasting. Wherefore now I bless you & depart." They abounded in words of goodwill to him, and the once-king said: "Abide with us, and we shall see to it that thou have all the dignities that a man may think of." And the once-captain said: "Lo, here is mine

hand that hath been mighty; never shalt thou lack it for the accomplishment of thine uttermost desire: abide with us."

Lastly said the young man: "Abide with us, Son of the Raven! Set thine heart on a fair woman, yea even were it the fairest, and I will get her for thee; yea, even were my desire set on her." But he smiled on them, and shook his head, and said: "All hail to you! but mine errand is yet undone." And therewith he departed. He skirted Wood-end and came not to it, but got him down to the side of the sea, not far from where he first came aland, but somewhat south of it. A fair oak-wood came down close to the beach of the sea; it was some four miles endlong and over-thwart. Thither Hallblithe betook him, and in a day or two got him woodwright's tools from a house of men a little outside the wood, three miles from the sea-shore. Then he set to work and built him a little frame house on a lawn of the wood beside a clear stream; for he was a very deft woodwright. Withal he made him a bow & arrows, and shot what he would of the fowl and the deer for his livelihood; and folk from that house and otherwhence came to see him, & brought him bread and wine and spicery and other matters which he needed. And the days wore, and men got used to him, and loved him as if he had been a rare image which had been brought to that land for its adornment; & now they no longer called him the Spearman, but the Wood-lover. And as for him, he took all in patience, abiding what the lapse of days should bring forth.

ICELAND FIRST SEEN

LO FROM our loitering ship
a new land at last to be seen;
Toothed rocks down the side of the firth,
on the east guard a weary wide lea,
And black slope the hillsides above,
striped adown with their desolate green:
And a peak rises up on the west
from the meeting of cloud and sea,
Foursquare from base unto point
like the building of gods that have been,—
The last of that waste of the mountains
all cloud-wreathed and snow-flecked and gray,
And bright with the dawn that began
just now at the ending of day.

Ah ! what came we forth for to see,
that our hearts are so hot with desire ?
Is it enough for our rest,
the sight of this desolate strand,
And the mountain waste voiceless as death
but for winds that may sleep not nor tire ?
Why do we long to wend forth
through the length and breadth of a land
Dreadful with grinding of ice
and record of scarce hidden fire,
But that there 'mid the gray grassy dales
sore scarred by the ruining streams
Lives the tale of the Northland of old
and the undying glory of dreams ?

O land, as some cave by the sea
where the treasures of old have been laid
The sword it may be of a king
whose name was the turning of fight;
Or the staff of some wise of the world
that many things made and unmade;
Or the ring of a woman, maybe,
whose woe is grown wealth and delight:
No wheat and no wine grows above it,
no orchard for blossom and shade;
The few ships that sail by its blackness
but deem it the mouth of a grave;
Yet sure when the world shall awaken,
this too shall be mighty to save.

Or rather, O land, if a marvel
it seemeth that men ever sought
Thy wastes for a field and a garden
fulfilled of all wonder and doubt,
And feasted amidst of the winter
when the fight of the year had been fought,
Whose plunder all gathered together
was little to babble about,
Cry aloud from thy wastes, O thou land,
«Not for this nor for that was I wrought.
Amid waning of realms and of riches
and death of things worshiped and sure,
I abide here the spouse of a God,
and I made and I make and endure.»

O Queen of the grief without knowledge,
of the courage that may not avail,
Of the longing that may not attain,
of the love that shall never forget,
More joy than the gladness of laughter
thy voice hath amidst of its wail;
More hope than of pleasure fulfilled
amidst of thy blindness is set;
More glorious than gaining of all
thine unfaltering hand that shall fail:
For what is the mark on thy brow
but the brand that thy Brynhild doth bear?
Lone once, and loved and undone
by a love that no ages outwear.

Ah! when thy Balder comes back
And bears from the heart of the sun
Peace and the healing of pain,
and the wisdom that waiteth no more;
And the lilies are laid on thy brow
'mid the crown of the deeds thou hast done;
And the roses spring up by thy feet
that the rocks of the wilderness wore:
Ah! when thy Balder comes back
and we gather the gains he hath won,
Shall we not linger a little
to talk of thy sweetness of old,
Yea, turn back awhile to thy travail
whence the Gods stood aloof to behold?

INTRODUCTION TO 'THE EARTHLY PARADISE'

OF HEAVEN or hell I have no power to sing;
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full hearts still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die,—

Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names rememberèd,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an idle day.

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines arow,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day.

So with this Earthly Paradise it is,
If ye will read aright, and pardon me,
Who strive to build a shadowy isle of bliss
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,
Where tossed about all hearts of men must be;
Whose ravening monsters mighty men shall slay,
Not the poor singer of an empty day.

FROM 'L'ENVOI' OF 'THE EARTHLY PARADISE'

HERE are we for the last time face to face,
Thou and I, Book, before I bid thee speed
Upon thy perilous journey to that place
For which I have done on thee pilgrim's weed,
Striving to get thee all things for thy need.
. . . . . .
Though what harm if thou die upon the way,
Thou idle singer of an empty day?

But though this land desired thou never reach,
Yet folk who know it mayst thou meet or death;
Therefore a word unto thee would I teach
To answer these, who, noting thy weak breath,
Thy wandering eyes, thy heart of little faith,
May make thy fond desire a sport and play,
Mocking the singer of an empty day.

That land's name, say'st thou? and the road thereto?
Nay, Book, thou mockest, saying thou know'st it not;
Surely no book of verse I ever knew
But ever was the heart within him hot
To gain the Land of Matters Unforgot:
There, now we both laugh — as the whole world may,
At us poor singers of an empty day.

Nay, let it pass, and hearken! Hast thou heard
That therein I believe I have a friend,
Of whom for love I may not be afeard?
It is to him indeed I bid thee wend;
Yea, he perchance may meet thee ere thou end,
Dying so far off from the hedge of bay,
Thou idle singer of an empty day!

Well, think of him, I bid thee, on the road,
And if it hap that midst of thy defeat,
Fainting beneath thy follies' heavy load,
My Master, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, thou do meet,
Then shalt thou win a space of rest full sweet;
Then be thou bold, and speak the words I say,
The idle singer of an empty day! . . .

Fearest thou, Book, what answer thou may'st gain,
Lest he should scorn thee, and thereof thou die?
Nay, it shall not be.— Thou may'st toil in vain,
And never draw the House of Fame anigh;
Yet he and his shall know whereof we cry,—
Shall call it not ill done to strive to lay
The ghosts that crowd about life's empty day.

Then let the others go! and if indeed
In some old garden thou and I have wrought,
And made fresh flowers spring up from hoarded seed,
And fragrance of old days and deeds have brought
Back to folk weary,— all was not for naught.
No little part it was for me to play —
The idle singer of an empty day.

THE BLUE CLOSET

The Damozels

Lady Alice, Lady Louise,
Between the wash of the tumbling seas
We are ready to sing, if so ye please;
So lay your long hands on the keys:
Sing, "*Laudate pueri.*"

And ever the great bell overhead
Boomed in the wind a knell for the dead,—
Though no one tolled it, a knell for the dead

Lady Louise

Sister, let the measure swell
Not too loud; for you sing not well
If you drown the faint boom of the bell:
He is weary, so am I.

And ever the chevron overhead
Flapped on the banner of the dead.
(Was he asleep, or was he dead?)

Lady Alice

Alice the Queen, and Louise the Queen,
Two damozels wearing purple and green,
Four lone ladies dwelling here
From day to day and year to year;
And there is none to let us go,—
To break the locks of the doors below,
Or shovel away the heaped-up snow;
And when we die, no man will know
That we are dead: but they give us leave,
Once every year on Christmas Eve,
To sing in the Closet Blue one song;
And we should be so long, so long,
If we dared, in singing: for dream on dream,
They float on in a happy stream;
Float from the gold strings, float from the keys,
Float from the opened lips of Louise:
But alas! the sea-salt oozes through
The chinks of the tiles of the Closet Blue;

And ever the great bell overhead
Booms in the wind a knell for the dead,—
The wind plays on it a knell for the dead

[*They sing all together.*]

How long ago was it, how long ago,
He came to this tower with hands full of snow?
"Kneel down, O love Louise, kneel down," he said,
And sprinkled the dusty snow over my head.

He watched the snow melting,—it ran through my hair,
Ran over my shoulders, white shoulders and bare.

"I cannot weep for thee, poor love Louise,
For my tears are all hidden deep under the seas:

"In a gold and blue casket she keeps all my tears,
But my eyes are no longer blue as in old years;

"Yea, they grow gray with time, grow small and dry:
I am so feeble now, would I might die."

And in truth the great bell overhead
Left off his pealing for the dead,—
Perchance because the wind was dead.

Will he come back again, or is he dead?
Oh, is he sleeping, my scarf round his head?

Or did they strangle him as he lay there,
With the long scarlet scarf I used to wear?

Only I pray thee, Lord, let him come here!
Both his soul and his body to me are most dear.

Dear Lord, that loves me, I wait to receive
Either body or spirit this wild Christmas Eve.

Through the floor shot up a lily red,
With a patch of earth from the land of the dead,—
For he was strong in the land of the dead.

What matter that his cheeks were pale,
His kind kissed lips all gray?
"O love Louise, have you waited long?"
"O my lord Arthur, yea."

What if his hair that brushed her cheek
Was stiff with frozen rime?
His eyes were grown quite blue again,
As in the happy time.

"O love Louise, this is the key
Of the happy golden land!"
"O sisters, cross the bridge with me,—
My eyes are full of sand.
What matter that I cannot see,
If he take me by the hand?"

And ever the great bell overhead
And the tumbling seas mourned for the dead;
For their song ceased, and they were dead.

THE DAY IS COMING

COME hither lads and hearken,
for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming,
when all shall be better than well.

And the tale shall be told of a country,
a land in the midst of the sea,
And folk shall call it England
in the days that are going to be.

There more than one in a thousand,
in the days that are yet to come,
Shall have some hope of the morrow,
some joy of the ancient home.

For then—laugh not, but listen
to this strange tale of mine—
All folk that are in England
shall be better lodged than swine.

Then a man shall work and bethink him,
and rejoice in the deeds of his hand;
Nor yet come home in the even
too faint and weary to stand.

Men in that time a-coming
shall work and have no fear
For to-morrow's lack of earning,
and the hunger-wolf anear.

I tell you this for a wonder,
that no man then shall be glad

Of his fellow's fall and mishap,
to snatch at the work he had.

For that which the worker winneth
shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing
by him that sowed no seed.

Oh, strange new wonderful justice!
But for whom shall we gather the gain?
For ourselves and for each of our fellows,
and no hand shall labor in vain.

Then all Mine and all Thine shall be Ours,
and no more shall any man crave
For riches that serve for nothing
but to fetter a friend for a slave.

And what wealth then shall be left us,
when none shall gather gold
To buy his friend in the market,
and pinch and pine the sold?

Nay, what save the lovely city,
and the little house on the hill,
And the wastes and the woodland beauty,
and the happy fields we till;

And the homes of ancient stories,
the tombs of the mighty dead;
And the wise men seeking out marvels,
and the poet's teeming head;

And the painter's hand of wonder,
and the marvelous fiddle-bow,
And the banded choirs of music:
all those that do and know.

For all these shall be ours and all men's;
nor shall any lack a share
Of the toil and the gain of living,
in the days when the world grows fair.

Ah! such are the days that shall be!
But what are the deeds of to-day,
In the days of the years we dwell in,
that wear our lives away?

Why, then, and for what are we waiting?
There are three words to speak:
We will it, and what is the foeman
but the dream-strong wakened and weak?

Oh, why and for what are we waiting,
while our brothers droop and die,
And on every wind of the heavens
a wasted life goes by?

How long shall they reproach us,
where crowd on crowd they dwell,—
Poor ghosts of the wicked city,
the gold-crushed hungry hell?

Through squalid life they labored,
in sordid grief they died,—
Those sons of a mighty mother,
those props of England's pride.

They are gone; there is none can undo it,
nor save our souls from the curse:
But many a million cometh,
and shall they be better or worse?

It is we must answer and hasten,
and open wide the door
For the rich man's hurrying terror,
and the slow-foot hope of the poor.

Yea, the voiceless wrath of the wretched,
and their unlearned discontent,—
We must give it voice and wisdom
till the waiting-tide be spent.

Come then, since all things call us,
the living and the dead,
And o'er the weltering tangle
a glimmering light is shed.

Come then, let us cast off fooling,
and put by ease and rest,
For the Cause alone is worthy
till the good days bring the best.

Come, join in the only battle
wherein no man can fail,

Where whoso fadeth and dieth,
yet his deed shall still prevail.

Ah! come, cast off all fooling,
for this, at least, we know:
That the dawn and the day is coming,
and forth the banners go.

KIARTAN BIDS FAREWELL TO GUDRUN

From 'The Lovers of Gudrun'

So passed away
Yule-tide at Herdholt, cold day following day,
Till spring was gone, and Gudrun had not failed
To win both many days where joy prevailed,
And many a pang of fear; till so it fell
That in the summer whereof now we tell,
Upon a day in blithe mood Kiartan came
To Bathstead not as one who looks for blame,
And Bodli with him, sad-eyed, silent, dull,
Noted of Gudrun, who no less was full
Of merry talk,—yea, more than her wont was.
But as the hours toward eventide did pass,
Said Kiartan:—
"Love, make we the most of bliss,
For though, indeed, not the last day this is
Whereon we twain shall meet in such a wise,
Yet shalt thou see me soon in fighting guise,
And hear the horns blow up our *Loth to go;*
For in White-River—"
"Is it even so,"
She broke in, "that these feet abide behind?
Men call me hard, but thou hast known me kind;
Men call me fair—my body give I thee;
Men call me dainty—let the rough salt sea
Deal with me as it will, so thou be near!
Let me share glory with thee, and take fear
That thy heart throws aside!"
Hand joined to hand,
As one who prays, and trembling, did she stand
With parted lips, and pale and weary-faced.
But up and down the hall-floor Bodli paced

With clanking sword, and brows set in a frown,
And scarce less pale than she. The sun low down
Shone through the narrow windows of the hall,
And on the gold upon her dress did fall,
And gilt her slim clasped hands.
There Kiartan stood
Gazing upon her in strange wavering mood,
Now longing sore to clasp her to his heart,
And pray her, too, that they might ne'er depart,
Now well-nigh ready to say such a word
As cutteth love across as with a sword;
So fought love in him with the craving vain
The love of all the wondering world to gain,
Though such he named it not. And so at last
His eyes upon the pavement did he cast,
And knit his brow as though some word to say:
Then fell her outstretched hands; she cried,
"Nay, nay!
Thou need'st not speak: I will not ask thee twice
To take a gift, a good gift, and be wise;
I know my heart, thou know'st it not: farewell,—
Maybe that other tales the Skalds shall tell
Than of thy great deeds."
Still her face was pale,
As with a sound betwixt a sigh and wail
She brushed by Bodli, who aghast did stand
With open mouth and vainly stretched-out hand;
But Kiartan followed her a step or two,
Then stayed, bewildered by his sudden woe;
But even therewith, as nigh the door she was,
She turned back suddenly, and straight did pass,
Trembling all over, to his side, and said
With streaming eyes:—
"Let not my words be weighed
As man's words are! O fair love, go forth
And come thou back again,—made no more worth
Unto this heart, but worthier it may be
To the dull world, thy worth that cannot see.
Go forth, and let the rumor of thee run
Through every land that is beneath the sun;
For know I not, indeed, that everything
Thou winnest at the hands of lord or king,
Is surely mine, as thou art mine at last?"
Then round about his neck her arms she cast,

And wept right sore: and, touched with love and shame,
Must Kiartan offer to leave hope of fame,
And noble life; but 'midst her tears she smiled,—
"Go forth, my love, and be thou not beguiled
By woman's tears,—I spake but as a fool;
We of the north wrap not our men in wool,
Lest they should die at last: nay, be not moved
To think that thou a faint-heart fool hast loved!"

For now his tears fell too; he said, "My sweet,
Ere the ship sails we yet again shall meet
To say farewell, a little while; and then,
When I come back to hold my place 'mid men,
With honor won for thee—how fair it is
To think on now, the sweetness and the bliss!"

Some little words she said no pen can write,
Upon his face she laid her fingers white,
And 'midst of kisses with his hair did play;
Then, smiling through her tears, she went away.
Nor heeded Bodli aught.
Men say the twain,
Kiartan and Gudrún, never met again
In loving wise; that each to each no more
Their eyes looked kind on this side death's dark shore;
That 'midst their tangled life they must forget,
Till they were dead, that ere their lips had met.

MOSCHUS

(Third Century B. C.)

Of Moschus it is commonly said that he was the friend or disciple of the Alexandrian grammarian, Aristarchus. In this fact we may possibly find the keynote of his poetic manner, and a just estimate of his value. For his poems are completely wrought-out work, marked now and then by a rare felicity of expression. They are what would naturally be produced by the educated man of poetic feeling, whose eye and ear had been trained by the rules and literary conventions of the greatest critic of his time.

The writer of the 'Elegy on Bion' asserts that he was Bion's pupil; and that while the master left his goods to others, his song he left to him. This relationship would make Moschus — to whom the elegy is commonly assigned — a younger contemporary of both Theocritus and Bion, who flourished about B. C. 275. Although a native of Syracuse, he is said to have lived much at Alexandria.

To him is also commonly ascribed the authorship of 'Love the Runaway,' a poem of exquisite grace after the manner of Anacreon, in which Cypris sketches her runaway boy, and offers a reward to the one who will bring him back. Three other idyls and a few slight pieces are also supposed to be his.

But the fame of Moschus rests upon the lament for Bion. It is a poem of only one hundred and thirty-three lines, but withal most elaborate, delicate, clear, and luxuriant in its imagery. All nature laments Bion's death; and this very exuberance and poetic excess have led critics to think the poem forced and affected, as Dr. Johnson pronounced 'Lycidas' to be. But considering that this very element of appeal to nature is in the heart of us all at times of great grief, when the imagination is awakened and the judgment often passive, — with this consideration, such elegies are more natural, direct, and simple. Sorrow, which acts physiologically as a stimulus to nerve action, brings out the inconsistency of human nature, and shows that inconsistency to be real consistency. We must abandon ourselves to the writer's attitude of mind in order to apprehend it. It is in the ebb of grief that the poetic impulse comes, not in its full tide and freshness. "To publish a sorrow," says Lowell, . . . "is in some sort to advertise its unreality; for I have observed in my intercourse with the afflicted that the deepest grief instinctively

hides its face with its hands and is silent. Depend upon it, . . . Petrarch [loved] his sonnets better than Laura, who was indeed but his poetical stalking-horse. After you shall have once heard that muffled rattle of the clods on the coffin-lid of an irreparable loss, you will grow acquainted with a pathos that will make all elegies hateful;"—if not hateful, certainly inadequate for expression of the deeper grief of life.

The undoubted model for this idyl of Moschus was Bion's lament for Adonis, which is quoted under the article on Bion. Like that exquisite poem, Moschus's threnody is an outburst over the eternal mystery of death. Death means to us the loss of the departed one from our affectionate association. And above all, with true Greek feeling there is felt the loss to him of all that sweet life held,—the piping by the waters, the care of his flock, the soft airs of bucolic Sicily. The song is a touching lamentation upon the giving up of joyous life, and going down to "the senseless earth" and the shades of Orcus.

The remains of Moschus have been edited by H. L. Ahrens in 'Reliquiæ Bucolicorum Græcorum' (1861), and also by Brunck, Boissonade, and others. They have been turned into English by Fawkes (Chalmers's English Poets) and also by Messrs. Polwhele, Chapman, and Banks.

THE LAMENTATION FOR BION

MOAN with me, moan, ye woods and Dorian waters,
And weep, ye rivers, the delightful Bion;
Ye plants, now stand in tears; murmur, ye graves;
Ye flowers, sigh forth your odors with sad buds;
Flush deep, ye roses and anemones;
And more than ever now, O hyacinth, show
Your written sorrows: the sweet singer's dead.
Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Ye nightingales, that mourn in the thick leaves,
Tell the Sicilian streams of Arethuse,
Bion the shepherd's dead; and that with him
Melody's dead, and gone the Dorian song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Weep on the waters, ye Strymonian swans,
And utter forth a melancholy song,
Tender as his whose voice was like your own;
And say to the Œagrian girls, and say

To all the nymphs haunting in Bistany,
The Doric Orpheus is departed from us.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
No longer pipes he to the charmèd herds,
No longer sits under the lonely oaks
And sings; but to the ears of Pluto now
Tunes his Lethean verse: and so the hills
Are voiceless; and the cows that follow still
Beside the bulls, low and will not be fed.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Apollo, Bion, wept thy sudden fate;
The Satyrs too, and the Priapuses
Dark-veiled, and for that song of thine the Pans
Groaned; and the fountain-nymphs within the woods
Mourned for thee, melting into tearful waters;
Echo too mourned among the rocks that she
Must hush, and imitate thy lips no longer;
Trees and the flowers put off their loveliness;
Milk flows not as 'twas used; and in the hive
The honey molders,—for there is no need,
Now that thy honey's gone, to look for more.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Not so the dolphins mourned by the salt sea,
Not so the nightingale among the rocks,
Not so the swallow over the far downs,
Not so Ceyx called for his Halcyone,
Not so in the eastern valleys Memnon's bird
Screamed o'er his sepulchre for the Morning's son,
As all have mourned for the departed Bion.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Ye nightingales and swallows, every one
Whom he once charmed and taught to sing at will,
Plain to each other midst the green tree boughs,
With other birds o'erhead. Mourn too, ye doves.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Who now shall play thy pipe, O most desired one!
Who lay his lip against thy reeds? who dare it?
For still they breathe of thee and of thy mouth,
And Echo comes to seek her voices there.
Pan's be they, and even he shall fear perhaps
To sound them, lest he be not first hereafter.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
And Galatea weeps, who loved to hear thee,
Sitting beside thee on the calm sea-shore:
For thou didst play far better than the Cyclops,
And him the fair one shunned: but thee, but thee,
She used to look at sweetly from the water;
But now, forgetful of the deep, she sits
On the lone sands, and feeds thy herd for thee.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
The Muses' gifts all died with thee, O shepherd·
Men's admiration, and sweet woman's kisses.
The Loves about thy sepulchre weep sadly;
For Venus loved thee, much more than the kiss
With which of late she kissed Adonis, dying.
Thou too, O Meles, sweetest voiced of rivers,
Thou too hast undergone a second grief;
For Homer first, that sweet mouth of Calliope,
Was taken from thee; and they say thou mourned'st
For thy great son with many-sobbing streams,
Filling the far-seen ocean with a voice.
And now again thou weepest for a son,
Melting away in misery. Both of them
Were favorites of the fountain-nymphs: one drank
The Pegasean fount, and one his cup
Filled out of Arethuse; the former sang
The bright Tyndarid lass, and the great son
Of Thetis, and Atrides Menelaus;
But he, the other, not of wars or tears
Told us, but intermixed the pipe he played
With songs of herds, and as he sung he fed them;
And he made pipes, and milked the gentle heifer,
And taught us how to kiss, and cherished love
Within his bosom, and was worthy of Venus.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Every renownèd city and every town
Mourns for thee, Bion: Ascra weeps thee more
Than her own Hesiod; the Bœotian woods
Ask not for Pindar so, nor patriot Lesbos
For her Alcæus; nor the Ægean isle
Her poet; nor does Paros so wish back
Archilochus; and Mitylene now,
Instead of Sappho's verses, rings with thine.
All the sweet pastoral poets weep for thee:—

Sicelidas the Samian; Lycidas,
Who used to look so happy; and at Cos,
Philetas; and at Syracuse, Theocritus,
All in their several dialects; and I,
I too, no stranger to the pastoral song,
Sing thee a dirge Ausonian, such as thou
Taughtest thy scholars, honoring us as all
Heirs of the Dorian Muse. Thou didst bequeath
Thy store to others, but to me thy song.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
Alas! when mallows in the garden die,
Green parsley, or the crisp luxuriant dill,
They live again, and flower another year;
But we, how great soe'er, or strong, or wise,
When once we die, sleep in the senseless earth
A long, an endless, unawakable sleep.
Thou too in earth must be laid silently;
But the nymphs please to let the frog sing on;
Nor envy I, for what he sings is worthless.

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
There came, O Bion, poison to thy mouth;
Thou didst feel poison; how could it approach
Those lips of thine, and not be turned to sweet!
Who could be so delightless as to mix it,
Or bid be mixed, and turn him from thy song!

Raise, raise the dirge, Muses of Sicily.
But justice reaches all; and thus, meanwhile,
I weep thy fate. And would I could descend
Like Orpheus to the shades, or like Ulysses,
Or Hercules before him: I would go
To Pluto's house, and see if you sang there,
And hark to what you sang. Play to Proserpina
Something Sicilian, some delightful pastoral;
For she once played on the Sicilian shores,
The shores of Ætna, and sang Dorian songs, —
And so thou wouldst be honored; and as Orpheus
For his sweet harping had his love again,
She would restore thee to our mountains, Bion.
Oh, had I but the power, I, I would do it!

Translation of Leigh Hunt.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

(1797–1835)

THE short life of William Motherwell was involved in much that was uncongenial to his nature and obstructive to his talent; else his sensibility and imagination, and his lyric gift, might have found fuller expression. Several of his Scotch ballads are unexcelled for sweetness and pathos. The reflective poems show exquisite delicacy of feeling. 'The Battle Flag of Sigurd,' 'The Sword Chant of Thorstein Raudi,' ring with manliness. The collection as a whole shows a wide range of poetic power.

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

His other noteworthy work, 'Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern' (1827), displays his taste and critical ability. The essay upon ancient minstrelsy with which he prefaced the collection attracted the admiring attention of Sir Walter Scott, and remains an authority upon the subject.

But the gifted Scotchman, who was born in Glasgow in 1797, hid under his outward reserve a sensitively artistic nature, that suffered from contact with the practicalities of life. Much of his childhood was passed in Edinburgh, where he spent happy days roaming about the old town; and where, in Mr. Lennie's private school, he met the pretty Jeanie Morrison of his famous ballad. He was a dreamy, unstudious lad, with little taste for science or the classics, although passionately fond of imaginative literature.

At fifteen he was placed to study law in the office of the sheriff-clerk of Paisley, where he was made in time deputy sheriff-clerk, and principal clerk of the county of Renfrew. But he was always inclined toward a literary career; and beginning very young to contribute poems and sketches to various periodicals, he gradually drifted into journalism, with which he was still connected at the time of his death in 1835. A man peculiarly alive to outside impressions, he was thus for years subjected to the unpoetic details of editorial work; and this, acting upon his constitutional inertia, made the poetic creation of which he was capable especially difficult.

WHEN I BENEATH THE COLD, RED EARTH AM SLEEPING

When I beneath the cold, red earth am sleeping,
Life's fever o'er,
Will there for me be any bright eye weeping
That I'm no more?
Will there be any heart still memory keeping
Of heretofore?

When the great winds, through leafless forests rushing,
Like full hearts break;
When the swollen streams, o'er crag and gully gushing,
Sad music make,—
Will there be one, whose heart despair is crushing,
Mourn for my sake?

When the bright sun upon that spot is shining
With purest ray,
And the small flowers, their buds and blossoms twining,
Burst through that clay,—
Will there be one still on that spot repining
Lost hopes all day?

When the night shadows, with the ample sweeping
Of her dark pall,
The world and all its manifold creation sleeping,
The great and small,—
Will there be one, even at that dread hour, weeping
For me—for all?

When no star twinkles with its eye of glory,
On that low mound,
And wintry storms have with their ruins hoary
Its loneness crowned,—
Will there be then one versed in misery's story
Pacing it round?

It may be so,—but this is selfish sorrow
To ask such meed;
A weakness and a wickedness to borrow
From hearts that bleed,
The wailings of to-day, for what to-morrow
Shall never need.

Lay me then gently in my narrow dwelling,
Thou gentle heart:

And though thy bosom should with grief be swelling,
Let no tear start;
It were in vain,—for Time hath long been knelling,
"Sad one, depart!"

JEANIE MORRISON

I'VE wandered east, I've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
The fire that's blawn on Beltane e'en
May weel be black gin Yule;
But blacker fa' awaits the heart
Where first fond luve grows cule.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blind my een wi' tears:
They blind my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blithe blinks o' langsyne.

'Twas then we luvit ilk ither weel,
'Twas then we twa did part;
Sweet time—sad time! twa bairns at scule—
Twa bairns and but ae heart!
'Twas then we sat on ae laigh bink,
To leir ilk ither lear;
And tones and looks and smiles were shed,
Remembered evermair.

I wonder, Jennie, aften yet,
When sitting on that bink,
Cheek touchin' cheek, loof locked in loof,
What our wee heads could think.
When baith bent doun ower ae braid page,
Wi' ae buik on our knee,
Thy lips were on thy lesson, but
My lesson was in thee.

Oh, mind ye how we hung our heads,
How cheeks brent red wi' shame,

Whene'er the scule-weans laughin' said
We cleeked thegither hame?
And mind ye o' the Saturdays,
(The scule then skail't at noon,)
When we ran off to speel the braes,—
The broomy braes o' June?

My head rins round and round about,
My heart flows like a sea,
As ane by ane the thochts rush back
O' scule-time and o' thee.
O mornin' life! O mornin' luve!
O lichtsome days and lang,
When hinnied hopes around our hearts
Like simmer blossoms sprang!

Oh, mind ye, luve, how aft we left
The deavin' dinsome toun,
To wander by the green burnside,
And hear its waters croon?
The simmer leaves hung ower our heads,
The flowers burst round our feet,
And in the gloamin' o' the wood
The throssil whusslit sweet;

The throssil whusslit in the wood,
The burn sang to the trees,
And we with Nature's heart in tune,
Concerted harmonies;
And on the knowe abune the burn,
For hours thegither sat
In the silentness o' joy, till baith
Wi' very gladness grat.

Ay, ay, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Tears trinkled doun your cheek
Like dew-beads on a rose, yet nane
Had ony power to speak!
That was a time, a blessed time,
When hearts were fresh and young,
When freely gushed all feelings forth,
Unsyllabled,—unsung!

I marvel, Jeanie Morrison,
Gin I hae been to thee

As closely twined wi' earliest thochts,
As ye hae been to me?
Oh, tell me gin their music fills
Thine ear as it does mine!
Oh, say gin e'er your heart grows grit
Wi' dreamings o' langsyne?

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
I've borne a weary lot;
But in my wanderings, far or near,
Ye never were forgot.
The fount that first burst frae this heart
Still travels on its way;
And channels deeper, as it rins,
The luve o' life's young day.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morrison,
Since we were sindered young,
I've never seen your face, nor heard
The music o' your tongue;
But I could hug all wretchedness,
And happy could I dee,
Did I but ken your heart still dreamed
O' bygane days and me!

MY HEID IS LIKE TO REND, WILLIE

My heid is like to rend, Willie,
My heart is like to break;
I'm wearin' aff my feet, Willie
I'm dyin' for your sake!
Oh, lay your cheek to mine, Willie,
Your hand on my briest-bane;
Oh, say ye'll think on me, Willie,
When I am deid and gane!

It's vain to comfort me, Willie,—
Sair grief maun ha'e its will;
But let me rest upon your briest,
To sab and greet my fill.
Let me sit on your knee, Willie,
Let me shed by your hair,
And look into the face, Willie,
I never sall see mair!

I'm sittin' on your knee, Willie,
For the last time in my life,—
A puir heart-broken thing, Willie,
A mither, yet nae wife.
Ay, press your hand upon my heart,
And press it mair and mair,
Or it will burst the silken twine,
Sae strang is its despair.

Oh, wae's me for the hour, Willie,
When we thegither met;
Oh, wae's me for the time, Willie,
That our first tryst was set!
Oh, wae's me for the loanin' green
Where we were wont to gae,—
And wae's me for the destinie
That gart me luve thee sae!

Oh, dinna mind my words, Willie,
I downa seek to blame,—
But oh, it's hard to live, Willie,
And dree a warld's shame!
Het tears are hailin' ower your cheek,
And hailin' ower your chin:
Why weep ye sae for worthlessness,
For sorrow, and for sin?

I'm weary o' this warld, Willie,
And sick wi' a' I see;
I canna live as I hae lived,
Or be as I should be.
But fauld unto your heart, Willie,
The heart that still is thine,
And kiss ance mair the white, white cheek,
Ye said was red langsyne.

A stoun' gaes through my heid, Willie,
A sair stoun' through my heart;
Oh, haud me up and let me kiss
Thy brow ere we twa pairt.
Anither, and anither yet!
How fast my life-strings break!
Fareweel! fareweel! through yon kirk-yard
Step lichtly for my sake!

The lav'rock in the lift, Willie,
That lilts far ower our heid,
Will sing the morn as merrilie
Abune the clay-cauld deid;
And this green turf we're sittin' on,
Wi' dew-draps' shimmerin' sheen,
Will hap the heart that luvit thee
As warld has seldom seen.

But oh, remember me, Willie,
On land where'er ye be,—
And oh, think on the leal, leal heart,
That ne'er luvit ane but thee!
And oh, think on the cauld, cauld mools
That file my yellow hair,—
That kiss the cheek and kiss the chin
Ye never sall kiss mair!

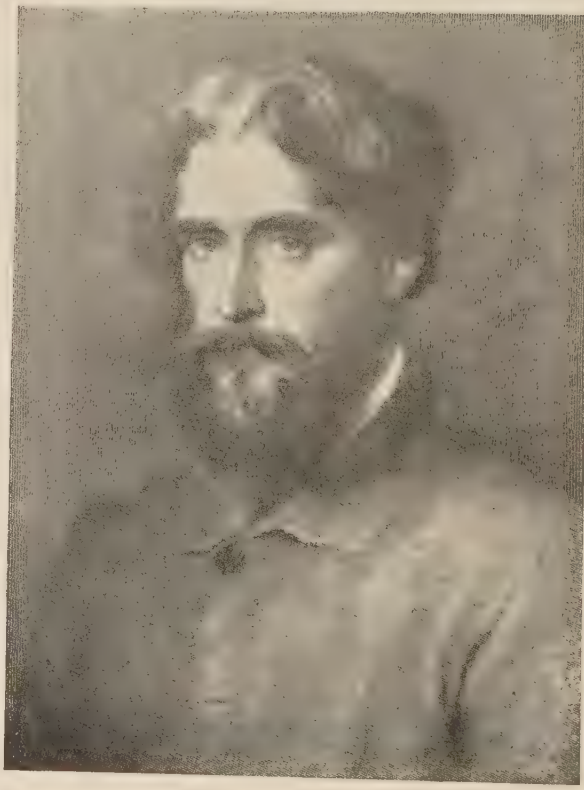
MAY MORN SONG

THE grass is wet with shining dews,
Their silver bells hang on each tree,
While opening flower and bursting bud
Breathe incense forth unceasingly;
The mavis pipes in greenwood shaw,
The throstle glads the spreading thorn,
And cheerily the blithesome lark
Salutes the rosy face of morn.
'Tis early prime:
And hark! hark! hark!
His merry chime
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he heralds in
The jolly sun with matin hymn.

Come, come, my love! and May-dews shake
In pailfuls from each drooping bough;
They'll give fresh lustre to the bloom
That breaks upon thy young cheek now.
O'er hill and dale, o'er waste and wood,
Aurora's smiles are streaming free;
With earth it seems brave holiday,
In heaven it looks high jubilee.

And it is right,
For mark, love, mark!
How bathed in light
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! he upward flies,
Like holy thoughts to cloudless skies.

They lack all heart who cannot feel
The voice of heaven within them thrill,
In summer morn, when mounting high
This merry minstrel sings his fill.
Now let us seek yon bosky dell
Where brightest wild-flowers choose to be,
And where its clear stream murmurs on,
Meet type of our love's purity.
No witness there,
And o'er us, hark!
High in the air
Chirrups the lark;
Chirrup! chirrup! away soars he,
Bearing to heaven my vows to thee!



J. L. MOTLEY.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

(1814–1877)

BY JOHN FRANKLIN JAMESON

PRESCOTT, in the preface to his 'Philip the Second,' dated in 1855, after speaking of the revolt of the Netherlands as an episode in his narrative well deserving to be made the theme of an independent work, adds with characteristic generosity:—"It is gratifying to learn that before long such a history may be expected from the pen of our accomplished countryman Mr. J. Lothrop Motley. No one acquainted with the fine powers of mind possessed by this scholar, and the earnestness with which he has devoted himself to his task, can doubt that he will do full justice to his important but difficult subject." Aside from what these kindly words toward a possible rival reveal of the lovable Prescott, they show us plainly that in 1855, when Motley was forty-one years old, his brilliant talents still remained unknown save to a relatively small circle. Froude, reviewing the 'Dutch Republic' a year later, said: "Of Mr. Motley's antecedents we know nothing. If he has previously appeared before the public, his reputation has not crossed the Atlantic." But if Motley came suddenly and somewhat late to his high fame as a historian, there had never been room for doubting his unusual gifts, nor his vocation to literature; he had had, however, a long period of uncertainty and experiment, touching the stops of various quills until at last he struck his true note. Born in Dorchester, Massachusetts, (now a part of Boston,) on April 15th, 1814, he had a good inheritance of mental qualities. His father, a Boston merchant of North-of-Ireland descent, was a handsome, genial, and witty man, with a taste for letters; his mother, a woman of singular beauty and charm, was the descendant of several Puritan clergymen, who had enjoyed literary repute in colonial and post-Revolutionary Boston. He was a handsome, genial, and straightforward boy, imaginative and impetuous, fond of reading though not of hard study. The most important part of his school life was spent at Round Hill, Northampton, where Joseph G. Cogswell and George Bancroft had established a famous school, and conducted it after a manner likely to give a quick-minded boy, along with his preparation for college, a taste for European literature and culture.

From Round Hill Motley went to Harvard College, and was graduated there in 1831. Wendell Phillips and Thomas G. Appleton were his classmates. He did not win academic distinction, and appeared to lack application and industry, being indeed only a boy when he completed his course. But he was exceedingly clever; and his classmates were not surprised when later he became famous, though they were surprised that his fame was won in a branch of literature involving so much laborious drudgery. His first appearance in print was a translation from the German, which came out in a little college magazine. But he did not often contribute to the college publications, and indeed kept somewhat apart from most of his classmates, partly from shyness perhaps, partly from youthful pride. A few months after his graduation he went to Germany. To go to a German university to continue one's studies was not then a common thing among American young men; but Bancroft and others at Cambridge had lately given an impulse in that direction. Motley thoroughly enjoyed his two years of life at Göttingen and Berlin. He followed lectures in the civil law chiefly; but was by no means wholly engrossed in study, as may be guessed from the fact that one of his most intimate companions at both places was the youthful Bismarck. A year of travel in Germany, Austria, Italy, France, and England followed; and in the autumn of 1835 Motley returned to Boston, and resumed the study of the law. In March 1837 he married Mary Benjamin, sister of Park Benjamin; a lovely woman, who for thirty-seven years was a constant source of happiness to him.

Motley's legal studies had never so preoccupied his mind as to turn it away from the love of literature and from literary ambitions. Two years after his marriage he made his first venture in the literary world, publishing a novel entitled 'Morton's Hope, or the Memoirs of a Young Provincial,' of which the scene is the America of Revolutionary times. The book was wholly unsuccessful. Indeed, it had the gravest defects of plan and general form. Yet it had a certain distinction of style, and contained, among its loosely woven scenes, not a few passages of sufficient merit to justify those friends who still prophesied final success in spite of an unpromising beginning. Like many another first novel, 'Morton's Hope' is manifestly in part autobiographic. It reveals to us a young man of brilliant gifts, a strong appetite for reading, a marked inclination toward history, a mind somewhat self-centred, an impetuous temperament, and an intense but vague and unfixed ambition for literary distinction.

For a time, Motley's ambition was not even confined to literature exclusively; he dallied with diplomacy and politics. In 1841, when the Whigs for the first time had a chance at the federal offices, a new minister was sent out to St. Petersburg, and Motley went with

him as secretary of legation. He remained there less than three months, and then abandoned the diplomatic career and returned to Boston, his books, and his dearly loved family. In the campaign of 1844 he made some political speeches, and in 1849 he was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. But he derived little satisfaction from his connection with politics, and felt a passionate disgust with the rule of the politicians.

A second novel, 'Merry Mount,' published in 1849, was of much more merit than the first; and showed a liveliness of imagination and a power of description that gave promise of success near at hand, if not to be attained in precisely this direction. The field of work for which he was best fitted had already been made manifest to the writer and his friends by the striking excellences of certain historical essays which he had of late contributed to American magazines, especially an essay on Peter the Great in the North American Review for October 1845. By the next year his mind was already possessed with one great historical subject, that of the revolt of the Netherlands from Spain, the subject which he has forever associated with his name. «It was not,» he afterward wrote, «that I cared about writing a history, but that I felt an inevitable impulse to write one particular history.» Hearing that Prescott was preparing a history of Philip II., he thought of abandoning the ground; but Prescott generously encouraged him. After three or four years of serious study, Motley concluded that no satisfactory work of the kind he planned could be written save upon the basis laid by thorough researches in Europe, especially in European archives. Accordingly in 1851 he went to Europe with his wife and family, there to labor at his absorbing task, and as it proved, there to spend most of his remaining days.

Destroying what he had already written, Motley immersed himself for nearly three years in the libraries and archives of Dresden, The Hague, and Brussels, and so produced the three volumes of the 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' The great Murray declined the book; and it was published in England at the author's expense by Chapman & Hall, and in New York by Harper & Brothers, in April 1856. Its success was immediate, and for the production of an almost unknown author, prodigious. Nearly all the reviews, both British and American, praised it in most flattering terms. The author had written to his father that he should be surprised if a hundred copies of the English edition had been sold at the end of a year; in point of fact the number sold within a year was seventeen thousand.

The theme of that famous book is the revolt of the Dutch, and the struggle by which they won their independence from Spain. Its narrative opens with the abdication of Charles V. in 1555, and closes with the assassination of William of Orange in 1584. It relates the

story of Spanish misgovernment, tyranny, and religious persecution under Philip II.: the uprising of the provinces, both northern and southern, against the cruelty of the Duke of Alva; the efforts of the Prince of Orange to keep the provinces united and to maintain the war; the heroic sieges of Haarlem and Leyden; the wars and negotiations by which, under the guidance of a great statesman, the seven northern Dutch provinces raised themselves from the condition of dependents upon a foreign despot into that of an independent and permanent republic. No wonder that the theme took possession of Motley's imagination with haunting power; for the story is an inspiring and stirring one even in the pages of the sober annalists whom he succeeded and superseded, or in the formal documents upon which his work was based. It appealed moreover to higher qualities than his imagination. It is plain that the main source of his interest in the story is a generous love of liberty, and the warm sympathy of an ardent and noble nature with all exhibitions of individual and national heroism.

It is this enthusiasm and warmth of feeling which have given the 'Dutch Republic,' to most minds, its chief charm; which have done more than anything else to make it, in the estimation of the world at large, one of the most interesting historical books ever written in any language. But it has also many elements of technical perfection. It is written with great care. Many of the sentences are exquisite in felicity and finish. The style is dignified, yet rich with the evidences of literary cultivation and fertile fancy. The larger matters of composition are managed with taste and power. Rarely has any historian in the whole history of literature so united laborious scholarship with dramatic intensity. His pages abound in vivid descriptions, and in narrations instinct with life and force and movement. Through all runs that current of generous ardor which makes the work essentially an epic, having William of Orange as its hero, and fraught, like the 'Æneid,' with the fortunes of a noble nation. No doubt this epic sweep interfered with the due consideration of many important and interesting elements in Dutch history. The historians of that generation were mostly political and not constitutional. Prescott confessed that he hated "hunting latent, barren antiquities." Though Motley's early legal studies had made him more apt in these constitutional inquiries, so essential in Dutch history, his predilection was always rather toward the history of men than toward the history of institutions. Neither did Motley entirely escape those dangers of partiality which beset the dramatic historian. Under his hands William of Orange, a character undeniably heroic, became almost faultless; while Philip and those Netherlanders who continued to adhere to him were treated with somewhat less than justice. But much was

forgiven, and rightly, to one who had endowed literature with a book so interesting and so brilliant,—so full of life and color that it seemed to have caught something from the canvases of Rubens and Rembrandt.

Uncertain as to the reception of a large book by an unknown author, Motley had paused after the completion of the manuscript of the 'Dutch Republic,' had spent a year with his family in Switzerland, and another in Italy, and had made a brief visit to Boston. In the summer of 1857 he returned to Europe, and began the preparation of a work continuing the history of the Netherlands from the date of William's death. From that time the history of the Netherlands widens into a broader stream, constantly associated with that of several other countries. Motley was obliged to make more extensive researches, delving in the archives of London, Paris, Brussels, and The Hague. He was in London during the London seasons of 1858, 1859, and 1860; a famous author now, fêted everywhere, and everywhere enjoying with genial appreciation the best of English society. In the two intervening winters, in Rome and in England, he wrote the first two volumes of the 'History of the United Netherlands from the Death of William the Silent,' which in 1860 were published by Murray and by Harper. A few months before, the author had received from the University of Oxford the honorary degree of D. C. L.

The two volumes now published dealt with the history of five years only, but they were years of the greatest moment to the young republic. In 1584 the mainstay of the Dutch had been taken from them; and Philip's general, the Prince of Parma, was soon to recover both Ghent and Antwerp. By 1589 the great Armada had been destroyed, the chief of dangers had been removed, and the republic, with Henry of Navarre on the throne of France, was assured of independent existence. During these critical years the relations of the Dutch with England were so close, that to describe duly the diplomatic intercourse, the governor-generalship of Leicester, and the alliance in defense against the Armada, Motley was obliged to become almost as much the historian of England as of the Netherlands. Measured by the technical standards of the scholar, the tale was more difficult than that which had preceded it, and the achievement more distinguished. But Motley felt the lack of a hero; and the new volumes could not, from the nature of the case, possess the epic quality in the same form which had marked the 'Dutch Republic.' No doubt the book has been less widely read than its predecessor. Yet the epic quality was present nevertheless; and the story of a brave nation conquering for itself an equal place among the kingdoms of the world was inspiring to the writer and deeply instructive to the reader.

Immediately there came an opportunity for Motley's inborn love of liberty, and that appreciation of heroic national action which his recent work had brought him, to expend themselves on the objects of real and present life. At the beginning of the American Civil War, stirred deeply by the prevalent misunderstanding and want of sympathy in England, he wrote to the London Times an elaborate letter, afterward signally influential as a pamphlet, explaining clearly and comprehensively the character of the American Union, and the real causes of the war. Unable to remain away from his country in such a crisis, he returned to the United States, but was presently sent by Mr. Lincoln as minister to Austria. Here he made it his chief occupation to promote in Europe a right knowledge of American conditions and of the aims of the Union party at home, and to awaken and sustain European sympathy. In the two delightful volumes of his 'Correspondence' (published in 1889) nothing is more interesting, nothing contributes more to the reader's high appreciation of the man, than the series of letters written from Vienna during war-time. They show us a gifted and noble American passing through that transformation which came over many another of his countrymen, through the heart-straining experiences of those wonderful days. He who not many years before had looked upon the public affairs of his country with fastidious scorn, as the prey of low-minded politicians, was now warmed into ardent and even flaming patriotism by the peril of the Union, the struggle and the victory.

Official life in Vienna did not often leave much leisure for historical composition; but in 1867 Motley saw through the press the two volumes which concluded his 'History of the United Netherlands.' They continued the narrative at a more rapid rate than had seemed appropriate to the critical years previously treated, and brought it down to the conclusion of the Twelve Years' Truce between the Netherlands and Spain, arranged in 1609. Twenty years of Dutch history — war against Spain, negotiation with France and England — were embraced in these two volumes. With Elizabeth and Philip II. giving place to James I. and Philip III., these years were not so interesting nor so important as those which had preceded; but Motley's eloquence, and his extraordinary skill in presentation, prevented the new volumes from seeming inferior to the old. Moreover, to an imaginative American mind, a new element of interest was added as the young republic began to be a naval power, and, prosperous and energetic, launched out into brilliant projects of commerce and colonial expansion in the remote regions of the East and of the New World.

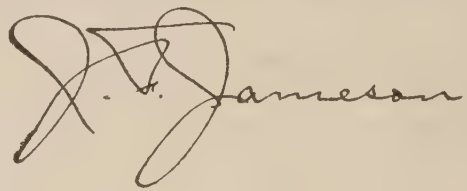
Meanwhile, however, Motley's official connection with his own country had ceased. Some one wrote to President Johnson a letter

slandering Motley. Though the letter might well have passed unnoticed, Secretary Seward requested explanations. Motley, sensitive and impulsive, accompanied his denials of the slanders with the tender of his resignation. It was accepted; and he left the diplomatic service with an acute sense of the indignity. Returning to America in 1868, he was, by the favor of President Grant and of Senator Sumner, appointed in 1869 to the high post of minister to Great Britain. A year later he was asked to resign, and refusing to do so, was recalled. A biographical sketch in a book of literature is doubtless not the place in which to discuss the merits or demerits of political actions of recent times, still warmly debated. It has been said on the one side that the minister had departed from his instructions in the important matter of the Alabama claims, to a degree that impaired his usefulness to his government; on the other side, that the action of President Grant and Secretary Fish was but an angry move in their quarrel with Senator Sumner. What is certain is, that to the high-spirited minister, wholly unconscious of any but the most faithful and patriotic service, this second blow was crushing. Indeed, it may be said to have been ultimately fatal.

The plan which Motley had had in mind while writing the 'History of the United Netherlands' had been to continue that narrative through the period of the Twelve Years' Truce, and then to widen it into a history of the Thirty Years' War, or of the war so called in Germany, and the thirty remaining years of warfare between the Dutch and Spain, both ending with the peace of Westphalia in 1648. The only part of this extensive plan which he succeeded in carrying out was that relating to the period of the truce. Throughout those twelve years the leading matter of Dutch history is the contest between John van Oldenbarneveld and Count Maurice of Nassau. Not neglecting other aspects of the time,—the death of Henry IV., the struggle over Jülich and Cleves, the preparation for the Thirty Years' War,—Motley gave to the two volumes which he published in 1874 a biographical form, and the title of 'The Life and Death of John of Barneveld.' Thorough and conscientious, interesting and valuable as the book is, it is not to be denied that it takes sides with Oldenbarneveld, and that it is written with less freshness and brilliancy than the earlier volumes. His proud and sensitive spirit had received a lacerating wound, and his health had begun to fail. At the end of this year his dearly loved wife was taken from him. He wrote no more; and on May 29th, 1877, he died near Dorchester in England.

It is a familiar thought that history must be written over again for the uses of each new generation. The present world of historians, critics, and readers is attentive to many things which in Motley's time were less valued. It has grown more strenuous in insisting upon perfect objectivity in the treatment of international and civil

conflicts. Where forty years ago, in all countries, history was chiefly the work of men more or less engaged in public affairs, or at least the offspring of political minds, it now in all countries, whether for good or for ill, springs mainly from professors or from minds professorial. Its fashions change. But it is difficult to imagine that any changes of fashion can seriously diminish either Motley's general popularity or the force of his appeal to cultivated minds. His books, while nowise lacking in most of the highest qualities of scholarship, are also literature,—eloquent, glowing, and powerful,—and have, one must think, that permanent value which belongs to every finished product of fine art.



THE ABDICATION OF CHARLES V. OF SPAIN

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On the twenty-fifth day of October, 1555, the estates of the Netherlands were assembled in the great hall of the palace at Brussels. They had been summoned to be the witnesses and the guarantees of the abdication which Charles V. had long before resolved upon, and which he was that day to execute. The Emperor, like many potentates before and since, was fond of great political spectacles. He knew their influence upon the masses of mankind. Although plain even to shabbiness in his own costume, and usually attired in black, no one ever understood better than he how to arrange such exhibitions in a striking and artistic style. We have seen the theatrical and imposing manner in which he quelled the insurrection at Ghent, and nearly crushed the life forever out of that vigorous and turbulent little commonwealth. The closing scene of his long and energetic reign he had now arranged with profound study, and with an accurate knowledge of the manner in which the requisite effects were to be produced. The termination of his own career, the opening of his beloved Philip's, were to be dramatized in a manner worthy the august characters of the actors, and the importance of the great stage where they played their parts. The eyes of the whole world were directed upon that day towards Brussels;

for an imperial abdication was an event which had not, in the sixteenth century, been staled by custom.

The gay capital of Brabant — of that province which rejoiced in the liberal constitution known by the cheerful title of the "joyful entrance" — was worthy to be the scene of the imposing show. Brussels had been a city for more than five centuries, and at that day numbered about one hundred thousand inhabitants. Its walls, six miles in circumference, were already two hundred years old. Unlike most Netherland cities, lying usually upon extensive plains, it was built along the sides of an abrupt promontory. A wide expanse of living verdure — cultivated gardens, shady groves, fertile cornfields — flowed round it like a sea. The foot of the town was washed by the little river Senne, while the irregular but picturesque streets rose up the steep sides of the hill like the semicircles and stairways of an amphitheatre. Nearly in the heart of the place rose the audacious and exquisitely embroidered tower of the town-house, three hundred and sixty-six feet in height; a miracle of needlework in stone, rivaling in its intricate carving the cobweb tracery of that lace which has for centuries been synonymous with the city, and rearing itself above a façade of profusely decorated and brocaded architecture. The crest of the elevation was crowned by the towers of the old ducal palace of Brabant, with its extensive and thickly wooded park on the left, and by the stately mansions of Orange, Egmont, Aremberg, Culemburg, and other Flemish grandees, on the right. The great forest of Soignies, dotted with monasteries and convents, swarming with every variety of game, whither the citizens made their summer pilgrimages, and where the nobles chased the wild boar and the stag, extended to within a quarter of a mile of the city walls. The population, as thrifty, as intelligent, as prosperous as that of any city in Europe, was divided into fifty-two guilds of artisans, among which the most important were the armorers, whose suits of mail would turn a musket-ball; the gardeners, upon whose gentler creations incredible sums were annually lavished; and the tapestry-workers, whose gorgeous fabrics were the wonder of the world. Seven principal churches, of which the most striking was that of St. Gudule, with its twin towers, its charming façade, and its magnificently painted windows, adorned the upper part of the city. The number seven was a magic number in Brussels; and was supposed at that epoch — during which astronomy was in its

infancy and astrology in its prime — to denote the seven planets which governed all things terrestrial by their aspects and influences. Seven noble families, springing from seven ancient castles, supplied the stock from which the seven senators were selected who composed the upper council of the city. There were seven great squares, seven city gates; and upon the occasion of the present ceremony, it was observed by the lovers of wonderful coincidences that seven crowned heads would be congregated under a single roof in the liberty-loving city.

The palace where the states-general were upon this occasion convened had been the residence of the Dukes of Brabant since the days of John the Second, who had built it about the year 1300. It was a spacious and convenient building, but not distinguished for the beauty of its architecture. In front was a large open square, inclosed by an iron railing; in the rear an extensive and beautiful park, filled with forest trees, and containing gardens and labyrinths, fish-ponds and game preserves, fountains and promenades, race-courses and archery grounds. The main entrance to this edifice opened upon a spacious hall, connected with a beautiful and symmetrical chapel. The hall was celebrated for its size, harmonious proportions, and the richness of its decorations. It was the place where the chapters of the famous order of the Golden Fleece were held. Its walls were hung with a magnificent tapestry of Arras, representing the life and achievements of Gideon the Midianite, and giving particular prominence to the miracle of the "fleece of wool," vouchsafed to that renowned champion, the great patron of the Knights of the Fleece. On the present occasion there were various additional embellishments of flowers and votive garlands. At the western end a spacious platform or stage, with six or seven steps, had been constructed, below which was a range of benches for the deputies of the seventeen provinces. Upon the stage itself there were rows of seats, covered with tapestry, upon the right hand and upon the left. These were respectively to accommodate the knights of the order and the guests of high distinction. In the rear of these were other benches for the members of the three great councils. In the centre of the stage was a splendid canopy, decorated with the arms of Burgundy, beneath which were placed three gilded arm-chairs. All the seats upon the platform were vacant; but the benches below, assigned to the deputies of the provinces, were already filled. Numerous representatives from all

the States but two — Gelderland and Overyssel — had already taken their places. Grave magistrates in chain and gown, and executive officers in the splendid civic uniforms for which the Netherlands were celebrated, already filled every seat within the space allotted. The remainder of the hall was crowded with the more favored portion of the multitude, which had been fortunate enough to procure admission to the exhibition. The archers and hallebardiers of the body-guard kept watch at all the doors. The theatre was filled, the audience was eager with expectation, the actors were yet to arrive. As the clock struck three, the hero of the scene appeared. Cæsar, as he was always designated in the classic language of the day, entered, leaning on the shoulder of William of Orange. They came from the chapel, and were immediately followed by Philip the Second and Queen Mary of Hungary. The Archduke Maximilian, the Duke of Savoy, and other great personages came afterwards, accompanied by a glittering throng of warriors, councillors, governors, and Knights of the Fleece.

Many individuals of existing or future historic celebrity in the Netherlands, whose names are so familiar to the student of the epoch, seemed to have been grouped, as if by premeditated design, upon this imposing platform, where the curtain was to fall forever upon the mightiest Emperor since Charlemagne, and where the opening scene of the long and tremendous tragedy of Philip's reign was to be simultaneously enacted. There was the bishop of Arras, soon to be known throughout Christendom by the more celebrated title of Cardinal Granvelle,— the serene and smiling priest, whose subtle influence over the destinies of so many individuals then present, and over the fortunes of the whole land, was to be so extensive and so deadly. There was that flower of Flemish chivalry, the lineal descendant of ancient Frisian kings, already distinguished for his bravery in many fields, but not having yet won those two remarkable victories which were soon to make the name of Egmont like the sound of a trumpet throughout the whole country. Tall, magnificent in costume, with dark flowing hair, soft brown eye, smooth cheek, a slight mustache, and features of almost feminine delicacy,— such was the gallant and ill-fated Lamoral Egmont. The Count of Horn, too, with bold, sullen face, and fan-shaped beard,— a brave, honest, discontented, quarrelsome, unpopular man; those other twins in doom, the Marquis Berghen and the Lord of Montigny; the Baron

Berlaymont, brave, intensely loyal, insatiably greedy for office and wages, but who at least never served but one party; the Duke of Arschot, who was to serve all, essay to rule all, and to betray all,—a splendid seignior, magnificent in cramoisy velvet, but a poor creature, who traced his pedigree from Adam according to the family monumental inscriptions at Louvain, but who was better known as grandnephew of the Emperor's famous tutor Chièvres; the bold, debauched Brederode, with handsome, reckless face and turbulent demeanor; the infamous Noircarmes, whose name was to be covered with eternal execration for aping towards his own compatriots and kindred as much of Alva's atrocities and avarice as he was permitted to exercise; the distinguished soldiers Meghen and Aremberg,—these, with many others whose deeds of arms were to become celebrated throughout Europe, were all conspicuous in the brilliant crowd. There too was that learned Frisian, President Viglius, crafty, plausible, adroit, eloquent,—a small, brisk man, with long yellow hair, glittering green eyes, round, tumid, rosy cheeks, and flowing beard. Foremost among the Spanish grandees, and close to Philip, stood the famous favorite, Ruy Gomez,—or as he was familiarly called, "Re y Gomez" (King and Gomez),—a man of meridional aspect, with coal-black hair and beard, gleaming eyes, a face pallid with intense application, and slender but handsome figure; while in immediate attendance upon the Emperor was the immortal Prince of Orange.

Such were a few only of the most prominent in that gay throng, whose fortunes in part it will be our humble duty to narrate; how many of them passing through all this glitter to a dark and mysterious gloom! some to perish on public scaffolds, some by midnight assassination; others, more fortunate, to fall on the battle-field; nearly all, sooner or later, to be laid in bloody graves!

All the company present had risen to their feet as the Emperor entered. By his command, all immediately after resumed their places. The benches at either end of the platform were accordingly filled with the royal and princely personages invited, —with the Fleece Knights, wearing the insignia of their order, with the members of the three great councils, and with the governors. The Emperor, the King, and the Queen of Hungary, were left conspicuous in the centre of the scene. As the whole object of the ceremony was to present an impressive exhibition,

it is worth our while to examine minutely the appearance of the two principal characters.

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old; but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye was dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper, that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous in consequence of this original defect; which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of a habitual invalid. He seemed so little upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournament, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale

admirer adds that "his aspect was so reverend, that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face he was the living image of his father; having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced: he had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness, which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

Such was the personal appearance of the man who was about to receive into his single hand the destinies of half the world; whose single will was, for the future, to shape the fortunes of every individual then present, of many millions more in Europe, America, and at the ends of the earth, and of countless millions yet unborn.

The three royal personages being seated upon chairs placed triangularly under the canopy, such of the audience as had seats provided for them now took their places, and the proceedings commenced. Philibert de Bruxelles, a member of the privy council of the Netherlands, arose at the Emperor's command, and made a long oration. He spoke of the Emperor's warm affection for the provinces, as the land of his birth; of his deep regret that his broken health and failing powers, both of body and mind, compelled him to resign his sovereignty, and to seek relief for his shattered frame in a more genial climate. Cæsar's gout was then depicted in energetic language, which must have cost him a twinge as he sat there and listened to the councilor's eloquence. "'Tis a most truculent executioner," said Philibert: "it invades the whole body, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet, leaving nothing untouched. It contracts the nerves with intolerable anguish, it enters the bones, it freezes the marrow, it converts the lubricating fluids of the joints into chalk; it pauses not until, having exhausted and debilitated the whole

body, it has rendered all its necessary instruments useless, and conquered the mind by immense torture." Engaged in mortal struggle with such an enemy, Cæsar felt himself obliged, as the councilor proceeded to inform his audience, to change the scene of the contest from the humid air of Flanders to the warmer atmosphere of Spain. He rejoiced, however, that his son was both vigorous and experienced, and that his recent marriage with the Queen of England had furnished the provinces with a most valuable alliance. He then again referred to the Emperor's boundless love for his subjects; and concluded with a tremendous, but superfluous, exhortation to Philip on the necessity of maintaining the Catholic religion in its purity. After this long harangue, which has been fully reported by several historians who were present at the ceremony, the councilor proceeded to read the deed of cession, by which Philip, already sovereign of Sicily, Naples, Milan, and titular king of England, France, and Jerusalem, now received all the duchies, marquisates, earldoms, baronies, cities, towns, and castles of the Burgundian property, including of course the seventeen Netherlands.

As De Bruxelles finished, there was a buzz of admiration throughout the assembly, mingled with murmurs of regret that in the present great danger upon the frontiers, from the belligerent King of France and his warlike and restless nation, the provinces should be left without their ancient and puissant defender. The Emperor then rose to his feet. Leaning on his crutch, he beckoned from his seat the personage upon whose arm he had leaned as he entered the hall. A tall, handsome youth of twenty-two came forward: a man whose name from that time forward, and as long as history shall endure, has been and will be more familiar than any other in the mouths of Netherlanders. At that day he had rather a southern than a German or Flemish appearance. He had a Spanish cast of features, dark, well chiseled, and symmetrical. His head was small and well placed upon his shoulders. His hair was dark brown, as were also his mustache and peaked beard. His forehead was lofty, spacious, and already prematurely engraved with the anxious lines of thought. His eyes were full, brown, well opened, and expressive of profound reflection. He was dressed in the magnificent apparel for which the Netherlanders were celebrated above all other nations, and which the ceremony rendered necessary. His presence being considered indispensable at this great ceremony, he had been

summoned but recently from the camp on the frontier, where, notwithstanding his youth, the Emperor had appointed him to command his army in chief against such antagonists as Admiral Coligny and the Duc de Nevers.

Thus supported upon his crutch and upon the shoulder of William of Orange, the Emperor proceeded to address the States, by the aid of a closely written brief which he held in his hand. He reviewed rapidly the progress of events from his seventeenth year up to that day. He spoke of his nine expeditions into Germany, six to Spain, seven to Italy, four to France, ten to the Netherlands, two to England, as many to Africa, and of his eleven voyages by sea. He sketched his various wars, victories, and treaties of peace; assuring his hearers that the welfare of his subjects and the security of the Roman Catholic religion had ever been the leading objects of his life. As long as God had granted him health, he continued, only enemies could have regretted that Charles was living and reigning; but now that his strength was but vanity, and life fast ebbing away, his love for dominion, his affection for his subjects, and his regard for their interests, required his departure. Instead of a decrepit man with one foot in the grave, he presented them with a sovereign in the prime of life and the vigor of health. Turning toward Philip, he observed that for a dying father to bequeath so magnificent an empire to his son was a deed worthy of gratitude; but that when the father thus descended to the grave before his time, and by an anticipated and living burial sought to provide for the welfare of his realms and the grandeur of his son, the benefit thus conferred was surely far greater. He added that the debt would be paid to him and with usury, should Philip conduct himself in his administration of the province with a wise and affectionate regard to their true interests. Posterity would applaud his abdication, should his son prove worthy of his bounty; and that could only be by living in the fear of God, and by maintaining law, justice, and the Catholic religion in all their purity, as the true foundation of the realm. In conclusion, he entreated the estates, and through them the nation, to render obedience to their new prince, to maintain concord, and to preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; begging them, at the same time, to pardon him all errors or offenses which he might have committed towards them during his reign, and assuring them that he should unceasingly remember their obedience and affection in his every prayer to

that Being to whom the remainder of his life was to be dedicated.

Such brave words as these, so many vigorous asseverations of attempted performance of duty, such fervent hopes expressed of a benign administration in behalf of the son, could not but affect the sensibilities of the audience, already excited and softened by the impressive character of the whole display. Sobs were heard throughout every portion of the hall, and tears poured profusely from every eye. The Fleece Knights on the platform and the burghers in the background were all melted with the same emotion. As for the Emperor himself, he sank almost fainting upon his chair as he concluded his address. An ashy paleness overspread his countenance, and he wept like a child. Even the icy Philip was almost softened, as he rose to perform his part in the ceremony. Dropping upon his knees before his father's feet, he reverently kissed his hand. Charles placed his hands solemnly upon his son's head, made the sign of the cross, and blessed him in the name of the Holy Trinity. Then raising him in his arms he tenderly embraced him, saying, as he did so, to the great potentates around him, that he felt a sincere compassion for the son on whose shoulders so heavy a weight had just devolved, and which only a lifelong labor would enable him to support. Philip now uttered a few words expressive of his duty to his father and his affection for his people. Turning to the orders, he signified his regret that he was unable to address them either in the French or Flemish language, and was therefore obliged to ask their attention to the Bishop of Arras, who would act as his interpreter. Antony Perrenot accordingly arose, and in smooth, fluent, and well-turned commonplaces, expressed at great length the gratitude of Philip towards his father, with his firm determination to walk in the path of duty, and to obey his father's counsels and example in the future administration of the provinces. This long address of the prelate was responded to at equal length by Jacob Maas, member of the Council of Brabant, a man of great learning, eloquence, and prolixity; who had been selected to reply on behalf of the States-General, and who now, in the name of these bodies, accepted the abdication in an elegant and complimentary harangue. Queen Mary of Hungary — the "Christian widow" of Erasmus, and Regent of the Netherlands during the past twenty-five years — then rose to resign her office, making a brief address expressive of her affection for the people,

her regrets at leaving them, and her hopes that all errors which she might have committed during her long administration would be forgiven her. Again the redundant Maas responded, asserting in terms of fresh compliment and elegance the uniform satisfaction of the provinces with her conduct during her whole career.

The orations and replies having now been brought to a close, the ceremony was terminated. The Emperor, leaning on the shoulders of the Prince of Orange and of the Count de Buren, slowly left the hall, followed by Philip, the Queen of Hungary, and the whole court; all in the same order in which they had entered, and by the same passage into the chapel.

THE SPANISH ARMADA APPROACHES ENGLAND

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THE blaze and smoke of ten thousand beacon-fires, from the Land's End to Margate, and from the Isle of Wight to Cumberland, gave warning to every Englishman that the enemy was at last upon them. Almost at that very instant, intelligence had been brought from the court to the Lord Admiral at Plymouth that the Armada, dispersed and shattered by the gales of June, was not likely to make its appearance that year; and orders had consequently been given to disarm the four largest ships and send them into dock. Even Walsingham, as already stated, had participated in this strange delusion.

Before Howard had time to act upon this ill-timed suggestion, —even had he been disposed to do so,—he received authentic intelligence that the great fleet was off the Lizard. Neither he nor Francis Drake were the men to lose time in such an emergency; and before that Friday night was spent, sixty of the best English ships had been warped out of Plymouth harbor.

On Saturday, 30th July, the wind was very light at southwest, with a mist and drizzling rain; but by three in the afternoon the two fleets could descry and count each other through the haze.

By nine o'clock, 31st July, about two miles from Looe on the Cornish coast, the fleets had their first meeting. There were one hundred and thirty-six sail of the Spaniards, of which ninety

were large ships; and sixty-seven of the English. It was a solemn moment. The long-expected Armada presented a pompous, almost a theatrical appearance. The ships seemed arranged for a pageant, in honor of a victory already won. Disposed in form of a crescent, the horns of which were seven miles asunder, those gilded, towered, floating castles, with their gaudy standards and their martial music, moved slowly along the channel, with an air of indolent pomp. Their captain-general, the golden duke, stood in his private shot-proof fortress, on the deck of his great galleon the St. Martin, surrounded by generals of infantry and colonels of cavalry, who knew as little as he did himself of naval matters. The English vessels, on the other hand,— with a few exceptions light, swift, and easily handled,— could sail round and round those unwieldy galleons, hulks, and galleys rowed by fettered slave gangs. The superior seamanship of free Englishmen, commanded by such experienced captains as Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins,— from infancy at home on blue water,— was manifest in the very first encounter. They obtained the weather-gage at once, and cannonaded the enemy at intervals with considerable effect; easily escaping at will out of range of the sluggish Armada, which was incapable of bearing sail in pursuit, although provided with an armament which could sink all its enemies at close quarters. "We had some small fight with them that Sunday afternoon," said Hawkins.

Medina Sidonia hoisted the royal standard at the fore; and the whole fleet did its utmost, which was little, to offer general battle. It was in vain. The English, following at the heels of the enemy, refused all such invitations, and attacked only the rear-guard of the Armada, where Recalde commanded. That admiral, steadily maintaining his post, faced his nimble antagonists, who continued to tease, to maltreat, and to elude him, while the rest of the fleet proceeded slowly up the Channel closely followed by the enemy. And thus the running fight continued along the coast, in full view of Plymouth, whence boats with reinforcements and volunteers were perpetually arriving to the English ships, until the battle had drifted quite out of reach of the town.

Already in this first "small fight" the Spaniards had learned a lesson, and might even entertain a doubt of their invincibility. But before the sun set there were more serious disasters. Much powder and shot had been expended by the Spaniard to very little

purpose, and so a master-gunner on board Admiral Oquendo's flag-ship was reprimanded for careless ball-practice. The gunner, who was a Fleming, enraged with his captain, laid a train to the powder-magazine, fired it, and threw himself into the sea. Two decks blew up. The great castle at the stern rose into clouds, carrying with it the paymaster-general of the fleet, a large portion of treasure, and nearly two hundred men. The ship was a wreck, but it was possible to save the rest of the crew. So Medina Sidonia sent light vessels to remove them, and wore with his flag-ship to defend Oquendo, who had already been fastened upon by his English pursuers. But the Spaniards, not being so light in hand as their enemies, involved themselves in much embarrassment by this manœuvre; and there was much falling foul of each other, entanglement of rigging, and carrying away of yards. Oquendo's men, however, were ultimately saved and taken to other ships.

Meantime Don Pedro de Valdez, commander of the Andalusian squadron, having got his galleon into collision with two or three Spanish ships successively, had at last carried away his fore-mast close to the deck, and the wreck had fallen against his main-mast. He lay crippled and helpless, the Armada was slowly deserting him, night was coming on, the sea was running high, and the English, ever hovering near, were ready to grapple with him. In vain did Don Pedro fire signals of distress. The captain-general — even as though the unlucky galleon had not been connected with the Catholic fleet — calmly fired a gun to collect his scattered ships, and abandoned Valdez to his fate. "He left me comfortless in sight of the whole fleet," said poor Pedro; "and greater inhumanity and unthankfulness I think was never heard of among men."

Yet the Spaniard comported himself most gallantly. Frobisher, in the largest ship of the English fleet, the Triumph of eleven hundred tons, and Hawkins in the Victory of eight hundred, cannonaded him at a distance, but night coming on, he was able to resist; and it was not till the following morning that he surrendered to the Revenge.

Drake then received the gallant prisoner on board his flag-ship, — much to the disgust and indignation of Frobisher and Hawkins, thus disappointed of their prize and ransom money, — treated him with much courtesy, and gave his word of honor that he and his men should be treated fairly like good prisoners

of war. This pledge was redeemed; for it was not the English, as it was the Spanish custom, to convert captives into slaves, but only to hold them for ransom. Valdez responded to Drake's politeness by kissing his hand, embracing him, and overpowering him with magnificent compliments. He was then sent on board the Lord Admiral, who received him with similar urbanity, and expressed his regret that so distinguished a personage should have been so coolly deserted by the Duke of Medina. Don Pedro then returned to the Revenge, where, as the guest of Drake, he was a witness to all subsequent events up to the 10th of August; on which day he was sent to London with some other officers, Sir Francis claiming his ransom as his lawful due.

Here certainly was no very triumphant beginning for the Invincible Armada. On the very first day of their being in presence of the English fleet — then but sixty-seven in number, and vastly their inferior in size and weight of metal — they had lost the flag-ships of the Guipuzcoan and of the Andalusian squadrons, with a general-admiral, four hundred and fifty officers and men, and some one hundred thousand ducats of treasure. They had been outmanœuvred, outsailed, and thoroughly maltreated by their antagonists, and they had been unable to inflict a single blow in return. Thus the "small fight" had been a cheerful one for the opponents of the Inquisition, and the English were proportionally encouraged. . . .

Never, since England was England, had such a sight been seen as now revealed itself in those narrow straits between Dover and Calais. Along that long, low, sandy shore, and quite within the range of the Calais fortifications, one hundred and thirty Spanish ships — the greater number of them the largest and most heavily armed in the world — lay face to face, and scarcely out of cannon-shot, with one hundred and fifty English sloops and frigates, the strongest and swiftest that the island could furnish, and commanded by men whose exploits had rung through the world.

Farther along the coast, invisible, but known to be performing a most perilous and vital service, was a squadron of Dutch vessels of all sizes, lining both the inner and outer edges of the sandbanks off the Flemish coasts, and swarming in all the estuaries and inlets of that intricate and dangerous cruising-ground between Dunkirk and Walcheren. Those fleets of Holland and Zeeland, numbering some one hundred and fifty galleons, sloops, and fly-boats, under Warmond, Nassau, Van der Does, De Moor,

and Rosendael, lay patiently blockading every possible egress from Newport, or Gravelines, or Sluys, or Flushing, or Dunkirk; and longing to grapple with the Duke of Parma, so soon as his fleet of gunboats and hoys, packed with his Spanish and Italian veterans, should venture to set forth upon the sea for their long-prepared exploit.

It was a pompous spectacle that midsummer night, upon those narrow seas. The moon, which was at the full, was rising calmly upon a scene of anxious expectation. Would she not be looking, by the morrow's night, upon a subjugated England, a re-enslaved Holland — upon the downfall of civil and religious liberty? Those ships of Spain, which lay there with their banners waving in the moonlight, discharging salvos of anticipated triumph and filling the air with strains of insolent music — would they not, by day-break, be moving straight to their purpose, bearing the conquerors of the world to the scene of their cherished hopes?

That English fleet, too, which rode there at anchor, so anxiously on the watch — would that swarm of nimble, lightly handled, but slender vessels, which had held their own hitherto in hurried and desultory skirmishes, be able to cope with their great antagonist, now that the moment had arrived for the death grapple? Would not Howard, Drake, Frobisher, Seymour, Winter, and Hawkins be swept out of the straits at last, yielding an open passage to Medina, Oquendo, Recalde, and Farnese? Would those Hollanders and Zeelanders cruising so vigilantly among their treacherous shallows dare to maintain their post, now that the terrible "Holofernes," with his invincible legions, was resolved to come forth? . . .

And the impatience of the soldiers and sailors on board the fleet was equal to that of their commanders. There was London almost before their eyes,—a huge mass of treasure, richer and more accessible than those mines beyond the Atlantic which had so often rewarded Spanish chivalry with fabulous wealth. And there were men in those galleons who remembered the sack of Antwerp eleven years before; men who could tell, from personal experience, how helpless was a great commercial city when once in the clutch of disciplined brigands; men who in that dread "fury of Antwerp" had enriched themselves in an hour with the accumulations of a merchant's lifetime, and who had slain fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brides and bridegrooms, before each other's eyes, until the number of inhabitants

butchered in the blazing streets rose to many thousands, and the plunder from palaces and warehouses was counted by millions, before the sun had set on the "great fury." Those Spaniards, and Italians, and Walloons were now thirsting for more gold, for more blood; and as the capital of England was even more wealthy and far more defenseless than the commercial metropolis of the Netherlands had been, so it was resolved that the London "fury" should be more thorough and more productive than the "fury of Antwerp," at the memory of which the world still shuddered. And these professional soldiers had been taught to consider the English as a pacific, delicate, effeminate race; dependent on good living, without experience of war, quickly fatigued and discouraged, and even more easily to be plundered and butchered than were the excellent burghers of Antwerp.

And so these southern conquerors looked down from their great galleons and galeasses upon the English vessels. More than three quarters of them were merchantmen. There was no comparison whatever between the relative strength of the fleets. In number they were about equal, being each from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty strong; but the Spaniards had twice the tonnage of the English, four times the artillery, and nearly three times the number of men. . . .

As the twilight deepened, the moon became totally obscured, dark cloud masses spread over the heavens, the sea grew black, distant thunder rolled, and the sob of an approaching tempest became distinctly audible. Such indications of a westerly gale were not encouraging to those cumbrous vessels, with the treacherous quicksands of Flanders under their lee.

At an hour past midnight, it was so dark that it was difficult for the most practiced eye to pierce far into the gloom. But a faint drip of oars now struck the ears of the Spaniards as they watched from the decks. A few moments afterwards the sea became suddenly luminous; and six flaming vessels appeared at a slight distance, bearing steadily down upon them before the wind and tide.

There were men in the Armada who had been at the siege of Antwerp only three years before. They remembered with horror the devil-ships of Gianibelli,— those floating volcanoes which had seemed to rend earth and ocean, whose explosion had laid so many thousands of soldiers dead at a blow, and which had shattered the bridge and floating forts of Farnese as though they had

been toys of glass. They knew too that the famous engineer was at that moment in England.

In a moment one of those horrible panics which spread with such contagious rapidity among large bodies of men, seized upon the Spaniards. There was a yell throughout the fleet — "The fireships of Antwerp! the fire-ships of Antwerp!" and in an instant every cable was cut, and frantic attempts were made by each galleon and galeasse to escape what seemed imminent destruction. The confusion was beyond description. Four or five of the largest ships became entangled with each other. Two others were set on fire by the flaming vessels and were consumed. Medina Sidonia, who had been warned, even before his departure from Spain, that some such artifice would probably be attempted, and who had even, early that morning, sent out a party of sailors in a pinnace to search for indications of the scheme, was not surprised or dismayed. He gave orders — as well as might be — that every ship, after the danger should be passed, was to return to its post and await his further orders. But it was useless in that moment of unreasonable panic to issue commands. The despised Mantuan, who had met with so many rebuffs at Philip's court, and who — owing to official incredulity — had been but partially successful in his magnificent enterprise at Antwerp, had now, by the mere terror of his name, inflicted more damage on Philip's Armada than had hitherto been accomplished by Howard and Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher combined.

So long as night and darkness lasted, the confusion and uproar continued. When the Monday morning dawned, several of the Spanish vessels lay disabled, while the rest of the fleet was seen at a distance of two leagues from Calais, driving towards the Flemish coast. The threatened gale had not yet begun to blow; but there were fresh squalls from the W. S. W., which, to such awkward sailors as the Spanish vessels, were difficult to contend with. On the other hand, the English fleet were all astir, and ready to pursue the Spaniards, now rapidly drifting into the North Sea.

THE ARMADA DESTROYED

From the 'History of the United Netherlands'

The battle lasted six hours long, hot and furious; for now there was no excuse for retreat on the part of the Spaniards, but on the contrary, it was the intention of the captain-general to return to his station off Calais, if it were within his power. Nevertheless, the English still partially maintained the tactics which had proved so successful, and resolutely refused the fierce attempts of the Spaniards to lay themselves alongside. Keeping within musket-range, the well-disciplined English mariners poured broadside after broadside against the towering ships of the Armada which afforded so easy a mark; while the Spaniards on their part found it impossible, while wasting incredible quantities of powder and shot, to inflict any severe damage on their enemies. Throughout the action, not an English ship was destroyed, and not a hundred men were killed. On the other hand, all the best ships of the Spaniards were riddled through and through; and with masts and yards shattered, sails and rigging torn to shreds, and a northwest wind still drifting them towards the fatal sandbanks of Holland, they labored heavily in a chopping sea, firing wildly, and receiving tremendous punishment at the hands of Howard, Drake, Seymour, Winter, and their followers. Not even master-gunner Thomas could complain that day of "blind exercise" on the part of the English, with "little harm done" to the enemy. There was scarcely a ship in the Armada that did not suffer severely; for nearly all were engaged in that memorable action off the sands of Gravelines. The captain-general himself, Admiral Recalde, Alonzo de Leyva, Oquendo, Diego Flores de Valdez, Bertendona, Don Francisco de Toledo, Don Diego de Pimentel, Telles Enriquez, Alonzo de Luzon, Garibay, with most of the great galleons and galeasses, were in the thickest of the fight; and one after the other each of these huge ships were disabled. Three sank before the fight was over; many others were soon drifting helpless wrecks towards a hostile shore; and before five o'clock in the afternoon, at least sixteen of their best ships had been sacrificed, and from four to five thousand soldiers killed.

Nearly all the largest vessels of the Armada, therefore, having been disabled or damaged,—according to a Spanish eye-witness,—

and all their small shot exhausted, Medina Sidonia reluctantly gave orders to retreat. The captain-general was a bad sailor; but he was a chivalrous Spaniard of ancient Gothic blood, and he felt deep mortification at the plight of his invincible fleet, together with undisguised resentment against Alexander Farnese, through whose treachery and incapacity he considered the great Catholic cause to have been so foully sacrificed. Crippled, maltreated, and diminished in number as were his ships, he would have still faced the enemy, but the winds and currents were fast driving him on a lee-shore; and the pilots, one and all, assured him that it would be inevitable destruction to remain. After a slight and very ineffectual attempt to rescue Don Diego de Pimentel in the St. Matthew — who refused to leave his disabled ship — and Don Francisco de Toledo, whose great galleon the St. Philip was fast driving, a helpless wreck, towards Zeeland, the Armada bore away N. N. E. into the open sea, leaving those who could not follow, to their fate. . . .

But Howard decided to wrestle no further pull. Having followed the Spaniards till Friday, 12th of August, as far as the latitude of 56° 17′, the Lord Admiral called a council. It was then decided, in order to save English lives and ships, to put into the Frith of Forth for water and provisions, leaving two "pinnaces to dog the fleet until it should be past the Isles of Scotland." But the next day, as the wind shifted to the northwest, another council decided to take advantage of the change, and bear away for the North Foreland, in order to obtain a supply of powder, shot, and provisions.

Up to this period the weather, though occasionally threatening, had been moderate. During the week which succeeded the eventful night off Calais, neither the Armada nor the English ships had been much impeded in their manœuvres by storms or heavy seas. But on the following Sunday, 14th of August, there was a change. The wind shifted again to the southwest; and during the whole of that day and the Monday, blew a tremendous gale. "'Twas a more violent storm," said Howard, "than was ever seen before at this time of the year." The retreating English fleet was scattered, many ships were in peril "among the ill-favored sands off Norfolk," but within four or five days all arrived safely in Margate roads.

Far different was the fate of the Spaniards. Over their Invincible Armada, last seen by the departing English midway

between the coasts of Scotland and Denmark, the blackness of night seemed suddenly to descend. A mystery hung for a long time over their fate. Damaged, leaking, without pilots, without a competent commander, the great fleet entered that furious storm, and was whirled along the iron crags of Norway, and between the savage rocks of Faröe and the Hebrides. In those regions of tempest the insulted North wreaked its full vengeance on the insolent Spaniards. Disaster after disaster marked their perilous track, gale after gale swept them hither and thither, tossing them on sandbanks or shattering them against granite cliffs. The coasts of Norway, Scotland, Ireland, were strewn with the wrecks of that pompous fleet which claimed the dominion of the seas; with the bones of those invincible legions which were to have sacked London and made England a Spanish viceroyalty.

Through the remainder of the month of August there was a succession of storms. On the 2d of September a fierce south-wester drove Admiral Oquendo in his galleon, together with one of the great galeasses, two large Venetian ships (the Ratta and the Balauzara), and thirty-six other vessels, upon the Irish coast, where nearly every soul on board perished; while the few who escaped to the shore — notwithstanding their religious affinity with the inhabitants — were either butchered in cold blood, or sent coupled in halters from village to village, in order to be shipped to England. A few ships were driven on the English coast; others went ashore near Rochelle.

Of the four galeasses and four galleys, one of each returned to Spain. Of the ninety-one great galleons and hulks, fifty-eight were lost and thirty-three returned. Of the tenders and zabras, seventeen were lost and eighteen returned. Of one hundred and thirty-four vessels which sailed from Coruña in July, but fifty-three, great and small, made their escape to Spain; and these were so damaged as to be utterly worthless. The Invincible Armada had not only been vanquished but annihilated.

Of the thirty thousand men who sailed in the fleet, it is probable that not more than ten thousand ever saw their native land again. Most of the leaders of the expedition lost their lives. Medina Sidonia reached Santander in October, and as Philip for a moment believed, "with the greater part of the Armada," although the King soon discovered his mistake. Recalde, Diego Flores de Valdez, Oquendo, Maldonado, Bobadilla, Manriquez, either perished at sea, or died of exhaustion immediately after their return.

Pedro de Valdez, Vasco de Silva, Alonzo de Sayas, Pimentel, Toledo, with many other nobles, were prisoners in England and Holland. There was hardly a distinguished family in Spain not placed in mourning; so that, to relieve the universal gloom, an edict was published forbidding the wearing of mourning at all. On the other hand, a merchant of Lisbon, not yet reconciled to the Spanish conquest of his country, permitted himself some tokens of hilarity at the defeat of the Armada, and was immediately hanged by express command of Philip. Thus — as men said — one could neither cry nor laugh within the Spanish dominions.

This was the result of the invasion, so many years preparing, and at an expense almost incalculable. In the year 1588 alone, the cost of Philip's armaments for the subjugation of England could not have been less than six millions of ducats; and there was at least as large a sum on board the Armada itself, although the Pope refused to pay his promised million. And with all this outlay, and with the sacrifice of so many thousand lives, nothing had been accomplished; and Spain, in a moment, instead of seeming terrible to all the world, had become ridiculous.

THE FATE OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD

From the 'Life and Death of John of Barneveld.' Copyright 1874, by John Lothrop Motley. Reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers

BARNEVELD was about to enter the judges' chamber as usual, but was informed that the sentence would be read in the great hall of judicature. They descended accordingly to the basement story, and passed down the narrow flight of steps which then as now connected the more modern structure, where the Advocate had been imprisoned and tried, with what remained of the ancient palace of the Counts of Holland. In the centre of the vast hall — once the banqueting chamber of those petty sovereigns, with its high vaulted roof of cedar which had so often in ancient days rung with the sounds of mirth and revelry — was a great table at which the twenty-four judges and the three prosecuting officers were seated, in their black caps and gowns of office. The room was lined with soldiers, and crowded with a dark surging mass of spectators, who had been waiting there all night.

A chair was placed for the prisoner. He sat down, and the clerk of the commission, Pots by name, proceeded at once to read

the sentence. A summary of this long, rambling, and tiresome paper has been already laid before the reader. If ever a man could have found it tedious to listen to his own death sentence, the great statesman might have been in that condition as he listened to Secretary Pots.

During the reading of the sentence the Advocate moved uneasily on his seat, and seemed about to interrupt the clerk at several passages which seemed to him especially preposterous. But he controlled himself by a strong effort, and the clerk went steadily on to the conclusion.

Then Barneveld said:—

"The judges have put down many things which they have no right to draw from my confession. Let this protest be added."

"I thought too," he continued, "that my lords the States-General would have had enough in my life and blood, and that my wife and children might keep what belongs to them. Is this my recompense for forty-three years' service to these provinces?"

President de Voogd rose:—

"Your sentence has been pronounced," he said. "Away! away!" So saying, he pointed to the door into which one of the great windows at the southeastern front of the hall had been converted.

Without another word the old man rose from his chair and strode, leaning on his staff, across the hall, accompanied by his faithful valet and the provost, and escorted by a file of soldiers. The mob of spectators flowed out after him at every door into the inner court-yard in front of the ancient palace.

In the beautiful village-capital of the "Count's Park," commonly called The Hague, the most striking and picturesque spot then as now was that where the transformed remains of the old moated castle of those feudal sovereigns were still to be seen. A three-storied range of simple, substantial buildings, in brown brickwork picked out with white stone, in a style since made familiar both in England and America, and associated with a somewhat later epoch in the history of the House of Orange, surrounded three sides of a spacious inner paved quadrangle called the Inner Court, the fourth or eastern side being overshadowed by a beechen grove. A square tower flanked each angle; and on both sides of the southwestern turret extended the commodious apartments of the Stadtholder. The great gateway

on the southwest opened into a wide open space called the Outer Court-yard. Along the northwest side a broad and beautiful sheet of water, in which the walls, turrets, and chapel-spires of the inclosed castle mirrored themselves, was spread between the mass of buildings and an umbrageous promenade called the Vyverberg, consisting of a sextuple alley of lime-trees, and embowering here and there a stately villa. A small island, fringed with weeping willows, and tufted all over with lilacs, laburnums, and other shrubs then in full flower, lay in the centre of the miniature lake; and the tall solid tower of the Great Church, surmounted by a light openwork spire, looked down from a little distance over the scene.

It was a bright morning in May. The white swans were sailing tranquilly to and fro over the silver basin; and the mavis, blackbird, and nightingale, which haunted the groves surrounding the castle and the town, were singing as if the daybreak were ushering in a summer festival.

But it was not to a merry-making that the soldiers were marching, and the citizens thronging so eagerly from every street and alley towards the castle. By four o'clock the Outer and Inner Courts had been lined with detachments of the Prince's Guard, and companies of other regiments to the number of twelve hundred men. Occupying the northeastern side of the court rose the grim, time-worn front of the ancient hall, consisting of one tall pyramidal gable of ancient gray brickwork flanked with two tall slender towers; the whole with the lancet-shaped windows and severe style of the twelfth century, excepting a rose-window in the centre, with the decorated mullions of a somewhat later period.

In front of the lower window, with its Gothic archway hastily converted into a door, a shapeless platform of rough, unhewn planks had that night been rudely patched together. This was the scaffold. A slight railing around it served to protect it from the crowd, and a heap of coarse sand had been thrown upon it. A squalid, unclean box of unplaned boards, originally prepared as a coffin for a Frenchman,—who some time before had been condemned to death for murdering the son of Goswyn Meurskens, a Hague tavern-keeper, but pardoned by the Stadtholder,—lay on the scaffold. It was recognized from having been left for a long time, half forgotten, at the public execution place of The Hague.

Upon this coffin now sat two common soldiers of ruffianly aspect playing at dice, betting whether the Lord or the Devil would get the soul of Barneveld. Many a foul and ribald jest at the expense of the prisoner was exchanged between these gamblers, some of their comrades, and a few townsmen who were grouped about at that early hour. The horrible libels, caricatures, and calumnies which had been circulated, exhibited, and sung in all the streets for so many months, had at last thoroughly poisoned the minds of the vulgar against the fallen statesman.

The great mass of the spectators had forced their way by daybreak into the hall itself to hear the sentence, so that the Inner Court-yard had remained comparatively empty.

At last, at half-past nine o'clock, a shout arose, "There he comes! there he comes!" and the populace flowed out from the hall of judgment into the court-yard like a tidal wave.

In an instant the Binnenhof was filled with more than three thousand spectators.

The old statesman, leaning on his staff, walked out upon the scaffold and calmly surveyed the scene. Lifting his eyes to heaven, he was heard to murmur, "O God! what does man come to!" Then he said bitterly once more, "This, then, is the reward of forty years' service to the State!"

La Motte, who attended him, said fervently: "It is no longer time to think of this. Let us prepare your coming before God."

"Is there no cushion or stool to kneel upon?" said Barneveld, looking around him.

The provost said he would send for one; but the old man knelt at once on the bare planks. His servant, who waited upon him as calmly and composedly as if he had been serving him at dinner, held him by the arm. It was remarked that neither master nor man, true stoics and Hollanders both, shed a single tear upon the scaffold.

La Motte prayed for a quarter of an hour, the Advocate remaining on his knees.

He then rose and said to John Franken, "See that he does not come near me," pointing to the executioner, who stood in the background grasping his long double-handed sword. Barneveld then rapidly unbuttoned his doublet with his own hands, and the valet helped him off with it. "Make haste! make haste!" said his master.

The statesman then came forward, and said in a loud, firm voice to the people:—

"Men, do not believe that I am a traitor to the country. I have ever acted uprightly and loyally as a good patriot, and as such I shall die."

The crowd was perfectly silent.

He then took his cap from John Franken, drew it over his eyes, and went forward towards the sand, saying:—

"Christ shall be my guide. O Lord, my Heavenly Father, receive my spirit."

As he was about to kneel with his face to the south, the provost said:—

"My lord will be pleased to move to the other side, not where the sun is in his face."

He knelt accordingly with his face towards his own house. The servant took farewell of him, and Barneveld said to the executioner:—

"Be quick about it. Be quick."

The executioner then struck his head off at a single blow.

Many persons from the crowd now sprang, in spite of all opposition, upon the scaffold, and dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, cut wet splinters from the boards, or grubbed up the sand that was steeped in it; driving many bargains afterwards for these relics to be treasured, with various feelings of sorrow, joy, glutted or expiated vengeance.

It has been recorded, and has been constantly repeated to this day, that the Stadtholder, whose windows exactly faced the scaffold, looked out upon the execution with a spy-glass; saying as he did so:—

"See the old scoundrel, how he trembles! He is afraid of the stroke."

But this is calumny. Colonel Hauterive declared that he was with Maurice in his cabinet during the whole period of the execution; that by order of the prince all the windows and shutters were kept closed; that no person wearing his livery was allowed to be abroad; that he anxiously received messages as to the proceedings, and heard of the final catastrophe with sorrowful emotion.

JOHN MUIR

(1836–)

JOHN MUIR, an explorer and naturalist, whose field of work has been particularly the western and northwestern mountain regions of America,—where at least one great glacier now bears his name,—was born at Dunbar, Scotland, in 1836. With his parents and a large flock of brothers and sisters, he came to the United States in 1850, after some good common-schooling in Dunbar. He began his study of nature in the region near Fort Winnebago, Wisconsin, with an ever increasing interest and delight in whatever belongs to the world of creatures, plants, and stones, particularly in the waving solitudes of forests and rock-and-snow tracts of the northwestern Sierras.

JOHN MUIR

Muir's freedom to devote himself to a life of observation and record was delayed: and in the story of his years of manual work as a farmer, mechanic, lumberman, sheep-herder, and what not besides, there comes surprise at his power to find time and energy for other pursuits in the nature of an avocation; and with the surprise we have a sense of pleasure that a man of untiring muscles and mind could win free of all that checked his natural preferences. He studied grammar and mathematics while a farm hand, and read through a library of books when in the fields. He earned enough as a young man to give himself four years of special scientific study in the University of Wisconsin. Then began an independent life, in which he alternated seasons of hard work, wholly or much alone; partly through the circumstances of his wanderings, partly by his own choice. It is said that during ten years of mountaineering in the remoter Sierras, he met no men except one band of Mono tribesmen.

For some ten summers and winters prior to 1876, Mr. Muir was settled near the Yosemite district. In the year named he became a member of the Geodetic Survey of the Great Basin, and attempted much botanical work. During 1879 and subsequently, after he reached Alaska, he explored and charted its vast mountain ranges, discovered

Glacier Bay and the Muir Glacier system; and with that expedition and the two succeeding tours he became the foremost authority on Alaska's geologic and other natural aspects. He also visited the Yukon and Mackenzie Rivers, and traversed the cañon country of California. He was of the party on board the Corwin in 1881, sent out to trace the lost Jeannette, which enterprise added largely to his sketches and notes for scientific use. Since 1879, the year of his marriage, Mr. Muir has had his home in California; but to find him in it at other than a given time, is somewhat an accident, so indefatigable is his industry as a naturalist. He is as ready to-day for an alpine excursion of weeks or months as in the early period of a naturalistic career exceptionally arduous and fruitful.

Mr. Muir has written much less than his explorations would suggest: but as a contributor to the highest class of American and foreign periodicals, and the author of volumes dealing with his experiences, impressions, and discoveries, he is a writer of distinct and unusual individuality. He is less a man of letters in his manner than he is the direct, graphic, and sincere observer, whose aim is to write down simply what he sees or feels, to put the reader in the quickest and closest touch with a topic or a scene. But the simplicity and personal effect of his style give it a peculiar vigor and eloquence. He has been spoken of as a naturalist whose observations "have the force of mathematical demonstration." In the study of glacial conditions, botanic life, the fauna of the Northwest, and kindred subjects, he is reckoned a specialist by the first scientists of the day; and his personal traits have won him the esteem of the army of scientists who have visited the Western country where he lives and works. His most popular volume, 'The Mountains of California,' promises to become a classic; his editorial contributions in Picturesque California are thoroughly effective; and he has won wide favor through descriptive pages, splendid for spontaneous and vivid prose pictures of great scenery,—studies of the wind's movement of a pine forest, or a delicate flower of California, or a wild-bird's lonely nest.

A WIND-STORM IN THE FORESTS

From 'The Mountains of California.' Copyright 1894, by The Century Company

THE mountain winds, like the dew and rain, sunshine and snow, are measured and bestowed with love on the forests, to develop their strength and beauty. However restricted the scope of other forest influences, that of the winds is universal. The snow bends and trims the upper forests every winter, the

lightning strikes a single tree here and there, while avalanches mow down thousands at a swoop as a gardener trims out a bed of flowers. But the winds go to every tree, fingering every leaf and branch and furrowed bole; not one is forgotten: the Mountain Pine towering with outstretched arms on the rugged buttresses of the icy peaks, the lowliest and most retiring tenant of the dells,—they seek and find them all, caressing them tenderly, bending them in lusty exercise, stimulating their growth, plucking off a leaf or limb as required, or removing an entire tree or grove, now whispering and cooing through the branches like a sleepy child, now roaring like the ocean; the winds blessing the forests, the forests the winds, with ineffable beauty and harmony as the sure result.

After one has seen pines six feet in diameter bending like grasses before a mountain gale, and ever and anon some giant falling with a crash that shakes the hills, it seems astonishing that any, save the lowest thick-set trees, could ever have found a period sufficiently stormless to establish themselves; or once established, that they should not sooner or later have been blown down. But when the storm is over, and we behold the same forests tranquil again, towering fresh and unscathed in erect majesty, and consider what centuries of storms have fallen upon them since they were first planted: hail, to break the tender seedlings; lightning, to scorch and shatter; snow, winds, and avalanches, to crush and overwhelm,—while the manifest result of all this wild storm-culture is the glorious perfection we behold: then faith in Nature's forestry is established, and we cease to deplore the violence of her most destructive gales, or of any other storm implement whatsoever.

There are two trees in the Sierra forests that are never blown down, so long as they continue in sound health. These are the Juniper and the Dwarf Pine of the summit peaks. Their stiff, crooked roots grip the storm-beaten ledges like eagles' claws; while their lithe, cord-like branches bend round compliantly, offering but slight holds for winds, however violent. The other alpine conifers—the Needle Pine, Mountain Pine, Two-leaved Pine, and Hemlock Spruce—are never thinned out by this agent to any destructive extent, on account of their admirable toughness and the closeness of their growth. In general the same is true of the giants of the lower zones. The kingly Sugar Pine, towering aloft to a height of more than two hundred feet,

offers a fine mark to storm-winds; but it is not densely foliaged, and its long horizontal arms swing round compliantly in the blast, like tresses of green, fluent algæ in a brook: while the Silver Firs in most places keep their ranks well together in united strength.

The Yellow or Silver Pine is more frequently overturned than any other tree on the Sierra, because its leaves and branches form a larger mass in proportion to its height; while in many places it is planted sparsely, leaving open lanes through which storms may enter with full force. Furthermore, because it is distributed along the lower portion of the range, which was the first to be left bare on the breaking up of the ice-sheet at the close of the glacial winter, the soil it is growing upon has been longer exposed to post-glacial weathering, and consequently is in a more crumbling, decayed condition than the fresher soils farther up the range, and therefore offers a less secure anchorage for the roots. While exploring the forest zones of Mount Shasta, I discovered the path of a hurricane strewn with thousands of pines of this species. Great and small had been uprooted or wrenched off by sheer force, making a clean gap, like that made by a snow avalanche. But hurricanes capable of doing this class of work are rare in the Sierra; and when we have explored the forests from one extremity of the range to the other, we are compelled to believe that they are the most beautiful on the face of the earth, however we may regard the agents that have made them so.

There is always something deeply exciting, not only in the sounds of winds in the woods, which exert more or less influence over every mind, but in their varied water-like flow as manifested by the movements of the trees, especially those of the conifers. By no other trees are they rendered so extensively and impressively visible; not even by the lordly tropic palms or tree-ferns responsive to the gentlest breeze. The waving of a forest of the giant Sequoias is indescribably impressive and sublime; but the pines seem to me the best interpreters of winds. They are mighty waving golden-rods, ever in tune, singing and writing wind-music all their long century lives. Little, however, of this noble tree-waving and tree-music will you see or hear in the strictly alpine portion of the forests. The burly Juniper, whose girth sometimes more than equals its height, is about as rigid as the rocks on which it grows. The slender lash-like sprays of the

Dwarf Pine stream out in wavering ripples, but the tallest and slenderest are far too unyielding to wave even in the heaviest gales. They only shake in quick, short vibrations. The Hemlock Spruce, however, and the Mountain Pine, and some of the tallest thickets of the Two-leaved species, bow in storms with considerable scope and gracefulness. But it is only in the lower and middle zones that the meeting of winds and woods is to be seen in all its grandeur.

One of the most beautiful and exhilarating storms I ever enjoyed in the Sierra occurred in December 1874, when I happened to be exploring one of the tributary valleys of the Yuba River. The sky and the ground and the trees had been thoroughly rain-washed and were dry again. The day was intensely pure: one of those incomparable bits of California winter, warm and balmy and full of white sparkling sunshine, redolent of all the purest influences of the spring, and at the same time enlivened with one of the most bracing wind-storms conceivable. Instead of camping out, as I usually do, I then chanced to be stopping at the house of a friend. But when the storm began to sound, I lost no time in pushing out into the woods to enjoy it. For on such occasions Nature has always something rare to show us, and the danger to life and limb is hardly greater than one would experience crouching deprecatingly beneath a roof.

It was still early morning when I found myself fairly adrift. Delicious sunshine came pouring over the hills, lighting the tops of the pines, and setting free a steam of summery fragrance that contrasted strangely with the wild tones of the storm. The air was mottled with pine-tassels and bright green plumes, that went flashing past in the sunlight like birds pursued. But there was not the slightest dustiness; nothing less pure than leaves, and ripe pollen, and flecks of withered bracken and moss. I heard trees falling for hours at the rate of one every two or three minutes: some uprooted, partly on account of the loose, water-soaked condition of the ground; others broken straight across, where some weakness caused by fire had determined the spot. The gestures of the various trees made a delightful study. Young Sugar Pines, light and feathery as squirrel-tails, were bowing almost to the ground; while the grand old patriarchs, whose massive boles had been tried in a hundred storms, waved solemnly above them, their long, arching branches streaming fluently on the gale, and every needle thrilling and ringing and

shedding off keen lances of light like a diamond. The Douglas Spruces, with long sprays drawn out in level tresses, and needles massed in a gray, shimmering glow, presented a most striking appearance as they stood in bold relief along the hilltops. The madroños in the dells, with their red bark and large glossy leaves tilted every way, reflected the sunshine in throbbing spangles like those one so often sees on the rippled surface of a glacier lake. But the Silver Pines were now the most impressively beautiful of all. Colossal spires two hundred feet in height waved like supple golden-rods chanting and bowing low as if in worship; while the whole mass of their long, tremulous foliage was kindled into one continuous blaze of white sun-fire. The force of the gale was such that the most steadfast monarch of them all rocked down to its roots, with a motion plainly perceptible when one leaned against it. Nature was holding high festival, and every fibre of the most rigid giants thrilled with glad excitement.

I drifted on through the midst of this passionate music and motion, across many a glen, from ridge to ridge; often halting in the lee of a rock for shelter, or to gaze and listen. Even when the grand anthem had swelled to its highest pitch, I could distinctly hear the varying tones of individual trees,—Spruce, and Fir, and Pine, and leafless Oak,—and even the infinitely gentle rustle of the withered grasses at my feet. Each was expressing itself in its own way,—singing its own song, and making its own peculiar gestures,—manifesting a richness of variety to be found in no other forest I have yet seen. The coniferous woods of Canada and the Carolinas and Florida are made up of trees that resemble one another about as nearly as blades of grass, and grow close together in much the same way. Coniferous trees, in general, seldom possess individual character, such as is manifest among Oaks and Elms. But the California forests are made up of a greater number of distinct species than any other in the world. And in them we find, not only a marked differentiation into special groups, but also a marked individuality in almost every tree, giving rise to storm effects indescribably glorious.

Toward midday, after a long, tingling scramble through copses of hazel and ceanothus, I gained the summit of the highest ridge in the neighborhood; and then it occurred to me that it would be a fine thing to climb one of the trees, to obtain a wider outlook and get my ear close to the Æolian music of its topmost

needles. But under the circumstances the choice of a tree was a serious matter. One whose instep was not very strong seemed in danger of being blown down, or of being struck by others in case they should fall; another was branchless to a considerable height above the ground, and at the same time too large to be grasped with arms and legs in climbing; while others were not favorably situated for clear views. After cautiously casting about, I made choice of the tallest of a group of Douglas Spruces that were growing close together like a tuft of grass, no one of which seemed likely to fall unless all the rest fell with it. Though comparatively young, they were about a hundred feet high, and their lithe, brushy tops were rocking and swirling in wild ecstasy. Being accustomed to climb trees in making botanical studies, I experienced no difficulty in reaching the top of this one; and never before did I enjoy so noble an exhilaration of motion. The slender tops fairly flapped and swished in the passionate torrent, bending and swirling backward and forward, round and round, tracing indescribable combinations of vertical and horizontal curves, while I clung with muscles firm braced, like a bobolink on a reed.

In its widest sweeps my tree-top described an arc of from twenty to thirty degrees; but I felt sure of its elastic temper, having seen others of the same species still more severely tried — bent almost to the ground indeed, in heavy snows — without breaking a fibre. I was therefore safe, and free to take the wind into my pulses and enjoy the excited forest from my superb outlook. The view from here must be extremely beautiful in any weather. Now my eye roved over the piny hills and dales as over fields of waving grain, and felt the light running in ripples and broad swelling undulations across the valleys from ridge to ridge, as the shining foliage was stirred by corresponding waves of air. Oftentimes these waves of reflected light would break up suddenly into a kind of beaten foam, and again, after chasing one another in regular order, they would seem to bend forward in concentric curves, and disappear on some hillside, like sea waves on a shelving shore. The quantity of light reflected from the bent needles was so great as to make whole groves appear as if covered with snow, while the black shadows beneath the trees greatly enhanced the effect of the silvery splendor.

Excepting only the shadows, there was nothing sombre in all this wild sea of pines. On the contrary, notwithstanding this

was the winter season, the colors were remarkably beautiful. The shafts of the pine and libocedrus were brown and purple, and most of the foliage was well tinged with yellow; the laurel groves, with the pale under sides of their leaves turned upward, made masses of gray; and then there was many a dash of chocolate color from clumps of manzanita, and jet of vivid crimson from the bark of the madroños; while the ground on the hillsides, appearing here and there through openings between the groves, displayed masses of pale purple and brown.

The sounds of the storm corresponded gloriously with this wild exuberance of light and motion. The profound bass of the naked branches and boles booming like waterfalls; the quick, tense vibrations of the pine-needles, now rising to a shrill, whistling hiss, now falling to a silky murmur; the rustling of laurel groves in the dells, and the keen metallic click of leaf on leaf,—all this was heard in easy analysis when the attention was calmly bent.

The varied gestures of the multitude were seen to fine advantage, so that one could recognize the different species at a distance of several miles by this means alone, as well as by their forms and colors and the way they reflected the light. All seemed strong and comfortable, as if really enjoying the storm, while responding to its most enthusiastic greetings. We hear much nowadays concerning the universal struggle for existence, but no struggle in the common meaning of the word was manifest here; no recognition of danger by any tree; no deprecation: but rather an invincible gladness, as remote from exultation as from fear.

I kept my lofty perch for hours, frequently closing my eyes to enjoy the music by itself, or to feast quietly on the delicious fragrance that was streaming past. The fragrance of the woods was less marked than that produced during warm rain, when so many balsamic buds and leaves are steeped like tea; but from the chafing of resiny branches against each other, and the incessant attrition of myriads of needles, the gale was spiced to a very tonic degree. And besides the fragrance from these local sources, there were traces of scents brought from afar. For this wind came first from the sea, rubbing against its fresh, briny waves, then distilled through the redwoods, threading rich ferny gulches, and spreading itself in broad undulating currents over many a flower-enameled ridge of the coast mountains, then across the

golden plains, up the purple foot-hills, and into these piny woods with the varied incense gathered by the way.

Winds are advertisements of all they touch, however much or little we may be able to read them; telling their wanderings even by their scents alone. Mariners detect the flowery perfume of land-winds far at sea, and sea-winds carry the fragrance of dulse and tangle far inland, where it is quickly recognized, though mingled with the scents of a thousand land-flowers. As an illustration of this, I may tell here that I breathed sea-air on the Firth of Forth, in Scotland, while a boy; then was taken to Wisconsin, where I remained nineteen years: then, without in all this time having breathed one breath of the sea, I walked quietly, alone, from the middle of the Mississippi Valley to the Gulf of Mexico, on a botanical excursion; and while in Florida, far from the coast, my attention wholly bent on the splendid tropical vegetation about me, I suddenly recognized a sea-breeze, as it came sifting through the palmettos and blooming vine-tangles, which at once awakened and set free a thousand dormant associations, and made me a boy again in Scotland, as if all the intervening years had been annihilated.

Most people like to look at mountain rivers, and bear them in mind; but few care to look at the winds, though far more beautiful and sublime, and though they become at times about as visible as flowing water. When the north winds in winter are making upward sweeps over the curving summits of the High Sierra, the fact is sometimes published with flying snow-banners a mile long. Those portions of the winds thus embodied can scarce be wholly invisible, even to the darkest imagination. And when we look around over an agitated forest, we may see something of the wind that stirs it, by its effects upon the trees. Yonder it descends in a rush of water-like ripples, and sweeps over the bending pines from hill to hill. Nearer, we see detached plumes and leaves, now speeding by on level currents, now whirling in eddies, or escaping over the edges of the whirls, soaring aloft on grand, upswelling domes of air, or tossing on flame-like crests. Smooth, deep currents, cascades, falls, and swirling eddies, sing around every tree and leaf, and over all the varied topography of the region with telling changes of form, like mountain rivers conforming to the features of their channels.

After tracing the Sierra streams from their fountains to the plains, marking where they bloom white in falls, glide in crystal

plumes, surge gray and foam-filled in bowlder-choked gorges, and slip through the woods in long, tranquil reaches — after thus learning their language and forms in detail, we may at length hear them chanting all together in one grand anthem, and comprehend them all in clear inner vision, covering the range like lace. But even this spectacle is far less sublime and not a whit more substantial than what we may behold of these storm-streams of air in the mountain woods.

We all travel the Milky Way together, trees and men; but it never occurred to me until this storm day, while swinging in the wind, that trees are travelers, in the ordinary sense. They make many journeys; not extensive ones, it is true; but our own little journeys, away and back again, are only little more than tree-wavings — many of them not so much.

When the storm began to abate, I dismounted and sauntered down through the calming woods. The storm-tones died away, and turning toward the east, I beheld the countless hosts of the forests hushed and tranquil, towering above one another on the slopes of the hills like a devout audience. The setting sun filled them with amber light, and seemed to say, while they listened, "My peace I give unto you."

As I gazed on the impressive scene, all the so-called ruin of the storm was forgotten; and never before did these noble woods appear so fresh, so joyous, so immortal.

ELISHA MULFORD

(1833–1885)

WHEN the Civil War drew to its close, there was a general idea that the stress of emotional feeling through which we had passed, the quickening of the national consciousness by the season of national peril, and the remembrance of countless instances of heroism and adventure, would result in the production of a distinct type of national literature, from which the note of either provincialism or cosmopolitanism should be absent.

This anticipation has been realized, but within different limits and in different forms from those expected by the generation which took part in the struggle. There is a body of war literature, in which General Grant's 'Memoirs' perhaps ranks highest; but it is seen that this literature is still but material from which, as from "old chronicles of wasted time," future generations must draw the inspiration for higher forms, perhaps of song or sustained poem, perhaps of drama or historical novel. The war, however, did inspire contemporary writings. In no case is this more evident than in Mulford's 'Nation,' which glows with a lofty and impassioned idea of patriotism. In the preface the writer says that he has "sought, however imperfectly, to give expression to the thought of the people in the late war, and that conception of the nation which they who were so worthy, held worth living and dying for."

Elisha Mulford was born in Montrose, Pennsylvania, in 1833, from the stock of those Puritans who settled the eastern end of Long Island. He was graduated at Yale in 1855; and after a year in Germany was admitted, in 1862, to the priesthood of the Episcopal Church. A slight infirmity of deafness interfered with his usefulness as a parish priest; and after a settlement in South Orange, New Jersey, he spent his life in literary and philosophical study, first at Friendsville, Pennsylvania, and afterwards at Cambridge, Massachusetts. In 1862 he married Rachel Carmalt, daughter of Caleb Carmalt, a prominent member of the Society of Friends of Northern Pennsylvania. His book 'The Nation' secured him a recognized place among the profound and original minds of his generation, and was published in 1871; and his other book, 'The Republic of God, an Institute in Theology,' in 1881. This last holds something of the position in the Episcopal Church that Dr. Bushnell's writings do in

the Congregational Church, and is characterized by the lofty spirituality which belonged to the great ages of the Church.

In both of his books, Mulford's philosophical standpoint is that of Hegel, especially in regarding every human institution as the embodiment of an idea which virtually constitutes its soul or proper life. The nation and the church he talks about are our ideal, and the outward form is the government; the church organizations are of little consequence except as the visible body of the metaphysical entity behind them. This tone of thought is not in favor at present: his writings are highly valued but by a chosen few; and his philosophy seems mystical or impractical to many. Mulford's literary style is marred by the saturation of his mind with the mannerisms of the German metaphysicians. Nevertheless, there is a weight and dignity in it which is found only in the pages of the writers of the greatest periods, and there are many passages which in rhythm and power are hardly to be matched in American prose.

Mr. Mulford was of singularly attractive and unselfish character. His gifts as a conversationalist and occasional speaker were of a high order, for he never failed to idealize the subject in hand in a peculiarly felicitous manner. Many of his sermons were of singular beauty and elevation, but only the memory of them remains. At the time of his death in 1885 he had projected several important works. His grave is in the cemetery at Concord, not far from the graves of Emerson and Hawthorne.

As a political thinker, Mr. Mulford won recognition from those to whom the thought-element, the moral in the highest sense, is regarded as the basis of the nature of the State. President Garfield, Charles Sumner, Wayne MacVeagh, President Angell, Professor Diman, F. D. Maurice, and Dean Stanley, among others, testified warmly to their appreciation of the force and elevation of 'The Nation.' The austere dignity which characterizes the 'Republic of God' has strengthened the faith and comforted the hearts of many who have come to feel that theology was a "baseless fabric," or at best a metaphysical system resting on traditionary assumptions. It can hardly be doubted that when the present tendency to exalt the concrete both in philosophy and worship shall have spent its force, the 'Republic of God' will be turned to by sincere Christians as one of the great modern "Institutes in Theology."

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THE NATION IS A CONTINUITY

From 'The Nation'

IT NO more exists complete in a single period of time than does the race; it is not a momentary existence, as if defined in some circumstance. It is not composed of its present occupants alone, but it embraces those who are, and have been, and shall be. There is in it the continuity of the generations; it reaches backward to the fathers and onward to the children, and its relation is manifest in its reverence for the one and its hope for the other.

The evidence of this continuity is in the consciousness of a people. It appears in the apprehension of the nation as an inheritance received from the fathers, to be transmitted unimpaired to the children. This conviction, that has held the nation as a heritage worth living and worth dying for, has inspired the devotion and sacrifice of a people.

The evidence of this continuity is also in the fact that the spirit of a people always contemplates it. The nation has never existed which placed a definite termination to its existence — a period when its order was to expire and the obligation to its law to cease. It cannot anticipate a time when it shall be resolved into its elements, but contends with the intensity of life against every force which threatens dissolution. Those who have represented the State as a compact, have yet held it to be a perpetual one, in which the children are bound by the acts of their fathers.

This continuity is the condition of the existence of the nation in history. The nation persists through a form of outward circumstance. Judea was the same under the judges and under the kings; Rome was the same under the kings and under the consuls. The elements of the being of the nation subsist in this continuity. In it, also, the products of human effort are conserved, and the law of human production conforms to it. The best attainments pass slowly from their germ to their perfectness, as in the growth of the language and the law, the arts and the literature of a people. Chaucer and Spenser, through intervals of

slow advance, precede Shakespeare, as Giotto and Perugino lead the way to Michael Angelo and Raphael.

The nation is a continuity, as also in itself the product of succeeding generations. It transcends the achievement of a single individual or a separate age. The life of the individual is not its measure. In its fruition there is the work of the generations; and even in the moments of its existence, the expression of their spirit,—the blending of the strength of youth, the resolve of manhood, and the experience of age—the hope and the inspiration of the one, the wisdom and repose of the other. There is the spirit which is always young, and yet always full of years; and even in its physical course the correspondence to an always renewed life.

This continuity has found expression in the highest political thought. Shakespeare has it in his historical plays: the continuity of the nation is represented as existing through the years with the vicissitudes of the people, in the changes of scene, with the coming and going of men; and there is, as in the nation, the unity of the drama in which so many actors move, and whose events revolve from age to age; and thus these plays hold an attraction apart from the separate scenes and figures which present some isolated ideal for the poet to shape. Burke has represented this continuity in the nation as moving through generations, in a life which no speculative schemes and no legal formulas may compass: "The nation is indeed a partnership, but a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born."

THE NATION THE REALIZATION OF FREEDOM

From 'The Nation'

THERE is always a tendency in those withdrawn from the battle, and its "confused noise and garments rolled in blood," to bear its issues into some ideal and abstract sphere. Thus the war is represented as the immediate conflict of the antagonistic ideas, freedom and slavery. The reality is other than this: the hosts are mustered in no intellectual arena, and the forces called into its field are other than spectral ideas. This tendency to resolve history into the conflict and progress of

abstract ideas, or the development of what is called an intellectual conception, can apprehend nothing of the real passion of history. It knows not what, with so deep significance, is called the burden of history. It enters not into the travail of time, it discerns not the presence of a living Person in the judgments which are the crises of the world. It comprehends only some intellectual conflict in the issue of necessary laws, but not the strife of a living humanity. The process of a legal formula, the evolution of a logical sequence, the supremacy of abstract ideas,—this has nothing to compensate for the agony and the suffering and the sacrifice of the actual battle, and it discerns not the real glory of the deliverance of humanity, the real triumph borne through but over death. There was in the war, in the issue which came upon us, "even upon us," and in the sacrifice of those who were called, the battle of the nation for its very being; and it was the nation which met slavery in mortal strife. The inevitable conflict was of slavery with the life of the nation.

There is no vague rhetoric, but a deep truth, in the words "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable." They are worthy to live upon the lips of the people, for there can be no union without freedom, since slavery has its necessary result in the dissolution of the being of the nation; and there can be no freedom without union, for it is only in the being of the nation that freedom becomes real.

THE PEOPLE AND THE LAND

From 'The Nation'

But in the existence of the nation, which is the substance of civilization, there is a power higher than the necessary process of the physical world. It exists in the order of the moral world. This cannot be determined by physical elements. The history of the world cannot be deduced from its geography. In the political course of the nation the land is a necessary element, but it is not the creative nor the controlling element. The future of the nation will not be concluded by its relative nearness to the equator. The nation exists historically in the realization of the freedom of man, and his consequent dominion over nature. Mr. Buckle, when he stood in Judea, avowed that his

only interest was in the agriculture of the country: but the soil is the same upon which a people lived who stood in the continuity of a nation, which long captivity in strange lands and under strange skies did not destroy, whose unity was lost in the grandeur of no imperialism, and whose lines of kings and prophets looked to the coming of One in whom was the hope of humanity; but the physical process of nature does not renew that life. The mountains of Attica are the same upon which the Parthenon was built, and their quarries the same which furnished marble for the sculpture of Athene, and the windy plains are the same upon which an army was mustered at Marathon, and the sea is the same whose waves were parted by their ships at Salamis; but the conflict which in its moral interest made these names immortal, has closed.

THE PERSONALITY OF MAN

From 'The Republic of God'

The personality of man is not to be represented as a reflection of the personality of God. It is no remote imitation and no faint impression of the personality of God. It is real. It has the strength of the free spirit. It moves among the fleeting forms and fading images of the finite, where shadow pursues shadow, but it is not of them. In the accident of time it is conscious of a life "builded far from accident."

The personality of God is the ground of his relation with the personality of man. Without personality in God, he would, so far as the knowledge of man goes, be lower than man; and without personality in man, there would be no ground of relation to God.

THE PERSONALITY OF GOD

From 'The Republic of God'

The personality of God is the postulate of the knowledge of God. In this human life and these human relations, in the knowledge of a person by a person, there are elements of strength and love, elements of freedom which are deeper than those which exist in the knowledge of the physical world. The knowledge of the physical process is the result of observation

and comparison; it is the fruit of research: but in human relations there are other elements. There is a knowledge which is not the result of experiment, and yet may come through experience. Thus, for instance, one will not experiment on a friend, and sympathy and love are not among the results of research. There may be in the words, *I know Him in whom I have believed*, a deeper knowledge than that which man obtains through the external observation of phenomena.

THE TELEOLOGICAL ARGUMENT

From 'The Republic of God'

THE conditions of this process are those of conflict, a struggle for existence; it is "the rack of this tough world," and one form passes beyond another form by survival. There are in nature elements of subsistence for production and for destruction. One race to subsist must prey with ravin upon another race. There is the adaptation of the wing of the crow and of the tooth of the shark. There is a strange intermingling in the poison that fills the chalice of the most beautiful flower, the malaria that is borne upon the softest airs, the colors that gleam resplendently in the sinuous folds of the serpent. There is the fair light that illumines the dawn and empurples the evening, but throws its radiance over mists and exhalations. There are smooth waters that bear the reflection of the clouds which hold the tempest, and are changed with the clouds which burst over them into the rage of cruel seas. The tides rise and fall with almost changeless precision; but they are swept by the storm that marks their lines with wreck. By the cleft and broken strata of the rocks, one may still seem to hear "the sea rehearse its ancient song of chaos." There is in nature that which is beautiful, and that which is fantastic and monstrous. These aspects of nature become more apparent in tropical countries, where there is a stronger movement of the impulse, the passion of nature, with more impetuous energies. Thus in India there are more images and shrines of supplication to Siva the destroyer, than to Brahma the creator and Vishnu the preserver.

THE SCRIPTURES

From 'The Republic of God'

THE Bible is a book written in literal forms, subject to the ordinary rules of construction, as defined in the science of grammar.

The Bible is a book written in languages, as the Hebraic, the Chaldaic, the Greek, or Græco-Hebraic; subject to the ordinary rules of derivation and distinction, as defined in the science of comparative philology.

The Bible is a book written in manuscripts; which require in their transcription and authentication the critical study which belongs to the science which — in comparing, for instance, the uncial with other styles — is the science which deals with scriptory forms.

The Bible is a book which has been subject to the mutations of literature. It is written in manuscripts of unequal value, no one of which is entirely perfect in itself, so as to displace all others, and none are free from obscure or various readings. It has suffered simply the mutations of literature, and has had no exemptions from them.

It embraces the most varied forms of literature; as genealogies, laws, histories, records of legislative and judicial procedure, methods of sanitary, civil, and military administration. There is legend and myth. There are various forms of poetry: the ode, as in the antiphone of Moses and Miriam; the drama, as in the Book of Job; the idyl, as in the Song of Solomon; the lyric, as in the Book of the Psalms, and the opening pages of the Gospel of St. Luke; and in the writings of St. Paul, citations from the Greek comedy, as from Menander.

These Scriptures embraced, in substance, all the literature that the ancient Hebrew people possessed. Their productions in art and music always remained rude and simple, and in architecture they were the common adaptations of a primitive mode of life, or often the reproduction of forms copied from Egypt, or imported from Phœnicia.

There are traces in these writings of the races, countries, and ages in which they appeared, and of climatic conditions with respect to languages, customs, and laws. There is a popular element, as in the stories of Samson and Ruth; and there is also a priestly and a kingly element, as in the Books of the

Chronicles and Kings. In some books there are the traces of reflective phases of thought, as in the Book of Ecclesiastes; and in some there are traces of Asiatic forms and Asiatic institutions.

These Scriptures were written by various writers in various ages, and bear the note and accent of the individuality of these writers in their modes of expression. If it needs to be said, the literary forms of the older parts rise often to great dignity of expression, as the later chapters of Isaiah and the books of Hosea and Job; and they have, in this quality, a comparative excellence in the literature of the world. There is in the New Testament not an indifference to literary form, but no distinction of literary form. These writings are simply narrative; in a biographical arrangement, or in the style of letters that are few and direct and very unequal in their expression. There is a historical narrative of a discursive character, apparently embracing the work of various writers. The Epistle to the Hebrews has a singular finish, with an antithetic expression, and an elaborate detail of historical portraiture, that indicates the culture of the writer in the schools of rhetoric in his age. The evangel of St. Luke is commended for the diligence and thoroughness of its research. The writings of St. Paul, in the Epistles, which may be distinctively called catholic, indicate more plainly the modifications to which the Greek language was subject when it became the instrument for the expression of Hebrew forms of thought; and they indicate also, in their illustrative expression, the influence of a knowledge of Roman law in an age of great Roman lawyers. But the writings of St. Paul have no literary form to commend them,—to bring them into comparison, in Greek with the consummate beauty of phrase in Æschylus, or the repose in the style of Plato, or the sustained strength of the masterful style of Aristotle. There is often, from language of great elevation, a lapse to some digressive phrase; as, for an extreme instance, in the thirty-third verse of the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, which drops and moves on with a quotation from the Greek comedy. They lack the form which belongs to the great hymns of the Vedas, and the constructive unity and consonance with a formal system which belongs to the Koran. The Koran is also better preserved, and has suffered less in transcription, with proportionately fewer obscure or various readings. The style has no distinctive quality: but they who, in

common parlance with religious society, speak of their beautiful liturgy, suggest a comparison with the hymns of the Vedas; and they who write of the poetry of the Bible must draw their parallel with Æschylus and Shakespeare, and the masters of the literary art to which they invite attention.

The Bible has a unity which is deeper than any structural form, however various and complete. This prevails with a continuous and continually increasing manifestation through the whole. It is not merely the unity which appears in the literature of a people, as the Latin or the English literature: it is that, but it is more and other than that. It is not merely the unity which attaches to the continuous history, the institutions, laws, customs, wars of a people: it is that, but it is more and other than that.

The Bible is the record of the revelation of God. It is the record of a revelation of God in man and to the world. It is testamentary to the revelation of God to and through the world. This revelation, and not a literature nor a body of traditions, is the ground of the unity which it discovers. It is the record of the revelation of God, in his revelation with humanity; in the fulfillment of his eternal purpose, which was before the foundation of the world; in the righteousness in which he manifests his own being, and in the life which he has given for the world. It is of the coming of his kingdom, in which the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of Christ. It is of a revelation in an order in the world, of the family and the nation. It is of a revelation of and in the Christ.

FREDERICK MAX MÜLLER

(1823–)

BY HENRY A. STIMSON

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER has told an incident that occurred early in his Oxford life, which not only fixes his parentage but introduces us to the rare literary circle that opened to him in England, and which did so much for his future career.

He was invited to meet Thackeray at a little dinner. Müller had as yet mastered English but imperfectly, and was moreover somewhat awed by the great man. A fine fish, a John Dory, was brought on; when Thackeray turned his large spectacled eyes upon the stranger, and said, "Are you going to eat your own ancestor?" Everybody stared in silence; looking very grave and learned, Thackeray said, "Surely you are the son of the Dorian Müller—the Müller who wrote that awfully learned book on the Dorians: and was not John Dory the ancestor of all the Dorians?" In the laugh that followed, Müller replied that he was not the son of Ottfried Müller, who wrote on the Dorians, but of Wilhelm Müller the poet, who wrote 'Die Homerische Vorschule'; and as to John Dory being his ancestor, that was impossible, as the original John Dory was *il Janitore*,—that is, St. Peter,—and he had no wife. After which quick repartee the young scholar was well launched.

F. MAX MÜLLER

He was then but twenty-five years of age. He was born at Dessau, December 6th, 1823. After studying in Leipzig and Berlin, taking his degree in 1843, and publishing his first Sanskrit work in 1844, he went to Paris to study with the great Orientalist, Burnouf. Recognizing his abilities, Burnouf helped him to decide upon a career, and directed him to England; whither he went in 1846 to collate manuscripts for an edition of the Rig-Veda, the Sacred Hymns of the Brahmins.

In London he introduced himself to the Prussian Minister, Baron Bunsen, who became his lifelong friend, and by whose good offices

the East India Company was induced to bear the expense of the first edition of the 'Rig-Veda.' The troubled state of affairs on the Continent made it more easy for the student, whose life work was to be so largely among cumbersome and illegible manuscripts, to take advantage of the quiet seclusion of England. He went at once to Oxford, and that became his future home.

It is no strange thing for foreign scholars to visit London and the English universities, but it is not easy for them to become domesticated there. Erasmus tried it for a year; Taine, with all his admiration for things English, was never more than a visitor; and such Orientalists as Renan, Darmesteter, and Burnouf did not make the attempt. In "the don city," where, as Bunsen warned him, "every English idiosyncrasy strengthens itself, and buries itself in coteries," Müller settled with such success that ten years later, in 1858, Bunsen wrote to him: "Without ceasing to be a German, you have appropriated all that is excellent and superior in English life; and of that there is much."

Oxford was very hospitable to him. He was invited to lecture before the University in 1850, made honorary M. A. of Christ Church in 1851, elected Taylorian professor in 1854, curator of the Bodleian Library in 1856, fellow of All Souls in 1858; and in 1868 was named in the act of convocation for the chair of comparative philology, the first professorship ever created by the University itself. He resigned this in 1875, but afterwards remained in Oxford, engaged by the University to edit a series of translations of the 'Sacred Books of the East.' He was a prolific author on a large variety of subjects, and a frequent and welcomed lecturer.

His life work was editing the text and furnishing translations of the Rig-Veda; and by this he would probably prefer to be remembered. But he is better known to the public, and has exerted a wide and powerful influence by his writings on 'The Science of Language,' 'The Science of Religion,' and collateral topics. His lectures on the Science of Language, delivered in 1861 and 1862 in the Royal Institution, London, attracted wide attention, passed through many editions when published, and are asserted to have made good for the first time the claims of philology to be ranked among the sciences. He carried out his theories in the realm of religion in the Gifford Lectures before the University of Glasgow in 1889, 1891, 1892, and 1893; and in the Hibbert Lectures, of which he was chosen to deliver the first series on the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religions of India, in the chapter house of Westminster in 1878.

His theories of the origin and growth of language have been strenuously combated, and his accuracy as an observer and collater

of facts sometimes discredited; notably by the accomplished American Orientalist, the late Professor W. D. Whitney of Yale University. He has been exposed to the danger of hasty and superficial generalizations: but his doctrine of myths as originating in the natural phenomena of the sky — the sun, the moon, the dawn — has awakened wide interest, and greatly stimulated intelligent investigation; while his effort to make a science of religion — with a law of growth, a steady absorption of new material, and a historical procedure — while still recognizing that religion is an aspiration, and in its essence what neither sense nor reason can supply, has done much to broaden Christian sympathies, and to open the way for those wider studies into the history of other religions, which are to-day laying surer foundations for religion itself. He modestly spoke of his labors in this department as "but a desire and a seed."

He was not disappointed in his aim to help build again the bridge between the East and the West, which stood firm in earliest times, but which, while never altogether destroyed for the great nations of antiquity, has been broken in the course of the historic centuries. It is much to have been a leader in the labors of the distinguished band of Orientalists, as a result of which we are enabled to-day to read the thoughts, comprehend the motives, hear the prayers, understand the life, and know the business, the worship, the laws, the poetry, of a world buried from three to eight thousand years.

Professor Max Müller's command of a beautiful and virile English style had much to do with his success. The captious Saturday Review called him "really one of the best English writers of the day."

A passage to illustrate both his manner and his views may be taken from his inaugural address as president of the Congress of Orientalists in 1892:—

«What people call 'mere words' are in truth the monuments of the finest intellectual battles, triumphal arches of the grandest victories, won by the intellect of man. When man had found names for body and soul, for father and mother, and not till then, did the first act of human history begin. Not till there were names for right and wrong, for God and man, could there be anything worthy of the name of human society. Every new word was a discovery; and these early discoveries, if but properly understood, are more important to us than the greatest conquests of the Kings of Egypt and Babylon. Not one of our greatest explorers has unearthed with his spade or pickaxe more splendid palaces and temples, whether in Egypt or in Babylon, than the etymologist. Every word is the palace of a human thought; and in scientific etymology we possess the charm with which to call these ancient thoughts back to life. Languages mean speakers of language; and families of speech presuppose real families, or classes, or powerful confederacies, which have struggled for their existence, and held their ground against all enemies.»

His marriage to Miss Grenfell, by which he became connected with the families of Charles Kingsley and of Froude, served only to widen and render more intimate the circle of literary and professional friends which had been so characteristic of Müller's life from the first. In Leipzig, Hermann, Haupt, and Brockhaus; in Berlin, Alexander von Humboldt and Boeckh; in Paris, Burnouf; in England, Thackeray, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, Clough, Jowett, Ruskin,—and indeed almost every one of prominence in scientific and literary affairs,—were his friends or were helpful to his fame. This argues exceptional gifts of heart and person, as well as of intellect. His strong and beautiful face was crowned with a wealth of snowy hair, and shone with eager intelligence and the sweetness of thorough kindliness. As an instance of this kindliness, it is related that two young ladies, strangers, from some unknown motive wrote him asking advice in the choice of a language to study, of which no one in England knew anything. His answer reveals his amiability and genuine helpfulness. He writes:—

«It is by no means easy to reply to your inquiry. To take up any work in good earnest is a most excellent thing; and I should be the last person to find fault with anybody for fixing on learning a language, even for the mere sake of learning something. Yet it is right that our work should have some useful object beyond the mere pleasure of working. . . . I take it that literature would form an object to you in the choice of a language.»

Then he suggests several languages, giving reasons for each, ending with a pleasant wish for their perseverance and success.

He directed his studies largely in the line of religion, because religion was to him a cherished personal possession. In his lecture on Missions delivered in Westminster Abbey, December 3d, 1873, he says:—

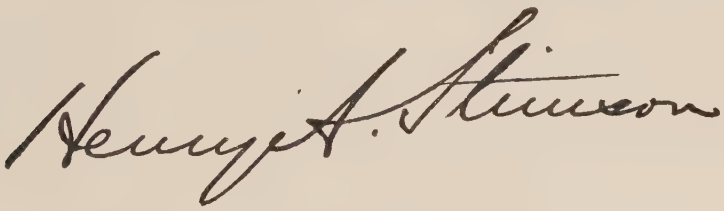
«There is one kind of faith that revels in words, there is another that can hardly find utterance: the former is like riches that come to us by inheritance, the latter is like the daily bread which each of us has to win by the sweat of his brow. The former we cannot expect from new converts; we ought not to expect it or exact it, for fear it might lead to hypocrisy and superstition. . . . We want less of creeds but more of trust, less of ceremony but more of work, less of solemnity but more of genial honesty, less of doctrine but more of love. There is a faith as small as a grain of mustard seed; but that grain alone can remove mountains, and more than that, it can move hearts.»

Theories are forgotten, and sciences are outgrown; but to have been the inspiring leader of many in the onward march of knowledge, and to have achieved a serene and rounded character, go far to amply crown any life.

«Denn wer den Besten seiner Zeit genug
Gethan, der hat gelebt für alle Zeiten.»

«That which lived
True life, lives on.»

But to have added to this that which should accompany old age,— "honor, love, and troops of friends," was this ambitious scholar's happy portion. Professor Muller died at Oxford, England, October 28, 1900.



ON THE MIGRATION OF FABLES

From 'Chips from a German Workshop'

"COUNT not your chickens before they be hatched," is a well-known proverb in English; and most people, if asked what was its origin, would probably appeal to La Fontaine's delightful fable, 'La Laitière et le Pot au Lait.' We all know Perrette, lightly stepping along from her village to the town, and in her day-dreams selling her milk for a good sum, then buying a hundred eggs, then selling the chickens, then buying a pig, fattening it, selling it again, and buying a cow with a calf. The calf frolics about, and kicks up his legs — so does Perrette; and alas! the pail falls down, the milk is spilt, her riches gone, and she only hopes when she comes home that she may escape a flogging from her husband.

Did La Fontaine invent this fable? or did he merely follow the example of Sokrates, who, as we know from the 'Phædon,' occupied himself in prison, during the last days of his life, with turning into verse some of the fables — or as he calls them, the myths — of Æsop.

La Fontaine published the first six books of his fables in 1668; and it is well known that the subjects of most of these fables were taken from Æsop, Phædrus, Horace, and other classical fabulists,— if we may adopt this word "fabuliste," which La Fontaine was the first to introduce into French.

In 1678 a second of these six books was published, enriched by five books of new fables; and in 1694 a new edition appeared, containing one additional book, thus completing the collection of his charming poems.

The fable of Perrette stands in the seventh book; and was published, therefore, for the first time in the edition of 1678. In the preface to that edition, La Fontaine says: "It is not necessary that I should say whence I have taken the subjects of these new fables. I shall only say, from a sense of gratitude, that I owe the largest portion of them to Pilpay, the Indian sage."

If then La Fontaine tells us himself that he borrowed the subjects of most of his new fables from Pilpay, the Indian sage, we have clearly a right to look to India in order to see whether, in the ancient literature of that country, any traces can be discovered of Perrette with the milk-pail.

Sanskrit literature is very rich in fables and stories; no other literature can vie with it in that respect; nay, it is extremely likely that fables, in particular animal fables, had their principal source in India. In the sacred literature of the Buddhists, fables held a most prominent place. The Buddhist preachers, addressing themselves chiefly to the people, to the untaught, the uncared-for, the outcast, spoke to them as we still speak to children, in fables and parables. Many of these fables and parables must have existed before the rise of the Buddhist religion; others, no doubt, were added on the spur of the moment, just as Sokrates would invent a myth or fable whenever that form of argument seemed to him most likely to impress and convince his hearers. But Buddhism gave a new and permanent sanction to this whole branch of moral mythology; and in the sacred canon, as it was settled in the third century before Christ, many a fable received, and holds to the present day, its recognized place. After the fall of Buddhism in India, and even during its decline, the Brahmans claimed the inheritance of their enemies, and used their popular fables for educational purposes. The best known of these collections of fables in Sanskrit is the 'Pañkatantra,' literally the Pentateuch or Pentamerone. From it and from other sources another collection was made, well known to all Sanskrit scholars by the name of 'Hitopadeśa'; *i. e.*, Salutary Advice. Both these books have been published in England and Germany, and there are translations of them in English, German, French, and other languages.

和歌四ツ折

下巻第一葉の図絵

西と迎け着よをむつさ来と招迎ひ申さよおすち若への
游楽の時まて着よ立上ち来とさし迎ひくまおすち理
宿初の玄奘の娘梅よ付て古への若人の教と残すとます
古のひなよ付て不変の栞さのます
古の初谷の

The first question which we have to answer refers to the date of these collections; and dates in the history of Sanskrit literature are always difficult points. Fortunately, as we shall see, we can in this case fix the date of the 'Pañkatantra' at least, by means of a translation into ancient Persian, which was made about five hundred and fifty years after Christ, though even then we can only prove that a collection somewhat like the 'Pañkatantra' must have existed at that time; but we cannot refer the book, in exactly that form in which we now possess it, to that distant period.

If we look for La Fontaine's fable in the Sanskrit stories of 'Pañkatantra,' we do not find, indeed, the milkmaid counting her chickens before they are hatched, but we meet with the following story:—

"There lived in a certain place a Brâhman, whose name was Svabhâvakripana, which means 'a born miser.' He had collected a quantity of rice by begging [this reminds us somewhat of the Buddhist mendicants], and after having dined off it, he filled a pot with what was left over. He hung the pot on a peg on the wall, placed his couch beneath, and looking intently at it all the night, he thought, 'Ah, that pot is indeed brimful of rice. Now, if there should be a famine, I should certainly make a hundred rupees by it. With this I shall buy a couple of goats. They will have young ones every six months, and thus I shall have a whole herd of goats. Then with the goats I shall buy cows. As soon as they have calved, I shall sell the calves. Then with the cows I shall buy buffaloes; with the buffaloes, mares. When the mares have foaled, I shall have plenty of horses; and when I sell them, plenty of gold. With that gold I shall get a house with four wings. And then a Brâhman will come to my house, and will give me his beautiful daughter, with a large dowry. She will have a son, and I shall call him Somaśarman. When he is old enough to be danced on his father's knee, I shall sit with a book at the back of the stable, and while I am reading, the boy will see me, jump from his mother's lap and run towards me to be danced on my knee. He will come too near the horse's hoof, and full of anger, I shall call to my wife, "Take the baby; take him!" But she, distracted by some domestic work, does not hear me. Then I get up, and give her such a kick with my foot.' While he thought this, he gave a kick with his foot, and broke the pot. All the rice fell over him, and made him quite white. Therefore I say, 'He who makes foolish plans for the future will be white all over, like the father of Somaśarman.'"

I shall at once proceed to read you the same story, though slightly modified, from the 'Hitopadeśa.' The 'Hitopadeśa' professes to be taken from the 'Pañkatantra' and some other books; and in this case it would seem as if some other authority had been followed. You will see, at all events, how much freedom there was in telling the old story of the man who built castles in the air.

«In the town of Devîkoṭṭa there lived a Brâhman of the name of Devaśarman. At the feast of the great equinox he received a plate full of rice. He took it, went into a potter's shop, which was full of crockery, and overcome by the heat, he lay down in a corner and began to doze. In order to protect his plate of rice he kept his stick in his hand, and began to think: 'Now, if I sell this plate of rice, I shall receive ten cowries [kapardaka]. I shall then, on the spot, buy pots and plates, and after having increased my capital again and again, I shall buy and sell betel-nuts and dresses till I become enormously rich. Then I shall marry four wives, and the youngest and prettiest of the four I shall make a great pet of. Then the other wives will be so angry, and begin to quarrel. But I shall be in a great rage, and take a stick, and give them a good flogging.' While he said this, he flung his stick away; the plate of rice was smashed to pieces, and many of the pots in the shop were broken. The potter, hearing the noise, ran into the shop, and when he saw his pots broken, he gave the Brâhman a good scolding, and drove him out of his shop. Therefore I say, 'He who rejoices over plans for the future will come to grief, like the Brâhman who broke the pots.'»

In spite of the change of a Brahman into a milkmaid, no one, I suppose, will doubt that we have here in the stories of the 'Pañkatantra' and 'Hitopadeśa' the first germs of La Fontaine's fable. But how did that fable travel all the way from India to France? How did it doff its Sanskrit garment, and don the light dress of modern French? How was the stupid Brahman born again as the brisk milkmaid, *cotillon simple et souliers plats?*

It seems a startling case of longevity, that while languages have changed, while works of art have perished, while empires have risen and vanished again, this simple children's story should have lived on, and maintained its place of honor and its undisputed sway in every school-room of the East and every nursery of the West. And yet it is a case of longevity so well

attested that even the most skeptical would hardly venture to question it. We have the passport of these stories viséd at every place through which they have passed, and as far as I can judge, *parfaitement en règle*. The story of the migration of these Indian fables from East to West is indeed wonderful; more wonderful and more instructive than many of the fables themselves. Will it be believed that we, in this Christian country, and in the nineteenth century, teach our children the first, the most important lessons of worldly wisdom,— nay, of a more than worldly wisdom,— from books borrowed from Buddhists and Brahmans, from heretics and idolaters; and that wise words spoken a thousand,— nay, two thousand — years ago, in a lonely village of India, like precious seed scattered broadcast over the world, still bear fruit a hundred and a thousand fold in that soil which is most precious before God and man,— the soul of a child? No lawgiver, no philosopher, has made his influence felt so widely, so deeply, and so permanently as the author of these children's fables. But who was he? We do not know. His name, like the name of many a benefactor of the human race, is forgotten. We only know he was an Indian — a "nigger," as some people would call him — and that he lived at least two thousand years ago.

No doubt, when we first hear of the Indian origin of these fables, and of their migration from India to Europe, we wonder whether it can be so; but the fact is, that the story of this Indo-European migration is not, like the migration of the Indo-European languages, myths, and legends, a matter of theory, but of history; and that it was never quite forgotten, either in the East or in the West. Each translator, as he handed on his treasure, seems to have been anxious to show how he came by it.

Several writers who have treated of the origin and spreading of Indo-European stories and fables, have mixed up two or three questions which ought to be treated each on its own merits.

The first question is, whether the Aryans, when they broke up their pro-ethnic community, carried away with them, not only their common grammar and dictionary, but likewise some myths and legends, which we find that Indians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Celts, Germans, Slaves, when they emerge into the light of history, share in common? That certain deities occur in India, Greece, and Germany, having the same names and the same character, is a fact that can no longer be denied. That

certain heroes, too, known to Indians, Greeks, and Romans, point to one and the same origin, both by their name and by their history, is a fact by this time admitted by all whose admission is of real value. As heroes are in most cases gods in disguise, there is nothing very startling in the fact that nations who had worshiped the same gods should also have preserved some common legend of demigods or heroes,—nay, even, in a later phase of thought, of fairies and ghosts. The case however becomes much more problematical when we ask whether stories also—fables told with a decided moral purpose—formed part of that earliest Aryan inheritance? This is still doubted by many who have no doubts whatever as to common Aryan myths and legends; and even those who, like myself, have tried to establish by tentative arguments the existence of common Aryan fables, dating from before the Aryan separation, have done so only by showing a possible connection between ancient popular saws and mythological ideas, capable of a moral application. To any one, for instance, who knows how, in the poetical mythology of the Aryan tribes, the golden splendor of the rising sun leads to conceptions of the wealth of the Dawn in gold and jewels, and her readiness to shower them upon her worshipers, the modern German proverb "Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde"* seems to have a kind of mythological ring; and the stories of benign fairies, changing everything into gold, sound likewise like an echo from the long-forgotten forest of our common Aryan home. . . .

In order to gain a commanding view of the countries traversed by these fables, let us take our position at Bagdad in the middle of the eighth century, and watch from that central point the movements of our literary caravan in its progress from the far East to the far West. In the middle of the eighth century, during the reign of the great Khalif Almansur, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa wrote his famous collection of fables, the 'Kalila and Dimnah,' which we still possess. The Arabic text of these fables has been published by Sylvestre de Sacy, and there is an English translation of it by Mr. Knatchbull, formerly professor of Arabic at Oxford. Abdallah ibn Almokaffa was a Persian by birth, who, after the fall of the Omeyyades, became a convert to Mohammedanism, and rose to high office at the court of the Khalifs. Being

*"The morning hour has gold in its mouth:"="Early to bed and early to rise, Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

in possession of important secrets of State, he became dangerous in the eyes of the Khalif Almansur, and was foully murdered. In the preface, Abdallah ibn Almokaffa tells us that he translated these fables from Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia; and that they had been translated into Pehlevi (about two hundred years before his time) by Barzûyeh, the physician of Khosru Nushirvan, the King of Persia, the contemporary of the Emperor Justinian. The King of Persia had heard that there existed in India a book full of wisdom; and he had commanded his Vezier, Buzurjmihr, to find a man acquainted with the languages both of Persia and India. The man chosen was Barzûyeh. He traveled to India, got possession of the book, translated it into Persian, and brought it back to the court of Khosru. Declining all rewards beyond a dress of honor, he only stipulated that an account of his own life and opinions should be added to the book. This account, probably written by himself, is extremely curious. It is a kind of 'Religio Medici' of the sixth century; and shows us a soul dissatisfied with traditions and formularies, striving after truth, and finding rest only where many other seekers after truth have found rest before and after him,—in a life devoted to alleviating the sufferings of mankind.

There is another account of the journey of this Persian physician to India. It has the sanction of Firdúsi, in the great Persian epic, the 'Shah Nâmeh'; and it is considered by some as more original than the one just quoted. According to it, the Persian physician read in a book that there existed in India trees or herbs supplying a medicine with which the dead could be restored to life. At the command of the King he went to India in search of those trees and herbs; but after spending a year in vain researches, he consulted some wise people on the subject. They told him that the medicine of which he had read as having the power to restore men to life, had to be understood in a higher and more spiritual sense; and that what was really meant by it were ancient books of wisdom preserved in India, which imparted life to those who were dead in their folly and sins. Thereupon the physician translated these books, and one of them was the collection of fables,—the 'Kalila and Dimnah.'

It is possible that both these stories were later inventions; the preface also by Ali, the son of Alshah Farési, in which the names of Bidpai and King Dabshelim are mentioned for the

first time, is of later date. But the fact remains that Abdallah ibn Almokaffa, the author of the oldest Arabic collection of our fables, translated them from Pehlevi, the language of Persia at the time of Khosru Nushirvan; and that the Pehlevi text which he translated was believed to be a translation of a book brought from India in the middle of the sixth century. That Indian book could not have been the 'Pañkatantra' as we now possess it, but must have been a much larger collection of fables: for the Arabic translation, the 'Kalilah and Dimnah,' contains eighteen chapters instead of the five of the 'Pañkatantra'; and it is only in the fifth, the seventh, the eighth, the ninth, and the tenth chapters that we find the same stories which form the five books of the Pañkatantra in the *textus ornatior*. . . .

In this Arabic translation, the story of the Brahman and the pot of rice runs as follows:—

"A religious man was in the habit of receiving every day from the house of a merchant a certain quantity of butter [oil] and honey; of which, having eaten as much as he wanted, he put the rest into a jar, which he hung on a nail in a corner of the room, hoping that the jar would in time be filled. Now as he was leaning back one day on his couch, with a stick in his hand, and the jar suspended over his head, he thought of the high price of butter and honey, and said to himself, 'I will sell what is in the jar, and buy with the money which I obtain for it ten goats; which producing each of them a young one every five months, in addition to the produce of the kids as soon as they begin to bear, it will not be long before there is a great flock.' He continued to make his calculations, and found that he should at this rate, in the course of two years, have more than four hundred goats. 'At the expiration of the term I will buy,' said he, 'a hundred black cattle, in the proportion of a bull or a cow for every four goats. I will then purchase land, and hire workmen to plow it with the beasts, and put it into tillage; so that before five years are over, I shall no doubt have realized a great fortune by the sale of the milk which the cows will give, and of the produce of my land. My next business will be to build a magnificent house, and engage a number of servants, both male and female; and when my establishment is completed, I will marry the handsomest woman I can find, who, in due time becoming a mother, will present me with an heir to my possessions, who, as he advances in age, shall receive the best masters that can be procured; and if the progress which he makes in learning is equal to my reasonable expectations, I shall

be amply repaid for the pains and expense which I have bestowed upon him; but if, on the other hand, he disappoints my hopes, the rod which I have here shall be the instrument with which I will make him feel the displeasure of a justly offended parent.' At these words he suddenly raised the hand which held the stick towards the jar, and broke it, and the contents ran down upon his head and face."

You will have observed the coincidences between the Arabic and the Sanskrit versions; but also a considerable divergence, particularly in the winding up of the story. The Brahman and the holy man both build their castles in the air; but while the former kicks his wife, the latter only chastises his son. How this change came to pass we cannot tell. One might suppose that at the time when the book was translated from Sanskrit into Pehlevi, or from Pehlevi into Arabic, the Sanskrit story was exactly like the Arabic story, and that it was changed afterwards. But another explanation is equally admissible; viz., that the Pehlevi or the Arabic translator wished to avoid the offensive behavior of the husband kicking his wife, and therefore substituted the son as a more deserving object of castigation.

We have thus traced our story from Sanskrit to Pehlevi, and from Pehlevi to Arabic; we have followed it in its migrations from the hermitages of Indian sages to the court of the kings of Persia, and from thence to the residence of the powerful Khalifs at Bagdad. Let us recollect that the Khalif Almansur, for whom the Arabic translation was made, was a contemporary of Abderrahman, who ruled in Spain; and that both were but little anterior to Harun al Rashid and Charlemagne. At that time, therefore, the way was perfectly open for these Eastern fables, after they had once reached Bagdad, to penetrate into the seats of Western learning, and to spread to every part of the new empire of Charlemagne. They may have done so, for all we know; but nearly three hundred years pass before these fables meet us again in the literature of Europe. The Carlovingian empire had fallen to pieces, Spain had been rescued from the Mohammedans, William the Conqueror had landed in England, and the Crusades had begun to turn the thoughts of Europe towards the East, when, about the year 1080, we hear of a Jew of the name of Symeon, the son of Seth, who translated these fables from Arabic into Greek. He states in his preface that the book came originally from India, that it was brought to King Chosroes of Persia, and then translated into Arabic. . . . The Greek text has been

published, though very imperfectly, under the title of 'Stephanites and Ichnelates.' Here our fable is told as follows:—

"It is said that a beggar kept some honey and butter in a jar close to where he slept. One night he thought thus within himself: 'I shall sell this honey and butter for however small a sum; with it I shall buy ten goats, and these in five months will produce as many again. In five years they will become four hundred. With them I shall buy one hundred cows, and with them I shall cultivate some land. And what with their calves and the harvests, I shall become rich in five years, and build a house with four wings, ornamented with gold, and buy all kinds of servants and marry a wife. She will give me a child, and I shall call him Beauty. It will be a boy, and I shall educate him properly; and if I see him lazy, I shall give him such a flogging with this stick!' With these words he took a stick that was near him, struck the jar, and broke it, so that the honey and milk ran down on his beard."

This Greek translation might, no doubt, have reached La Fontaine; but as the French poet was not a great scholar, least of all a reader of Greek MSS., and as the fables of Symeon Seth were not published till 1697, we must look for other channels through which the old fable was carried along from East to West. . . .

The fact is, these fables had found several other channels, through which, as early as the thirteenth century, they reached the literary market of Europe, and became familiar as household words, at least among the higher and educated classes. . . .

But Perrette with the milk-pail has not yet arrived at the end of her journey. . . . Remember that in all our wanderings we have not yet found the milkmaid, but only the Brahman or the religious man. What we want to know is, who first brought about this metamorphosis.

No doubt La Fontaine was quite the man to seize on any jewel which was contained in the Oriental fables, to remove the cumbersome and foreign-looking setting, and then to place the principal figure in that pretty frame in which most of us have first become acquainted with it. But in this case the charmer's wand did not belong to La Fontaine, but to some forgotten worthy, whose very name it will be difficult to fix upon with certainty.

We have as yet traced three streams only, all starting from the Arabic translation of Abdallah ibn Almokaffa,—one in the

eleventh, another in the twelfth, a third in the thirteenth century,—all reaching Europe, some touching the very steps of the throne of Louis XIV., yet none of them carrying the leaf which contained the story of 'Perrette,' or of the 'Brahman,' to the threshold of La Fontaine's home. We must therefore try again.

After the conquest of Spain by the Mohammedans, Arabic literature had found a new home in Western Europe; and among the numerous works translated from Arabic into Latin or Spanish, we find towards the end of the thirteenth century (1289) a Spanish translation of our fables, called 'Calila é Dymna.' In this the name of the philosopher is changed from Bidpai to Bundobel. This, or another translation from Arabic, was turned into Latin verse by Raimond de Beziers in 1313 (not published).

Lastly, we find in the same century another translation from Arabic straight into Latin verse, by Baldo, which became known under the name of 'Æsopus Alter.'

From these frequent translations, and translations of translations, in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, we see quite clearly that these Indian fables were extremely popular, and were in fact more widely read in Europe than the Bible, or any other book. They were not only read in translations, but having been introduced into sermons, homilies, and works on morality, they were improved upon, acclimatized, localized, till at last it is almost impossible to recognize their Oriental features under their homely disguises.

I shall give you one instance only.

Rabelais, in his 'Gargantua,' gives a long description of how a man might conquer the whole world. At the end of this dialogue, which was meant as a satire on Charles V., we read:—

"There was here present at that time an old gentleman well experienced in the wars,—a stern soldier, and who had been in many great hazards,—named Echephron, who, hearing this discourse, said: 'J'ay grand peur que toute ceste entreprise sera semblable à la farce *du pot au laict* duquel un cordavanier se faisoit riche par resverie, puis le pot cassé, n'eut de quoy disner.'" (I fear me that this great undertaking will turn out like the farce of the pot of milk, which made the shoemaker rich in imagination till he broke the pot, and had to go without his dinner.)

This is clearly our story; only the Brahman has as yet been changed into a shoemaker only, and the pot of rice or the jar

of butter and honey into a pitcher of milk. Fortunately, we can make at least one step further,—a step of about two centuries. This step backwards brings us to the thirteenth century, and there we find our old Indian friend again, and this time really changed into a milkmaid The book I refer to is written in Latin, and is called 'Dialogus Creaturarum optime moralizatus'; in English, the 'Dialogue of Creatures Moralized.' It was a book intended to teach the principles of Christian morality by examples taken from ancient fables. It was evidently a most successful book, and was translated into several modern languages. There is an old translation of it in English, first printed by Rastell, and afterwards reprinted in 1816. I shall read you from it the fable in which, as far as I can find, the milkmaid appears for the first time on the stage, surrounded already by much of that scenery which, four hundred years later, received its last touches at the hand of La Fontaine.

«Dialogo C.—For as it is but madnesse to trust to moche in surete, so it is but foly to hope to moche of vanyteys, for vayne be all erthly thinges longynge to men, as sayth Davyd, Psal. xciiii.: Wher of it is tolde in fablys that a lady uppon a tyme delyvered to her mayden a *galon of mylke* to sell at a cite, and by the way, as she sate and restid her by a dyche side, she began to thinke that with the money of the mylke she wold bye an henne, the which shulde bringe forth chekyns, and when they were growyn to hennys she wolde sell them and by piggis, and eschaunge them in to shepe, and the shepe in to oxen, and so whan she was come to richesse she sholde be maried right worshipfully unto some worthy man, and thus she reioycid. And whan she was thus mervelously comfortid and ravisshed inwardly in her secrete solace, thinkynge with howe greate ioye she shuld be ledde towarde the chirche with her husbond on horsebacke, she sayde to her self: 'Goo we, goo we.' Sodaynlye she smote the ground with her fote, myndynge to spurre the horse, but her fote slypped, and she fell in the dyche, and there lay all her mylke, and so she was farre from her purpose, and never had that she hopid to have.»

Here we have arrived at the end of our journey. It has been a long journey across fifteen or twenty centuries, and I am afraid our following Perrette from country to country, and from language to language, may have tired some of my hearers. I shall, therefore, not attempt to fill the gap that divides the fable of the thirteenth century from La Fontaine. Suffice it to say, that the

milkmaid, having once taken the place of the Brahman, maintained it against all comers. We find her as Doña Truhana in the famous 'Conde Lucanor,' the work of the Infante Don Juan Manuel who died in 1347; the grandson of St. Ferdinand, the nephew of Alfonso the Wise; though himself not a king, yet more powerful than a king; renowned both by his sword and by his pen, and possibly not ignorant of Arabic, the language of his enemies. We find her again in the 'Contes et Nouvelles' of Bonaventure des Periers, published in the sixteenth century,—a book which we know that La Fontaine was well acquainted with. We find her, after La Fontaine, in all the languages of Europe.

You see now before your eyes the bridge on which our fables came to us from East to West. The same bridge which brought us Perrette brought us hundreds of fables, all originally sprung up in India, many of them carefully collected by Buddhist priests and preserved in their sacred canon, afterwards handed on to the Brahmanic writers of a later age, carried by Barzûyeh from India to the court of Persia, then to the courts of the Khalifs at Bagdad and Cordova, and of the Emperors at Constantinople. Some of them no doubt perished on their journey, others were mixed up together, others were changed till we should hardly know them again. Still, if you once know the eventful journey of Perrette, you know the journey of all the other fables that belong to this Indian cycle. Few of them have gone through so many changes; few of them have found so many friends, whether in the courts of kings or in the huts of beggars. Few of them have been to places where Perrette has not also been. This is why I selected her and her passage through the world as the best illustration of a subject which otherwise would require a whole course of lectures to do it justice.

WILHELM MÜLLER

(1794–1827)

"I LOVE no lyric poet excepting Goethe so much as Wilhelm Müller," wrote Heine; and indeed, as he himself gladly acknowledged, Heine owed to Müller many a tricksy lyric charm. Müller was born at Dessau on October 7th, 1794, and there he died on September 30th, 1827. In this brief space of thirty years he succeeded in leaving upon the hearts of the German people an impress of his poetic personality, that seems destined to last while songs are sung and nature still has charms. He died just as his genius was maturing. His spirit was preparing for higher flights when it passed from earth altogether. He is thus a poet for the young — for those who delight in "young love and old wine." The heart of youth finds in Müller's poems the expression of its own vague longings and undefined emotions; and the heart of the aged, if it has preserved its freshness, is quickened by the genial flow of his simple, passionate verse.

WILHELM MÜLLER

Müller, like thousands of spirits far less fine than his, was touched to patriotic issues at the time of the great uprising against Napoleon. He had begun the study of philology and history at Berlin when the wars for freedom broke out. During 1813 and 1814, following the call of the Prussian king, he served his country as a volunteer, as Kleist and Körner did. He then quietly resumed the study of Old German at the Berlin University. This taste for old Germanic lore reveals that tendency of mind which in his son, Professor Max Müller, has reached its scholarly fruition. In the father's case these studies were placed first of all at the service of the Muses; through them he acquired that intimate knowledge of the essential qualities of early German culture, which enabled him so perfectly to catch the tone of the German folk-song. In the circle of young Berlin poets, his talent found stimulus and encouragement. In 1815 this group of friends issued the 'Bundesblätter' (Leaves of Union), and here are to be found the earliest poems of Wilhelm Müller.

In 1817 there came to Müller, as to Geibel later, the ardently desired opportunity of standing upon classic soil. He went to Italy, and the literary result of his trip was the graceful book published in 1820, and entitled 'Rom, Römer, und Römerinnen' (Rome, and Roman Men and Women). Upon his return in 1819, he was called to his native city of Dessau as a teacher of ancient languages. At the same time he held the post of librarian of the newly founded Ducal Library. His philological works were chiefly contributions to encyclopædias and other compilations. He translated Marlowe's 'Faustus,' and Achim von Arnim wrote the preface; Fauriel's collection of modern Greek folk-songs he also put into German. Perhaps the most valuable of his scholarly undertakings was the 'Library of German Poets of the Seventeenth Century,' in ten volumes.

But it is not upon these things that Müller's fame rests. He was first of all a poet; and this became evident to the public at large when in 1821 he published 'Gedichte aus den Hinterlassenen Papieren eines Reisenden Waldhornisten' (Poems from the Posthumous Papers of a Traveling Bugler). In the same year appeared the first of the famous 'Griechenlieder' (Songs of the Greeks), in which the profound sympathy of the German people with the Greek struggle for freedom found stirring expression. With his love for the heroes of ancient Greece he combined a splendid enthusiasm for Byron, Kanaris, and Marco Bozzaris. This uprising of Greece appealed to all poets, and the magic of Byron's name seemed to make it peculiarly their affair. All the bards of the land of song burst into impassioned verse in defense of the classic country and Pierian spring which had been the original source of their own inspiration. The 'Songs of the Greeks' aided powerfully in rousing indignation against the Turks; and just as Greek admirers of Byron had sent marble to be used for the poet's monument in London, so the Greek Parliament voted a ship-load of Pentelican marble for the monument which has been erected to Müller in Dessau.

If the 'Songs of the Greeks' are less well known to the world at large than two other series of Müller's lyrics, this is primarily due to Franz Schubert. The two cycles of exquisite lyrics entitled 'Die Schöne Müllerin' (The Pretty Maid of the Mill) and 'Die Winterreise' (The Winter Journey) caught the heart and ear of Schubert, and he wedded them to immortal music. We are made to share the fresh joy of the wandering miller, who, following the guidance of his beloved brook, finds the fickle beauty of the mill and loves her; and we share, too, his sorrow when her heart turns to the huntsman, clad in green, and her faithful lover buries his grief and love in the waters of the still singing brook. There is thus a dramatic interest that binds together these simple songs. In this cycle, as in the 'Winter Journey,' one feels the deep sustaining joy of the poet

in all outdoor nature: it is symbolized in the loving intimacy between the miller and the brook, between the wanderer and the linden-tree. Taken with the music, the two cycles form little lyric dramas; the words can no longer be recalled without the melody, and these combined creations of Müller and Schubert are among the most beautiful and delicate works of art that have sprung from the lyric genius of Germany. And so, although no poet voice had a more vigorous ring when it sang in the cause of freedom, it is probable that Müller will be chiefly remembered as the singer of winter journeys and wanderers' joys, of mill-stream melodies and the lays of love.

FROM 'THE PRETTY MAID OF THE MILL'

Translated by Charles Harvey Genung and Edward Breck

Wandering

To wander is the miller's joy,
To wander!
He must a wretched miller be
Who would not wander merrily,
And wander!

We learned it from the water brook,
The water!
It takes no rest by night or day,
But ever wends its laughing way,
The water!

We learn it from the mill-wheel too,
The mill-wheel!
That will not stand a moment still,
But tireless turns the mighty mill,
The mill-wheel!

The stones themselves forget their weight,
The millstones!
They join the merry dancing crew,
And try to move much faster too,
The millstones!

To wander, wander is my joy,
To wander!
Good master and good mistress, pray,
Let me in peace now go my way
And wander!

WHITHER?

I HEARD a brooklet gushing
From out the rocky spring,
Down through the valley rushing
With clear and laughing ring.

I know not what came o'er me,
What longing filled my breast;
Down to the vale it bore me,
And onward without rest.

Far downward, ever onward,
I followed its dancing gleam,
And louder still and clearer
Sang ever the happy stream.

And this way must I wander?
O brooklet, whither, say?
Thou hast with thy sweet rushing
My reason charmed away.

What, prate I then of rushing?
That can no rushing be!
'Tis the voice of the water-nixies,
That sing their songs to me.

Ah, heed not song nor rushing,
But wander onward still;
There must be merry mill-wheels
In every flashing rill.

HALT!

I SPY a mill forth peeping
By the alder-lined mere;
The rushing and singing
Of mill-wheels I hear.

Hey, welcome, hey, how welcome,
Sweet old song of the mill!
And the house with its windows
Is so cozy and still.

And the sunshine above me
Makes heaven seem gay!
Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Was it this thou wouldst say?

Thanksgiving to the Brook

Was it this thou wouldst say,
My friend, by thy lay?
By ringing and singing,
Was it this thou wouldst say?

To the miller's maid go!
Thou meanest it so.
Ah! Have I not guessed it?
To the miller's maid go!

Can *her* wish it be,
Or foolest thou me?
Oh, this only tell me,
If *her* wish it be.

Howe'er it was meant,
I'll rest me content;
I have found what I sought for,
Howe'er it was meant.

I sought work, indeed,
I've now all I need;
For my hands, for my heart,
I've all that I need!

Curiosity

I'll ask no pretty flower,
I'll ask no starry sphere;
For none of them can tell me
What I so long to hear.

Besides, I'm not a gardener,
The stars all hang too high;
My brooklet here shall tell me
If my fond heart doth lie.

O brooklet, my belovèd,
Why singest thou no more?
I ask for one word only,
One answer o'er and o'er.

«Yes» is the word I long for,
The other word is «no»;
In one of these two answers
Is all my weal or woe.

O brooklet, my belovèd,
Why shouldst thou wayward be?
I'll promise not to tell it—
Say, brooklet, loves she me?

Impatience

I'd carve it deep in every forest tree,
On every stone I'd grave it lastingly;
In every garden plot the words I'd sow,
With seed that soon my sweet device would show,
That she should see my faithful heart's endeavor:
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

A magpie young and lusty I would teach,
Until he sang aloud that sweetest speech,
And sang it with my voice's counterpart,
With all the yearning of my loving heart;
He'd sing it then to her and cease it never:
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

I'd fling it forth to every morning breeze,
I'd sigh it softly to the swaying trees;
Oh, that it shone from every blossom fair!
Oh, that she breathed it in the perfumed air!
Are mill-wheels all that thou canst move, O river?
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

I thought it looked from out my loving eyes,
And burned upon my cheeks in telltale guise;
Imprinted on my speechless lips it were,
And every breath I drew cried out to her;
But she, alas, heeds naught of my endeavor:
Thine is my heart, and shall be thine forever.

Good-Morning

Good-morning, pretty miller's lass!
Why hide thy head, whene'er I pass,
Behind the curtain yonder?
Dost think my greetings boldness show?
Disturb thee then my glances so?
Then onward I must wander.

Oh, let me linger by the brook,
And only at thy window look,
Below there, just below there!
Thou flaxen head, now hide no more!
Come forth from out your oval door,
Ye morning stars that show there!

Ye slumber-laden eyes so blue,
Ye flowers wet with morning dew,
Doth ruddy sunlight blind you?
Were they so sweet, the joys of sleep,
That now you close and droop and weep,
Because they're left behind you?

Now shake ye off the dreamland haze,
And fresh and free your heads upraise,
To greet the shining morrow!
Aloft the lark doth gayly soar,
And at the deep heart's inmost core
Awake love's care and sorrow.

Showers of Tears

We sat nestled close to each other,
In shady alder nook;
We gazed long and fondly together
Down into the murmuring brook.

The moon uprose in heaven,
The stars began to glow,
And gazed long and fondly together
At the silvery mirror below.

'Twas not the moon that I gazed at,
And not the starry skies:
Her picture was all I gazed at,
And all I saw was her eyes.

I saw them there winking and blinking
Deep down in my brooklet so true;
The flowers on the margin, the blue ones,
Are winking and blinking there too.

And in the waters sunken
The whole wide heaven shone,
And into its glistening bosom
It seemed to lure me on.

And over the clouds and the starlight
The brook rippled joyous and free,
And called me, ringing and singing:—
"Come hither, O brother, to me!"

And blurred were my eyes with hot tear-drops;
Before me the brook seemed to spin;
She said, "A shower is coming:
Good-night — I'm going in."

Mine!

Brooklet, cease that song of thine!
Mill-wheels, stop your whirr and whine!
All ye merry wood-songsters fine,
Make no sign;
Silent be and close your eyne!
Every line
I'll design —
It shall but *one* rhyme enshrine:
For the miller's lovely maid is mine!
Mine!
Springtime, are there then no fairer flowers thine?
Sunlight, canst thou then no brighter shine?
Ah, alone I must repine
With that sweetest of all words, "Mine,"
Understood by none in all this world divine!

Withered Flowers

Ah, all ye flowers
That she once gave,
Ye shall be buried
With me in the grave.

Why gaze ye sadly
Upon me so,
As if with pity
Ye saw my woe?

Ah, all ye flowers
Of pale regret,
Ah, all ye flowers,
How came ye wet?

But tears can't freshen
The flowers like rain,
Cannot make dead passion
To bloom again.

The winter's dying,
And spring will appear,
And flowers will blossom
Around me here.

And flowers will cover
My new-made grave,—
Ah, all the flowers,
That she once gave!

And when she wanders
The church-yard through,
And softly murmurs,
"*His* love was true!"—

Then, all ye flowers,
Oh bloom, oh blow!
For May is coming,
And gone is the snow.

The Miller and the Brook

The Miller:

When a heart so constant
Must break and must die,
The lilies all withered
And broken lie.

In clouds then the full moon
Must veil her head,
And hide from all mortals
The tears she doth shed.

In heaven the angels
Their eyes gently close;
They're sobbing and soothing
The soul to repose.

The Brook:

When love has o'ermastered
Its hopes and fears,

A new star, bright shining,
In heaven appears.

Then blossom three roses,
Half white, half red,
That never shall wither
In garden bed.

And in heaven the angels
Their pinions will clip,
And earthwards each morning
Will fairily trip.

The Miller:

Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Thou'rt faithful and true;
Ah, brooklet, but thou know'st not
What love can do.

Ah, down there, far down there,
'Tis cool and deep.
Ah, brooklet, lovely brooklet,
Now sing me to sleep.

Cradle Song of the Brook

Sweetly sleep, sweetly sleep!
I'll thy vigil keep!
Wanderer, so weary, thou'rt now at home.
Securely rest
Asleep on my breast,
Till the brooklets mingle with ocean foam.

Thy bed shall be cool
In moss-lined pool,
In the chamber of sparkling blue crystal clear;
Come, wavelets, wave,
His cradle lave,
Soothe him and rock him, my comrade so dear.

When the sound of horn
From the greenwood's borne,
I will rush and I'll gush, that thou mayst not hear.
Peep ye not through,
Little flow'rets blue!
You make all the dreams of my sleeper so drear.

Away, away
From my margin stay,
Wicked maiden, lest from thy shadow he wake!
But throw me down
Thy kerchief brown,
So for his eyes I'll a bandage make!

Now good-night, now good-night!
Till all's made right,
Forget all thy hopes, and forget thy fate!
The moon shines bright,
The mists take flight,
And the heaven above me how wide and how great!

VINETA

From the sea's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far-off evening bells come sad and slow;
Faintly rise, the wondrous tale revealing
Of the old enchanted town below.

On the bosom of the flood reclining,
Ruined arch and wall and broken spire,
Down beneath the watery mirror shining,
Gleam and flash in flakes of golden fire.

And the boatman, who at twilight hour,
Once that magic vision shall have seen,
Heedless how the crags may round him lower,
Evermore will haunt the charmèd scene.

From the heart's deep hollow faintly pealing,
Far I hear them, bell-notes sad and slow,
Ah! a wild and wondrous tale revealing
Of the drownèd wreck of love below.

There a world in loveliness decaying
Lingers yet in beauty ere it die;
Phantom forms across my senses playing,
Flash like golden fire-flakes from the sky.

Lights are gleaming, fairy bells are ringing,
And I long to plunge and wander free
Where I hear those angel-voices singing
In those ancient towers below the sea.

Translation of J. A. Froude.

MARY NOAILLES MURFREE

(CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK)

(1850–)

WHEN Miss Murfree's first work appeared, not only was her pseudonym, Charles Egbert Craddock, accepted by her editors without suspicion as her proper name, but the public was equally deceived. The firm, quiet touch, the matter wholly free from subjectiveness, the robust humor, and the understanding of masculine life, had no trace of femininity.

MARY N. MURFREE

Her first book, 'Where the Battle was Fought,' which finally appeared in 1884, was the effort of a very young writer, containing more of promise than fulfillment, though the peculiarities of style and character were prophetic of her later manner. No publisher desired it until the great favor accorded to 'In the Tennessee Mountains' opened the way. In the maturer story was struck a more confident note. Miss Murfree had found her field, and henceforth the Tennessee mountains and their inhabitants were to occupy her descriptive powers. These men and women are for the first part rude people, kept in unlikeness to the outside world not only by their distance from civilization, but by the mist of tradition in which they live. Here is a colony of people who have their own ideas of etiquette,—and as strict a code as that of Versailles in the time of Louis XIV.,—their own notions of comfort and wealth, and their own civil and moral laws. Here they dwell in their mountain fastnesses, distilling illicit whisky with as clear a conscience as they plant the corn from which they make it, or as the Northern farmer makes cider from his apples—in their opinion an exact parallel. Passionately religious, full of picturesque poetry,—which they learn from the Bible, their only familiar book,—no wonder the "Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain" thrilled his audiences when he described the scenes enacted in the Old Testament as having been transacted on the very hillsides where he preached, and that the majestic imagery of the Book was heightened by the majestic surroundings.

But good «material,» in a literary sense, as are the Tennessee mountaineers, no sort of idealization nor surface acquaintance, however aided by artistic intuition, could have made them natural to the outside world. It was the office of one who knew them as Miss Murfree knew them, not only from the inside view but the view of a social superior, which enabled her to give the picture a perspective. Nowhere is this gift better indicated than in the artistic story 'Drifting down Lost Creek,' in which the elements of interest are thoroughly worked up, the motive of the delicate romance touched with a perfect consciousness of the author's audience; while there is such a regard for the verities, that the whole story turns on the everyday feminine loyalty of a mountain girl to her lover. 'On Big Injin Mountain' is an episode of a sturdier kind, more dramatic both in matter and in manner than 'Drifting down Lost Creek'; but at its close, when the rude mountaineers display a tenderness for the man they have misunderstood, the reader, gentle or simple, is perforce thrilled into sympathy,—for this is a passage to which the better part of human nature, wherever found, responds.

In Miss Murfree's writings we are perhaps too often reminded of the pictorial art which she undoubtedly possesses, by the effect she evolves from the use of words. She has a clear vision and a dramatic temperament; and it is a temptation, not always resisted, to emphasize physical surroundings in order to heighten situations. The moment a lull occurs in the action of her personages, the mountain solitudes come in to play their part,—the sylvan glades, the chromatic hues, the foaming cataracts, the empurpled shadows. Even the wild animals assume the functions of *dramatis personæ*, and are an inarticulate chorus to interpret the emotions of the human actors.

But it is not given to a redundant and enthusiastic nature, a youthful nature at least in her earlier stories,—for Miss Murfree was born about 1850 in the township of Murfreesborough, Tennessee, a town called after her respected and influential family,—always to use one word when two or three seem to do as well. The normal mind is more active in the details of human life than in the details of landscape; but Miss Murfree, although she has not always accepted this as a fact, has painted scenes where she has perfectly adjusted her characters and their surroundings. In 'Old Sledge at the Settlemint,' the picture of the group of card-players throwing their cards on the inverted splint basket by the light of the tallow dip and a pitch-pine fire, while the moon shines without, and the uncanny echoes ring through the rocks and woods, is as graphic as one of Spagnoletto's paintings. And she has done a gentler and even more sympathetic service in depicting the lonely, self-reliant, half mournful life of the mountain women whom she loves; particularly the young

women, pure, sweet, naïve, and innocent of all evil. The older women «hold out wasted hands to the years as they pass,—holding them out always, and always empty»; but in drawing her old women, Miss Murfree lightens her somewhat sombre pictures by their shrewd fun and keen knowledge of human nature. Mrs. Purvine is a stroke of genius.

Nor could Miss Murfree's stories have won their wide popularity with an American audience without a sense of humor, which is to her landscape as the sun to the mist. Her mountaineer who has been restrained from killing the suspected horse-thief is rather relieved than otherwise, having still a sense of justice: «The bay filly ain't such a killin' matter nohow; ef it was the roan three-year-old 'twould be different.»

The novels which have most added to Miss Murfree's reputation, perhaps, are 'In the Tennessee Mountains,' 'The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain,' and 'In the Clouds,'—all stories of the Tennessee mountains, told in her vigorous, dramatic manner.

THE DANCIN' PARTY AT HARRISON'S COVE

From 'In the Tennessee Mountains.' Copyright 1884, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

«FUR ye see, Mis' Darley, them Harrison folks over yander 'ter the Cove hev determinated on a dancin' party.»

The drawling tones fell unheeded on old Mr. Kenyon's ear, as he sat on the broad hotel piazza of the New Helvetia Springs, and gazed with meditative eyes at the fair August sky. An early moon was riding, clear and full, over this wild spur of the Alleghanies; the stars were few and very faint; even the great Scorpio lurked vaguely outlined above the wooded ranges; and the white mist that filled the long, deep, narrow valley between the parallel lines of mountains, shimmered with opalescent gleams.

All the world of the watering-place had converged to that focus the ball-room; and the cool, moonlit piazzas were nearly deserted. The fell determination of the «Harrison folks» to give a dancing party made no impression on the preoccupied old gentleman. Another voice broke his revery,—a soft, clear, well-modulated voice; and he started and turned his head as his own name was called, and his niece, Mrs. Darley, came to the window.

«Uncle Ambrose, are you there?—So glad! I was afraid you were down at the summer-house, where I hear the children

singing. Do come here a moment, please. This is Mrs. Johns, who brings the Indian peaches to sell — you know the Indian peaches?"

Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches; the dark-crimson fruit streaked with still darker lines, and full of blood-red juice, which he had meditatively munched that very afternoon. Mr. Kenyon knew the Indian peaches right well. He wondered, however, what had brought Mrs. Johns back in so short a time; for although the principal industry of the mountain people about the New Helvetia Springs is selling fruit to the summer sojourners, it is not customary to come twice on the same day, nor to appear at all after nightfall.

Mrs. Darley proceeded to explain.

"Mrs. Johns's husband is ill, and wants us to send him some medicine."

Mr. Kenyon rose, threw away the stump of his cigar, and entered the room. "How long has he been ill, Mrs. Johns?" he asked dismally.

Mr. Kenyon always spoke lugubriously, and he was a dismal-looking old man. Not more cheerful was Mrs. Johns: she was tall and lank, and with such a face as one never sees except in these mountains,— elongated, sallow, thin, with pathetic, deeply sunken eyes, and high cheek-bones, and so settled an expression of hopeless melancholy that it must be that naught but care and suffering had been her lot; holding out wasted hands to the years as they pass,— holding them out always, and always empty. She wore a shabby, faded calico, and spoke with the peculiar expressionless drawl of the mountaineer. She was a wonderful contrast to Mrs. Darley, all furbelows and flounces, with her fresh, smooth face and soft hair, and plump, round arms half revealed by the flowing sleeves of her thin black dress. Mrs. Darley was in mourning, and therefore did not affect the ball-room. At this moment, on benevolent thoughts intent, she was engaged in uncorking sundry small phials, gazing inquiringly at their labels, and shaking their contents.

In reply to Mr. Kenyon's question, Mrs. Johns, sitting on the extreme edge of a chair, and fanning herself with a pink calico sun-bonnet, talked about her husband, and a misery in his side and in his back, and how he felt it "a-comin' on nigh on ter a week ago." Mr. Kenyon expressed sympathy, and was surprised by the announcement that Mrs. Johns considered her husband's

illness "a blessin', 'kase ef he war able ter git out'n his bed, he 'lowed ter go down ter Harrison's Cove ter the dancin' party, 'kase Rick Pearson war a-goin' ter be thar, an' hed said ez how none o' the Johnses should come."

"What, Rick Pearson, that terrible outlaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, with wide-open blue eyes. She had read in the newspapers sundry thrilling accounts of a noted horse-thief and outlaw, who with a gang of kindred spirits defied justice and roamed certain sparsely populated mountainous counties at his own wild will; and she was not altogether without a feeling of fear as she heard of his proximity to the New Helvetia Springs,—not fear for life or limb, because she was practical-minded enough to reflect that the sojourners and employés of the watering-place would far outnumber the outlaw's troop, but fear that a pair of shiny bay ponies, Castor and Pollux, would fall victims to the crafty wiles of the expert horse thief.

"I think I have heard something of a difficulty between your people and Rick Pearson," said old Mr. Kenyon. "Has a peace never been patched up between them?"

"N-o," drawled Mrs. Johns, "same as it always war. My old man'll never believe but what Rick Pearson stole that thar bay filly we lost 'bout five year ago. But I don't believe he done it: plenty other folks around is ez mean ez Rick, leastways mos' ez mean; plenty mean enough ter steal a horse, anyhow. Rick *say* he never tuk the filly; say he war a-goin' ter shoot off the nex' man's head ez say so. Rick say he'd ruther give two bay fillies than hev a man say he tuk a horse ez he never tuk. Rick say ez how he kin stand up ter what he does do, but it's these hyar lies on him what kills him out. But ye know, Mis' Darley, ye know yerself, he never give nobody two bay fillies in this world, an' what's more he's never goin' ter. My old man an' my boy Kossute talks on 'bout that thar bay filly like she war stole yestiddy, an' 'twar five year ago an' better; an' when they hearn ez how Rick Pearson hed showed that red head o' his'n on this hyar mounting las' week, they war fightin' mad, an' would hev lit out fur the gang sure, 'ceptin' they hed been gone down the mounting fur two days. An' my son Kossute, he sent Rick word that he had better keep out'n gunshot o' these hyar woods; that he didn't want no better mark than that red head o' his'n, an' he could hit it two mile off. An' Rick Pearson, he sent Kossute word that he would kill him fur his sass the very nex' time he

see him, an' ef he don't want a bullet in that pumpkin head o' his'n he hed better keep away from that dancin' party what the Harrisons hev laid off ter give, 'kase Rick say he's a-goin' ter it hisself, an' is a-goin' ter dance too; he ain't been invited, Mis' Darley, but Rick don't keer fur that. He is a-goin' anyhow; an' he say ez how he ain't a-goin' ter let Kossute come, 'count o' Kossute's sass, an' the fuss they've all made 'bout that bay filly that war stole five year ago—'twar five year an' better. But Rick say ez how he is goin', fur all he ain't got no invite, an' is a-goin' ter dance too: 'kase you know, Mis' Darley, it's a-goin' ter be a dancin' party; the Harrisons hev determinated on that. Them gals of theirn air mos' crazed 'bout a dancin' party. They ain't been a bit of account sence they went ter Cheatham's Cross-Roads ter see thar gran'mother, an' picked up all them queer new notions. So the Harrisons hev determinated on a dancin' party; an' Rick say ez how he is goin' ter dance too: but Jule, *she* say ez how she know thar ain't a gal on the mounting ez would dance with him; but I ain't so sure 'bout that, Mis' Darley: gals air cur'ous critters, ye know yerself; thar's no sort o' countin' on 'em; they'll do one thing one time, an' another thing nex' time; ye can't put no dependence in 'em. But Jule say ef he kin git Mandy Tyler ter dance with him, it's the mos' he kin do, an' the gang'll be nowhar. Mebbe he kin git Mandy ter dance with him, 'kase the other boys say ez how none o' them is a-goin' ter ax her ter dance, 'count of the trick she played on 'em down ter the Wilkins settlemint—las' month, war it? no, 'twar two month ago, an' better; but the boys ain't forgot how scandalous she done 'em, an' none of 'em is a-goin' ter ax her ter dance."

"Why, what did she do?" exclaimed Mrs. Darley, surprised. "She came here to sell peaches one day, and I thought her such a nice, pretty, well-behaved girl."

"Waal, she hev got mighty quiet say-nuthin' sort'n ways, Mis' Darley, but that thar gal do behave *re*diculous. Down thar ter the Wilkins settlemint,—ye know it's 'bout two mile or two mile'n a half from hyar,—waal, all the gals walked down thar ter the party an hour by sun; but when the boys went down they tuk thar horses, ter give the gals a ride home behind 'em. Waal, every boy axed his gal ter ride while the party war goin' on, an' when 'twar all over they all set out fur ter come home. Waal, this hyar Mandy Tyler is a mighty favo*rite* 'mongst the

boys,—they ain't got no sense, ye know, Mis' Darley,—an' stiddier one of 'em axin' her ter ride home, thar war five of 'em axed her ter ride, ef ye'll believe me; an' what do ye think she done, Mis' Darley? She tole all five of 'em yes; an' when the party war over, she war the last ter go, an' when she started out'n the door, thar war all five of them boys a-standin' thar waitin' fur her, an' every one a-holdin' his horse by the bridle, an' none of 'em knowed who the others war a-waitin' fur. An' this hyar Mandy Tyler, when she got ter the door an' seen 'em all a-standin' thar, never said one word, jest walked right through 'mongst 'em, an' set out fur the mounting on foot, with all them five boys a-followin' an' a-leadin' thar horses, an' a-quarrelin' enough ter take off each other's heads 'bout which one war a-goin' ter ride with her; which none of 'em did, Mis' Darley, fur I hearn ez how the whole layout footed it all the way ter New Helveshy. An' thar would hev been a fight 'mongst 'em, 'ceptin' her brother, Jacob Tyler, went along with 'em, an' tried ter keep the peace atwixt 'em. An' Mis' Darley, all them married folks down thar at the party—them folks in the Wilkins settlemint is the biggest fools, sure—when all them married folks come out ter the door, an' see the way Mandy Tyler hed treated them boys, they jest hollered and laffed an' thought it war mighty smart an' funny in Mandy; but she never say a word till she kem up the mounting, an' I never hearn ez how she say anything then. An' now the boys all say none of 'em is a-goin' ter ax her ter dance, ter pay her back fur them fool airs of hern. But Kossute say he'll dance with her ef none the rest will. Kossute, he thought 'twar all mighty funny too,—he's sech a fool 'bout gals, Kossute is,—but Jule, she thought ez how 'twar scandalous."

Mrs. Darley listened in amused surprise: that these mountain wilds could sustain a first-class coquette was an idea that had not hitherto entered her mind; however, "that thar Mandy" seemed, in Mrs. Johns's opinion at least, to merit the unenviable distinction, and the party at the Wilkins settlement and the prospective gayety of Harrison's Cove awakened the same sentiments in her heart and mind as do the more ambitious germans and kettle-drums of the lowland cities in the heart and mind of Mrs. Grundy. Human nature is the same everywhere, and the Wilkins settlement is a microcosm. The metropolitan centres, stripped of the civilization of wealth, fashion, and culture, would

present only the bare skeleton of humanity outlined in Mrs. Johns's talk of Harrison's Cove, the Wilkins settlement, the enmities and scandals and sorrows and misfortunes of the mountain ridge. As the absurd resemblance developed, Mrs. Darley could not forbear a smile. Mrs. Johns looked up with a momentary expression of surprise; the story presented no humorous phase to her perceptions, but she too smiled a little as she repeated, "Scandalous, ain't it?" and proceeded in the same lack-lustre tone as before.

"Yes,—Kossute say ez how he'll dance with her ef none the rest will, fur Kossute say ez how he hev laid off ter dance, Mis' Darley; an' when I ax him what he thinks will become of his soul ef he dances, he say the Devil may crack away at it, an' ef he kin hit it he's welcome; fur soul or no soul he's a-goin' ter dance. Kossute is a-fixin' of hisself this very minute ter go; but I am verily afeard the boy'll be slaughtered, Mis' Darley, 'kase thar is goin' ter be a fight, an' ye never in all yer life hearn sech sass ez Kossute and Rick Pearson done sent word ter each other."

Mr. Kenyon expressed some surprise that she should fear for so young a fellow as Kossuth. "Surely," he said, "the man is not brute enough to injure a mere boy: your son is a mere boy."

"That's so," Mrs. Johns drawled. "Kossute ain't more'n twenty year old, an' Rick Pearson is double that ef he is a day; but ye see it's the firearms ez makes Kossute more'n a match fur him, 'kase Kossute is the best shot on the mounting, an' Rick knows that in a shootin' fight Kossute's better able ter take keer of hisself an' hurt somebody else nor anybody. Kossute's more likely ter hurt Rick nor Rick is ter hurt him in a shootin' fight; but ef Rick didn't hurt him, an' he war ter shoot Rick, the gang would tear him ter pieces in a minute; and 'mongst 'em I'm actially afeard they'll slaughter the boy."

Mr. Kenyon looked even graver than was his wont upon receiving this information, but said no more; and after giving Mrs. Johns the febrifuge she wished for her husband, he returned to his seat on the piazza.

Mrs. Darley watched him with some little indignation as he proceeded to light a fresh cigar. "How cold and unsympathetic Uncle Ambrose is," she said to herself. And after condoling effusively with Mrs. Johns on her apprehensions for her son's safety, she returned to the gossips in the hotel parlor; and Mrs.

Johns, with her pink calico sun-bonnet on her head, went her way in the brilliant summer moonlight.

The clear lustre shone white upon all the dark woods and chasms and flashing waters that lay between the New Helvetia Springs and the wide, deep ravine called Harrison's Cove; where from a rude log hut the vibrations of a violin, and the quick throb of dancing feet, already mingled with the impetuous rush of a mountain stream close by, and the weird night sounds of the hills,—the cry of birds among the tall trees, the stir of the wind, the monotonous chanting of frogs at the water-side, the long, drowsy drone of the nocturnal insects, the sudden faint blast of a distant hunter's horn, and the far baying of hounds.

Mr. Harrison had four marriageable daughters, and had arrived at the conclusion that something must be done for the girls; for strange as it may seem, the prudent father exists even among the "mounting folks." Men there realize the importance of providing suitable homes for their daughters as men do elsewhere, and the eligible youth is as highly esteemed in those wilds as is the much scarcer animal at a fashionable watering-place. Thus it was that Mr. Harrison had "determinated on a dancin' party." True, he stood in bodily fear of the Judgment Day and the circuit-rider: but the dancing party was a rarity eminently calculated to please the young hunters of the settlements round about; so he swallowed his qualms, to be indulged at a more convenient season, and threw himself into the vortex of preparation with an ardor very gratifying to the four young ladies, who had become imbued with sophistication at Cheatham's Cross-Roads.

Not so Mrs. Harrison: she almost expected the house to fall and crush them, as a judgment on the wickedness of a dancing party; for so heinous a sin, in the estimation of the greater part of the mountain people, had not been committed among them for many a day. Such trifles as killing a man in a quarrel, or on suspicion of stealing a horse or wash-tub or anything that came handy, of course do not count; but a dancing party! Mrs. Harrison could only fold her idle hands, and dread the heavy penalty that must surely follow so terrible a crime.

It certainly had not the gay and lightsome aspect supposed to be characteristic of such a scene of sin: the awkward young mountaineers clogged heavily about in their uncouth clothes and rough shoes, with the stolid-looking, lack-lustre maids of the hill, to the violin's monotonous iteration of 'The Chicken in the

Bread-Trough,' or 'The Rabbit in the Pea-Patch,'—all their grave faces as grave as ever. The music now and then changed suddenly to one of those wild, melancholy strains sometimes heard in old-fashioned dancing tunes, and the strange pathetic cadences seemed more attuned to the rhythmical dash of the waters rushing over their stone barricades out in the moonlight yonder, or to the plaintive sighs of the winds among the great dark arches of the primeval forests, than to the movement of the heavy, coarse feet dancing a solemn measure in the little log cabin in Harrison's Cove. The elders, sitting in rush-bottomed chairs close to the walls, and looking on at the merriment, well pleased despite their religious doubts, were somewhat more lively; every now and then a guffaw mingled with the violin's resonant strains and the dancers' well-marked pace; the women talked to each other with somewhat more animation than was their wont, under the stress of the unusual excitement of a dancing party; and from out the shed-room adjoining came an anticipative odor of more substantial sin than the fiddle or the grave jiggling up and down the rough floor. A little more cider too, and a very bad article of illegally distilled whisky, were ever and anon circulated among the pious abstainers from the dance; but the sinful votaries of Terpsichore could brook no pause nor delay, and jogged up and down quite intoxicated with the mirthfulness of the plaintive old airs, and the pleasure of other motion than following the plow or hoeing the corn.

And the moon smiled right royally on her dominion: on the long dark ranges of mountains, and mist-filled valleys between; on the woods and streams, and on all the half-dormant creatures either amongst the shadow-flecked foliage or under the crystal waters; on the long white sandy road winding in and out through the forest; on the frowning crags of the wild ravine; on the little bridge at the entrance of the gorge, across which a party of eight men, heavily armed and gallantly mounted, rode swiftly and disappeared amid the gloom of the shadows.

The sound of the galloping of horses broke suddenly on the music and the noise of the dancing; a moment's interval, and the door gently opened, and the gigantic form of Rick Pearson appeared in the aperture. He was dressed, like the other mountaineers, in a coarse suit of brown jeans somewhat the worse for wear, the trousers stuffed in the legs of his heavy boots; he wore an old soft felt hat, which he did not remove immediately

on entering, and a pair of formidable pistols at his belt conspicuously challenged attention. He had auburn hair, and a long full beard of a lighter tint reaching almost to his waist; his complexion was much tanned by the sun, and roughened by exposure to the inclement mountain weather; his eyes were brown, deep-set, and from under his heavy brows they looked out with quick, sharp glances, and occasionally with a roguish twinkle; the expression of his countenance was rather good-humored: a sort of imperious good-humor, however,—the expression of a man accustomed to have his own way and not to be trifled with, but able to afford some amiability since his power is undisputed.

He stepped slowly into the apartment, placed his gun against the wall, turned, and solemnly gazed at the dancing, while his followers trooped in and obeyed his example. As the eight guns, one by one, rattled against the wall, there was a startled silence among the pious elders of the assemblage, and a sudden disappearance of the animation that had characterized their intercourse during the evening. Mrs. Harrison, who by reason of flurry, and a housewifely pride in the still unrevealed treasures of the shed-room, had well-nigh forgotten her fears, felt that the anticipated judgment had even now descended; and in what terrible and unexpected guise! The men turned the quids of tobacco in their cheeks, and looked at each other in uncertainty: but the dancers bestowed not a glance upon the new-comers; and the musician in the corner, with his eyes half closed, his head bent low upon the instrument, his hard, horny hand moving the bow back and forth over the strings of the crazy old fiddle, was utterly rapt by his own melody. At the supreme moment when the great red beard had appeared portentously in the doorway, and fear had frozen the heart of Mrs. Harrison within her at the ill-omened apparition, the host was in the shed-room, filling a broken-nosed pitcher from the cider barrel. When he reentered, and caught sight of the grave sunburned face with its long red beard and sharp brown eyes, he too was dismayed for an instant, and stood silent at the opposite door with the pitcher in his hand. The pleasure and the possible profit of the dancing party, for which he had expended so much of his scanty store of this world's goods and risked the eternal treasures laid up in heaven, were a mere phantasm; for with Rick Pearson among them, in an ill frame of mind and at odds with half the men in the room, there would certainly be a fight, and in all probability

one would be killed, and the dancing party at Harrison's Cove would be a text for the bloody-minded sermons of the circuit-rider for all time to come. However, the father of four marriageable daughters is apt to become crafty and worldly-wise: only for a moment did he stand in indecision; then catching suddenly the small brown eyes, he held up the pitcher with a grin of invitation. "Rick!" he called out above the scraping of the violin and the clatter of the dancing feet, "slip round hyar ef ye kin,—I've got somethin' for ye;" and he shook the pitcher significantly.

Not that Mr. Harrison would for a moment have thought of Rick Pearson in a matrimonial point of view, for even the sophistication of the Cross-Roads had not yet brought him to the state of mind to consider such a half-loaf as this better than no bread; but he felt it imperative from every point of view to keep that set of young mountaineers dancing in peace and quiet, and their guns idle and out of mischief against the wall. The great red beard disappeared and reappeared at intervals, as Rick Pearson slipped along the gun-lined wall to join his host and the cider pitcher; and after he had disposed of the refreshment, in which the gang shared, he relapsed into silently watching the dancing, and meditating a participation in that festivity.

Now it so happened that the only young girl unprovided with a partner was "that thar Mandy Tyler," of Wilkins settlement renown: the young men had rigidly adhered to their resolution to ignore her in their invitations to dance, and she had been sitting since the beginning of the festivities, quite neglected, among the married people, looking on at the amusement which she had been debarred sharing by that unpopular bit of coquetry at Wilkins settlement. Nothing of disappointment or mortification was expressed in her countenance. She felt the slight, of course,—even a "mounting" woman is susceptible of the sting of wounded pride; all her long-anticipated enjoyment had come to naught by this infliction of penance for her ill-timed jest at the expense of those five young fellows dancing with their triumphant partners, and bestowing upon her not even a glance: but she looked the express image of immobility as she sat in her clean pink calico, so carefully gotten up for the occasion, her short black hair curling about her ears, and watched the unending reel with slow dark eyes. Rick's glance fell upon her, and without further hesitation he strode over to where she was sitting, and proffered

his hand for the dance. She did not reply immediately, but looked timidly about her at the shocked pious ones on either side, who were ready but for mortal fear to aver that "dancin' anyhow air bad enough, the Lord knows, but dancin' with a horse thief air jest scandalous!" Then—for there is something of defiance to established law and prejudice in the born flirt everywhere—with a sudden daring spirit shining in her brightening eyes, she responded, "Don't keer ef I do," with a dimpling half-laugh; and the next minute the two outlaws were flying down the middle together.

While Rick was according grave attention to the intricacies of the mazy dance, and keeping punctilious time to the scraping of the old fiddle—finding it all a much more difficult feat than galloping from the Cross-Roads to the "Snake's Mouth" on some other man's horse with the sheriff hard at his heels,—the solitary figure of a tall gaunt man had followed the long winding path leading deep into the woods, and now began the steep descent to Harrison's Cove. Of what was old Mr. Kenyon thinking, as he walked on in the mingled shadow and sheen? Of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks, probably, and what they found in Britain. The young men of his acquaintance would gladly have laid you any odds that he could think of nothing but his antique hobby, the ancient Church. Mr. Kenyon was the most prominent man in St. Martin's Church in the city of B——, not excepting the rector. He was a lay-reader, and officiated upon occasions of "clerical sore-throat," as the profane denominate the ministerial summer exodus from heated cities. This summer, however, Mr. Kenyon's own health had succumbed, and he was having a little "sore-throat" in the mountains on his own account. Very devout was Mr. Kenyon. Many people wondered that he had never taken orders. Many people warmly congratulated themselves that he never had; for drier sermons than those he selected were surely never heard, and a shuddering imagination shrinks appalled from the problematic metal drought of his ideal original discourse. But he was an integrant part of St. Martin's; much of his piety, materialized into contributions, was built up in its walls, and shone before men in the costliness of its decorations. Indeed, the ancient name had been conferred upon the building as a sort of tribute to Mr. Kenyon's well-known enthusiasm concerning apostolic succession and kindred doctrines.

Dull and dismal was Mr. Kenyon, and therefore it may be considered a little strange that he should be a notable favorite with men. They were of many different types, but with one invariable bond of union: they had all at one time served as soldiers; for the war, now ten years passed by, its bitterness almost forgotten, had left some traces that time can never obliterate. What a friend was the droning old churchman in those days of battle and bloodshed and suffering and death! Not a man sat within the walls of St. Martin's who had not received some signal benefit from the hand stretched forth to impress the claims of certain ante-Augustine British clergy to consideration and credibility; not a man who did not remember stricken fields where a good Samaritan went about under shot and shell, succoring the wounded and comforting the dying; not a man who did not applaud the indomitable spirit and courage that cut his way from surrender and safety, through solid barriers of enemies, to deliver the orders on which the fate of an army depended; not a man whose memory did not harbor fatiguing recollections of long, dull sermons read for the souls' health of the soldiery. And through it all — by the camp-fires at night, on the long white country roads in the sunshiny mornings; in the mountains and the morasses; in hilarious advance and in cheerless retreat; in the heats of summer and by the side of frozen rivers — the ancient British clergy went through it all. And whether the old churchman's premises and reasoning were false, whether his tracings of the succession were faulty, whether he dropped a link here or took in one there, he had caught the spirit of those stanch old martyrs, if not their falling churchly mantle.

The mountaineers about the New Helvetia Springs supposed that Mr. Kenyon was a regularly ordained preacher, and that the sermons which they had heard him read were, to use the vernacular, out of his own head. For many of them were accustomed on Sunday mornings to occupy humble back benches in the ball-room, where on week-day evenings the butterflies sojourning at New Helvetia danced, and on the Sabbath metaphorically beat their breasts, and literally avowed that they were "miserable sinners," following Mr. Kenyon's lugubrious lead.

The conclusion of the mountaineers was not unnatural, therefore; and when the door of Mr. Harrison's house opened and another uninvited guest entered, the music suddenly ceased. The

half-closed eyes of the fiddler had fallen upon Mr. Kenyon at the threshold; and supposing him a clergyman, he immediately imagined that the man of God had come all the way from New Helvetia Springs to stop the dancing and snatch the revelers from the jaws of hell. The rapturous bow paused shuddering on the string, the dancing feet were palsied, the pious about the walls were racking their slow brains to excuse their apparent conniving at sin and bargaining with Satan; and Mr. Harrison felt that this was indeed an unlucky party, and it would undoubtedly be dispersed by the direct interposition of Providence before the shed-room was opened and the supper eaten. As to his soul — poor man! these constantly recurring social anxieties were making him callous to immortality: this life was about to prove too much for him, for the fortitude and tact even of a father of four marriageable young ladies has a limit. Mr. Kenyon too seemed dumb as he hesitated in the doorway; but when the host, partially recovering himself, came forward and offered a chair, he said with one of his dismal smiles, that he hoped Mr. Harrison had no objection to his coming in and looking at the dancing for a while. "Don't let me interrupt the young people, I beg," he added as he seated himself.

The astounded silence was unbroken for a few moments. To be sure he was not a circuit-rider, but even the sophistication of Cheatham's Cross-Roads had never heard of a preacher who did not object to dancing. Mr. Harrison could not believe his ears, and asked for a more explicit expression of opinion.

"Ye say ye don't keer ef the boys an' gals dance?" he inquired. "Ye don't think it's sinful?"

And after Mr. Kenyon's reply, in which the astonished "mounting folks" caught only the surprising statement that dancing if properly conducted was an innocent, cheerful, and healthful amusement, supplemented by something about dancing in the fear of the Lord, and that in all charity he was disposed to consider objections to such harmless recreations a tithing of mint and anise and cummin, whereby might ensue a neglect of weightier matters of the law; that clean hands and clean hearts, — hands clean of blood and ill-gotten goods, and hearts free from falsehood and cruel intention, — these were the things well pleasing to God: after his somewhat prolix reply, the gayety recommenced. The fiddle quavered tremulously at first, but soon resounded with its former vigorous tones, and the joy of

the dance was again exemplified in the grave joggling back and forth.

Meanwhile Mr. Harrison sat beside this strange new guest, and asked him questions concerning his church; being instantly, it is needless to say, informed of its great antiquity, of the journeying of St. Augustine and his Forty Monks to Britain, of the church they found already planted there, of its retreat to the hills of Wales under its oppressors' tyranny; of many cognate themes, side issues of the main branch of the subject, into which the talk naturally drifted,—the like of which Mr. Harrison had never heard in all his days. And as he watched the figures dancing to the violin's strains, and beheld as in a mental vision the solemn gyrations of those renowned Forty Monks to the monotone of old Mr. Kenyon's voice, he abstractedly hoped that the double dance would continue without interference till a peaceable dawn.

His hopes were vain. It so chanced that Kossuth Johns, who had by no means relinquished all idea of dancing at Harrison's Cove and defying Rick Pearson, had hitherto been detained by his mother's persistent entreaties, some necessary attentions to his father, and the many trials which beset a man dressing for a party who has very few clothes, and those very old and worn. Jule, his sister-in-law, had been most kind and complaisant, putting on a button here, sewing up a slit there, darning a refractory elbow, and lending him the one bright ribbon she possessed as a neck-tie. But all these things take time; and the moon did not light Kossuth down the gorge until she was shining almost vertically from the sky, and the Harrison's Cove people and the Forty Monks were dancing together in high feather. The ecclesiastic dance halted suddenly, and a watchful light gleamed in old Mr. Kenyon's eyes, as he became silent, and the boy stepped into the room. The moonlight and the lamplight fell mingled on the calm, inexpressive features and tall, slender form of the young mountaineer. "Hy're, Kossute!" a cheerful greeting from many voices met him. The next moment the music ceased once again, and the dancing came to a standstill; for as the name fell on Pearson's ear he turned, glanced sharply toward the door, and drawing one of his pistols from his belt, advanced to the middle of the room. The men fell back; so did the frightened women,—without screaming, however, for that indication of feminine sensibility had not yet penetrated to Cheatham's Cross-Roads, to say nothing of the mountains.

"I told ye that ye warn't ter come hyar," said Rick Pearson imperiously; "and ye've got ter go home ter yer mammy, right off, or ye'll never git thar no more, youngster."

"I've come hyar ter put *you* out, ye cussed red-headed horse thief!" retorted Kossuth angrily: "ye hed better tell me whar that thar bay filly is, or light out, one."

It is not the habit in the mountains to parley long on these occasions. Kossuth had raised his gun to his shoulder as Rick, with his pistol cocked, advanced a step nearer. The outlaw's weapon was struck upward by a quick, strong hand; the little log cabin was filled with flash, roar, and smoke; and the stars looked in through a hole in the roof from which Rick's bullet had sent the shingles flying. He turned in mortal terror and caught the hand that had struck his pistol; in mortal terror, for Kossuth was the crack shot of the mountains, and he felt he was a dead man. The room was somewhat obscured by smoke; but as he turned upon the man who had disarmed him,—for the force of the blow had thrown the pistol to the floor,—he saw that the other hand was over the muzzle of young Johns's gun, and Kossuth was swearing loudly that by the Lord Almighty if he didn't take it off he would shoot it off.

"My young friend," Mr. Kenyon began, with the calmness appropriate to a devout member of the one catholic and apostolic church; but then, the old Adam suddenly getting the upper hand, he shouted out in irate tones, "If you don't stop that noise I'll break your head!—Well, Mr. Pearson," he continued, as he stood between the combatants, one hand still over the muzzle of young Johns's gun, the other, lean and sinewy, holding Pearson's powerful right arm with a vise-like grip,—"Well, Mr. Pearson, you are not so good a soldier as you used to be: you didn't fight boys in the old times."

Rick Pearson's enraged expression suddenly gave way to a surprised recognition. "Ye may drag me through hell an' beat me with a soot-bag ef hyar ain't the old fightin' preacher agin!" he cried.

"I have only one thing to say to you," said Mr. Kenyon. "You must go: I will not have you here shooting boys and breaking up a party."

Rick demurred. "See hyar, now," he said, "ye've got no business meddlin'."

"You must go," Mr. Kenyon reiterated.

"Preachin's yer business," Rick continued: "'pears like ye don't 'tend to it, though."

"You must go."

"S'pose I say I won't," said Rick good-humoredly: "I s'pose ye'd say ye'd make me."

"You must go," repeated Mr. Kenyon. "I am going to take the boy home with me, but I intend to see you off first."

Mr. Kenyon had prevented the hot-headed Kossuth from firing by keeping his hand persistently over the muzzle of the gun; and young Johns had feared to try to wrench it away lest it should discharge in the effort. Had it done so, Mr. Kenyon would have been in sweet converse with the Forty Monks in about a minute and a quarter. Kossuth had finally let go the gun, and made frantic efforts to borrow a weapon from some of his friends, but the stern authoritative mandate of the belligerent peace-maker had prevented them from gratifying him; and he now stood empty-handed beside Mr. Kenyon, who had shouldered the old rifle in an absent-minded manner, although still retaining his powerful grasp on the arm of the outlaw.

"Waal, parson," said Rick at length, "I'll go, jest ter pleasure you-uns. Ye see, I ain't forgot Shiloh."

"I am not talking about Shiloh now," said the old man. "You must get off at once — all of you," indicating the gang, who had been so whelmed in astonishment that they had not lifted a finger to aid their chief.

"Ye say ye'll take that — that — " Rick looked hard at Kossuth while he racked his brains for an injurious epithet — "that sassy child home ter his mammy?"

"Come, I am tired of this talk," said Mr. Kenyon: "you must go."

Rick walked heavily to the door and out into the moonlight. "Them was good old times," he said to Mr. Kenyon, with a regretful cadence in his peculiar drawl; "good old times, them War days. I wish they was back agin, — I wish they was back agin. I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, though, and I ain't a-goin' ter. But I'll tell ye one thing, parson," he added, his mind reverting from ten years ago to the scene just past, as he unhitched his horse and carefully examined the saddle-girth and stirrups, "ye're a mighty queer preacher, ye air, a-sittin' up an' lookin' at sinners dance, an' then gittin' in a fight that don't consarn ye — ye're a mighty queer preacher! Ye ought ter be in my gang,

that's whar *ye* ought ter be," he exclaimed with a guffaw, as he put his foot in the stirrup; "ye've got a damned deal too much grit fur a preacher. But I ain't forgot Shiloh yit, an' I don't mean ter, nuther."

A shout of laughter from the gang, an oath or two, the quick tread of horses' hoofs pressing into a gallop, and the outlaw's troop were speeding along the narrow paths that led deep into the vistas of the moonlit summer woods.

As the old churchman, with the boy at his side and the gun still on his shoulder, ascended the rocky, precipitous slope on the opposite side of the ravine above the foaming waters of the wild mountain stream, he said but little of admonition to his companion: with the disappearance of the flame and smoke and the dangerous ruffian, his martial spirit had cooled; the last words of the outlaw, the highest praise Rick Pearson could accord to the highest qualities Rick Pearson could imagine,—he had grit enough to belong to the gang,—had smitten a tender conscience. He, at his age, using none of the means rightfully at his command,—the gentle suasion of religion,—must needs rush between armed men, wrench their weapons from their hands, threatening with such violence that an outlaw and desperado, recognizing a parallel of his own belligerent and lawless spirit, should say that he ought to belong to the gang! And the heaviest scourge of the sin-laden conscience was the perception that so far as the unsubdued old Adam went, he ought indeed.

He was not so tortured, though, that he did not think of others. He paused on reaching the summit of the ascent, and looked back at the little house nestling in the ravine, the lamplight streaming through its open doors and windows across the path among the laurel bushes, where Rick's gang had hitched their horses.

"I wonder," said the old man, "if they are quiet and peaceable again: can you hear the music and dancing?"

"Not now," said Kossuth. Then, after a moment, "Now I kin," he added, as the wind brought to their ears the oft-told tale of the rabbit's gallopade in the pea-patch. "They're a-dancin' now, and all right agin."

As they walked along, Mr. Kenyon's racked conscience might have been in a slight degree comforted had he known that he was in some sort a revelation to the impressible lad at his side; that Kossuth had begun dimly to comprehend that a Christian

may be a man of spirit also, and that bravado does not constitute bravery. Now that the heat of anger was over, the young fellow was glad that the fearless interposition of the warlike peace-maker had prevented any killing, "'kase ef the old man hedn't hung on ter my gun like he done, I'd have been a murderer like he said, an' Rick would hev been dead. An' the bay filly ain't sech a killin' matter nohow: ef it war the roan three-year-old now, 'twould be different."

HENRI MURGER

(1822–1861)

TAKING into account a strange and persistent conception which has been afloat for many generations, the genius of artistic passion might well be represented as a haloed vagabond, with immortal longings in his eyes, and out at the elbows.

In his 'Bohemians of the Latin Quarter,' Henri Murger, seizing upon this conception, has prefaced his story of the gay, sad, wild, half-starved, half-surfeited life led by four followers of art in Paris, with a history of the world's Bohemians. He christens the picturesque clan by this name, now in general use; but he does not attempt to explain why the pursuit of art in painting or literature has been so often identified, in the past at least, with worthlessness as a citizen. He merely calls the long roll of those who have lived by poetry rather than bread. He does not hesitate to include the wanderer Homer, nor Shakespeare, nor Molière, in this fellowship. The inspired rascal Villon he claims as his soul's own brother; Gringoire,—"friend to vagrants and foe to fasting,"—Marot, Rousseau, Chatterton, are of his kin. For Murger himself was a prince of Bohemians. Born in Paris in 1822, his father, a tailor, arranged that he should study law; but Murger chose literature and starvation. His 'Bohemians,' which was published in 1848, and which made his fame, is the record of his own life and of the lives of some boon friends in the Latin Quarter. It is the story of those spirits in the untamed twenties, who like Omar desire only—

HENRI MURGER

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness."

What does it matter that the wilderness is that of the Paris roofs, and the bread at least wanting, perhaps, and the beloved a little working-girl in chintz, happy with a few sous' worth of violets or an

afternoon at Versailles? The Bohemians of Paris are linked by the chains of vagabondage, and of possible genius, to all those in every age and clime who have found stimulus for their powers in love and wine and song; and who in serving this trinity have forgotten the obligation to earn more than they spend.

Murger himself did not long survive his translation, from that quarter of Paris where he lived in the fifth story of a cheap lodging-house because there was no sixth, to the realm of respectability. He was, however, still enough of a Bohemian to prefer a cottage in the Forest of Fontainebleau to the smug quarters of Paris, whose inhabitants know nothing of the excitement of chasing "that wild beast called a five-franc piece." Murger died in 1861; and there were those who questioned, in reviewing his life, whether he had been really at heart a Bohemian. His book, at least, shows the subtlest penetration into that irregular form of human nature known as the artistic temperament. The reader regrets that the possessor of such insight — a man who could discern a brother Bohemian across many centuries and under the strangest disguises of mediæval rags — should not have explained why the world instinctively feels that the poet or the artist is not likely to be normal in his habits of living. Had he attempted to answer this question, he might have said that the man who sees visions and dreams dreams, knows the true value of bread and meat and gold pieces better than the Philistine; and can therefore accept their services irregularly, and with the nonchalance of the inspired. The world, before whom the bread and meat and gold pieces loom large as fate itself, translates this nonchalance into shiftless ignorance of the duties and obligations of life. As poets and artists are as a rule visionaries, this reputation is therefore fastened upon them.

The world is not without its justification. Even Murger himself says, "Bohemia is a stage in the artistic life: it is the preface to the Academy, the Hôtel Dieu — or the Morgue."

A BOHEMIAN EVENING PARTY

From 'The Humor of France,' in 'International Humor Series'

TOWARDS the end of December the messengers of Bidault's agency were commissioned to distribute about a hundred copies of an invitation, of which the following is a faithful reproduction:—

M.——

MM. Rodolphe and Marcel request the honor of your company on Saturday evening next, Christmas Eve.

There will be fine fun.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENTERTAINMENT

At 7 P. M., opening of the reception rooms; lively and animated conversation.

At 8 P. M., entrance and walk through the rooms of the talented authors of the 'Mountain in Labor,' comedy refused at the Odéon Théâtre.

At 8:30 P. M., M. Alexandre Schaunard, the celebrated *virtuoso*, will perform on the piano 'The Influence of Blue in the Arts,' descriptive symphony.

At 9 P. M., first reading of the paper on 'The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy.'

At 9:30 P. M., M. Gustave Colline, hyperphysical philosopher, and Monsieur Schaunard, will hold a debate comparing dephilosophy and metapolitics. In order to avoid any collision between the antagonists, they will each be securely fastened.

At 10 P. M., M. Tristan, man of letters, will relate his early amours. M. Alexandre Schaunard will accompany him on the piano.

At 10:30 P. M., second reading of the paper on 'The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy.'

At 11 P. M., a foreign Prince will describe a Cassowary hunt.

PART II

AT MIDNIGHT, Monsieur Marcel, historical painter, blindfolded, will improvise in chalk the meeting of Napoleon and Voltaire in the Elysian Fields. Monsieur Rodolphe will improvise a comparison between the author of 'Zaïre' and the author of Austerlitz.

At 12:30 P. M., M. Gustave, in a decent undress, will imitate the athletic games of the fourth Olympiad.

At 1 A. M., third reading of the paper on 'The Abolition of the Penalty in Tragedy,' and collection for the tragic authors who will one day be out of work.

At 2 A. M., beginning of the games and organization of the dances, which will be continued until morning.

At 6 A. M., sunrise and final chorus.

During the whole of the entertainment the ventilators will play.

N. B.—Any person wishing to read or recite verses will be immediately turned out and delivered up to the police. You are requested not to take away the candle ends.

Let me tell you briefly the origin of the entertainment that so vastly dazzled the Bohemian world of Paris. For about a year, Marcel and Rodolphe had gone on announcing this magnificent entertainment to take place *always* next Saturday. But untoward circumstances had forced them to let the promise extend over fifty-two weeks. In consequence, they could scarcely move a step without having to endure the jeers of their friends, some of whom were actually unfeeling enough to formulate loud complaints. The affair began to get tiresome; and the two friends determined to put an end to it by liquidating the engagements they had made. And the invitation quoted above was the outcome of that decision.

"Now," said Rodolphe, "there's no possibility of retreat: we've burnt our ships, and we've just a week in which to find the hundred francs indispensable for doing the thing well."

"As they are so absolutely necessary," said Marcel, "of course they'll be forthcoming."

And with an insolent confidence in luck, the two friends went to sleep, convinced that the hundred francs were already on the road—the road of the impossible.

However, two days before the evening appointed for the party, as nothing had arrived, Rodolphe thought that if he did not wish to be disgraced when the time came for the guests to arrive, it would probably be safer to assist luck. In order to facilitate matters, the two friends, by degrees, modified the sumptuous programme on which they had at first determined. And from modification to modification, after greatly curtailing the item cakes, and carefully revising and diminishing that of drinks, the total expense was reduced to fifteen francs. The problem was thus simplified but not solved.

"Well," said Rodolphe, "we must take strong measures: we can't postpone it again this time."

"Impossible," said Marcel.

"How long is it since I heard the story of Studzianka?"

«Almost two months.»

«Two months? good! that's a respectable interval. My uncle shall have no cause for complaint. To-morrow I'll go and see him, and ask for the battle of Studzianka. That will mean five francs.»

«And,» said Marcel, «I'll sell old Medicis 'A Deserted Manor': that will be another five francs. If I've time to put in three towers and a mill, it will very likely be ten francs, and then we shall have just the sum required.»

The two friends went to sleep, and dreamed that the Princess Belgioso asked them to change their reception days, in order not to deprive her of her habitual guests.

Marcel got up very early, took a canvas, and diligently proceeded to construct 'A Deserted Castle,'—an article in great demand by a broker in the Place du Carrousel. Rodolphe went to call on his uncle Monetti, who excelled in narrating the retreat from Moscow. Rodolphe, when things went badly with him, procured his uncle the satisfaction of fighting his campaigns over again some five or six times a year, in consideration for a loan. If you showed a proper enthusiasm for his stories, the veteran stove-maker and chimney-doctor was not unwilling to make it.

About two o'clock, Marcel, with downcast look, carrying a canvas under his arm, met Rodolphe in the Place du Carrousel coming from his uncle's; his appearance also betokened ill news.

«Well,» asked Marcel, «what luck?»

«None. My uncle had gone to the Versailles Museum. And you?»

«That wretch of a Medicis doesn't want any more 'Ruined Castles.' He asked for a 'Bombardment of Tangiers.'»

«Our reputation's gone if we don't give the entertainment,» grumbled Rodolphe. «What will my friend the influential critic think, if I make him put on a white tie and light gloves for nothing?»

They returned to the studio, a prey to the liveliest anxiety. At that moment a neighbor's clock struck four.

«We've only three hours left,» said Rodolphe.

«Well,» exclaimed Marcel, going up to his friend, «are you perfectly sure there's no money to be found here?»

« Neither here nor elsewhere. Where could we have left any? »

« Let us search in the stuffing of the chairs. It is said that the *émigrés* hid their treasure in Robespierre's time. Our arm-chair may have belonged to an *émigré*. It's so hard that I've often thought it must be metal inside. Will you make an autopsy of it? »

« This is a mere farce, » replied Rodolphe in a tone at once severe and indulgent.

Suddenly Marcel, who had been prosecuting his search in every corner of the studio, gave a loud shout of triumph.

« We are saved! » he exclaimed: « I felt sure there was something of value here. Look! » and he held up for Rodolphe's inspection a coin the size of a crown, half smothered in rust and verdigris.

It was a Carlovingian coin of some artistic value.

« That's only worth thirty sous, » said Rodolphe, throwing a contemptuous glance at his friend's findings.

« Thirty sous well laid out will go a long way, » said Marcel. « I'll sell this Charlemagne crown to old Father Medicis. Isn't there anything else here I could sell? Yes, suppose I take the Russian drum-major's tibia. That will add to the collection. »

« Away with the tibia. But it's exceedingly annoying: there won't be a single object of art left. »

During Marcel's absence, Rodolphe, feeling certain that his party would come off somehow, went in search of his friend Colline, who lived quite near.

« I want you, » he said, « to do me a favor. As master of the house, I must wear a dress coat, and I haven't got one. Lend me yours. »

« But, » objected Colline, « as a guest I must wear my dress coat myself. »

« I'll allow you to come in a frock coat. »

« You know I've never had a frock coat. »

« Well, then, the matter can be arranged like this: You needn't come to the party, and you can lend me your dress coat. »

« But that'll never do. I'm on the programme. I can't stay away. »

« There'll be plenty of other things lacking, » said Rodolphe. « Lend me the dress coat; and if you want to come, come as you are, in your shirt-sleeves. »

"Oh, no," said Colline, getting red. "I'll put on my great-coat. But it's all exceedingly annoying." And perceiving that Rodolphe had already laid hold of the dress coat, he exclaimed:

"Stay — there are one or two little things in the pockets."

Colline's coat deserves mention. First, it was blue, and it was purely from habit that Colline talked about his black coat; and as he was the only member of the band who possessed such a garment, his friends were likewise accustomed to say when speaking of the philosopher, Colline's black coat. Further, that celebrated article of apparel had a particular shape of its own, the most eccentric that can be imagined. The abnormally long tails fastened to a very short waist possessed two pockets, veritable abysses, in which Colline was accustomed to put about thirty books he everlastingly carried about him. Thus it was said that when the libraries were closed, scholars and literary men looked up their references in the tails of Colline's coat, a library always open to readers. . . .

When Rodolphe returned he found Marcel playing quoits with five-franc pieces, to the number of three.

He had sold the coin for fifteen francs.

The two friends immediately began their preparations. They put the studio tidy, and lighted a fire in the stove. A canvas frame, ornamented with candles, was suspended from the ceiling, and did duty as a chandelier. A desk was placed in the middle of the studio, to serve as a tribune for the speakers. In front they put the one arm-chair, which was to be occupied by the influential critic; and laid out on a table the books, novels, *feuilletons* of the authors who were to honor the entertainment with their presence. To avoid any collision between the different parties of men of letters, they divided the studio into four compartments; at the entrance were four hastily manufactured placards inscribed —

POETS	ROMANTIC
PROSE-WRITERS	CLASSICAL

The ladies were to occupy a space reserved in the middle.

"Oh!" said Rodolphe, "there are no chairs."

"There are plenty on the landing," replied Marcel. "Suppose we take those."

"Of course," said Rodolphe, and proceeded calmly to take possession of his neighbors' property.

Six o'clock struck. The two friends went out for a hasty dinner, and on their return proceeded to light up the rooms. They could not help feeling dazzled themselves. At seven o'clock Schaunard arrived, accompanied by three ladies, who had forgotten their diamonds and their bonnets. Numerous steps were heard on the staircase. The guests were arriving, and they seemed surprised to find a fire in the stove.

Rodolphe's dress-coat went to meet the ladies, and kissed their hands with a grace worthy of the Regency. When there were about twenty persons present, Schaunard asked if they couldn't have something to drink.

"Presently," said Marcel: "we are waiting for the influential critic before we begin on the punch."

By eight o'clock all the guests had come, and they began the programme. Between each number came a round of some sort of drink; but what it exactly was, has never transpired.

About ten o'clock the white waistcoat of the influential critic appeared. He only stayed an hour, and was very sparing of praise. At midnight, as it was very cold and there was no more fuel, the guests who were seated drew lots for throwing their chairs into the fire.

At one o'clock everybody was standing.

The greatest merriment held sway among the guests, and the memorable evening was the talk of the neighborhood for a week.

THE WHITE VIOLETS

From 'The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter'

ABOUT this time Rodolphe was very much in love with his cousin Angela, who couldn't bear him; and the thermometer was twelve degrees below freezing-point.

Mademoiselle Angela was the daughter of Monsieur Monetti, the chimney-doctor, of whom we have already had occasion to speak. She was eighteen years old, and had just come from Burgundy, where she had lived five years with a relative who was to leave her all her property. This relative was an old lady who had never been young, apparently,—certainly never handsome,—but had always been very ill-natured, although—or perhaps because—very superstitious. Angela, who at her departure was a charming child, and promised to be a charming girl,

came back at the end of the five years a pretty enough young lady, but cold, dry, and uninteresting. Her secluded provincial life, and the narrow and bigoted education she had received, had filled her mind with vulgar prejudices, shrunk her imagination, and converted her heart into a sort of organ limited to fulfilling its function of physical balance-wheel. You might say that she had holy water in her veins instead of blood. She received her cousin with an icy reserve; and he lost his time whenever he attempted to touch the chord of her recollections — recollections of the time when they had sketched out that flirtation, in the Paul-and-Virginia style, which is traditional between cousins of different sexes. Still Rodolphe was very much in love with his cousin Angela, who couldn't bear him; and learning one day that the young lady was going shortly to the wedding-ball of one of her friends, he made bold to promise Angela a bouquet of violets for the ball. And after asking permission of her father, Angela accepted her cousin's gallant offer — always on condition that the violets should be white.

Overjoyed at his cousin's amiability, Rodolphe danced and sang his way back to Mount St. Bernard, as he called his lodging — *why*, will be seen presently. As he passed by a florist's in crossing the Palais Royal, he saw some white violets in the show-case, and was curious enough to ask their price. A presentable bouquet could not be had for less than ten francs; there were some that cost more.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Rodolphe; "ten francs! and only eight days to find this fortune! It will be a hard pull, but never mind; my cousin shall have her flowers."

This happened in the time of Rodolphe's literary genesis, as the transcendentalists would say. His only income at that period was an allowance of fifteen francs a month, made him by a friend, who after living a long while in Paris as a poet, had by the help of influential acquaintances gained the mastership of a provincial school. Rodolphe, who was the child of prodigality, always spent his allowance in four days; and not choosing to abandon his holy but not very profitable profession of elegiac poet, lived for the rest of the month on the rare droppings from the basket of Providence. This long Lent had no terrors for him; he passed through it gayly, thanks to his stoical temperament, and to the imaginary treasures which he expended every day while waiting for the first of the month, — that Easter which

terminated his fast. He lived at this time at the very top of one of the loftiest houses in Paris. His room was shaped like a belvidere, and was a delicious habitation in summer; but from October to April a perfect little Kamtchatka. The four cardinal winds which penetrated by the four windows — there was one on each of the four sides — made fearful music in it throughout the cold seasons. Then, in irony as it were, there was a huge fireplace, the immense chimney of which seemed a gate of honor reserved for Boreas and his retinue. On the first attack of cold, Rodolphe had recourse to an original system of warming: he cut up successively what little furniture he had, and at the end of a week his stock was considerably abridged, — in fact, he had only a bed and two chairs left; it should be remarked that these three articles were insured against fire by their nature, being of iron. This manner of heating himself he called *moving up the chimney*.

It was January; and the thermometer, which indicated twelve degrees below freezing-point on the Spectacle Quay, would have stood two or three lower if moved to the belvidere, which Rodolphe called indifferently Mount St. Bernard, Spitzenberg, and Siberia. The night when he had promised his cousin the white violets, he was seized with a great rage on returning home: the four cardinal winds, in playing puss-in-the-corner round his chamber, had broken a pane of glass — the third time in a fortnight. After exploding in a volley of frantic imprecations upon Eolus and all his family, and plugging up the breach with a friend's portrait, Rodolphe lay down, dressed as he was, between his two mattresses, and dreamed of white violets all night.

At the end of five days, Rodolphe had found nothing to help him toward realizing his dream. He must have the bouquet the day after to-morrow. Meanwhile the thermometer fell still lower, and the luckless poet was ready to despair as he thought that the violets might have risen higher. Finally his good angel had pity on him, and came to his relief as follows: —

One morning, Rodolphe went to take his chance of getting a breakfast from his friend Marcel the painter, and found him conversing with a woman in mourning. It was a widow who had just lost her husband, and who wanted to know how much it would cost to paint on the tomb which she had erected, a man's hand, with this inscription beneath: —

«I WAIT FOR HER TO WHOM MY FAITH WAS PLIGHTED.»

To get the work at a cheaper rate, she observed to the artist that when she was called to rejoin her husband, he would have another hand to paint,—*her* hand, with a bracelet on the wrist, and the supplementary line beneath:—

«AT LENGTH, BEHOLD US THUS ONCE MORE UNITED»

«I shall put this clause in my will,» she said, «and require that the task be intrusted to you.»

«In that case, madame,» replied the artist, «I will do it at the price you offer—but only in the hope of *seeing your hand.* Don't go and forget me in your will.»

«I should like to have this as soon as possible,» said the disconsolate one: «nevertheless, take your time to do it well; and don't forget the scar on the thumb. I want a living hand.»

«Don't be afraid, madame, it shall be a speaking one,» said Marcel, as he bowed the widow out.

But hardly had she crossed the threshold when she returned, saying:—

«I have one thing more to ask you, sir: I should like to have inscribed on my husband's tomb something in verse which would tell of his good conduct and his last words. Is that good style?»

«Very good style—they call that an epitaph—the very best style.»

«You don't know any one who would do that for me cheap? There is my neighbor M. Guérin, the public writer; but he asks the clothes off my back.»

Here Rodolphe darted a look at Marcel, who understood him at once.

«Madame,» said the artist, pointing to Rodolphe, «a happy fortune has conducted hither the very person who can be of service to you in this mournful juncture. This gentleman is a renowned poet; you couldn't find a better.»

«I want something very melancholy,» said the widow; «and the spelling all right.»

«Madame,» replied Marcel, «my friend spells like a book. He had all the prizes at school.»

«Indeed!» said the widow: «my grandnephew has just had a prize too; he is only seven years old.»

«A very forward child, madame.»

«But are you sure that the gentleman can make very melancholy verses?»

«No one better, madame, for he has undergone much sorrow in his life. The papers always find fault with his verses for being too melancholy.»

«What!» cried the widow, «do they talk about him in the papers? He must know quite as much, then, as M. Guérin, the public writer.»

«And a great deal more. Apply to him, madame, and you will not repent of it.»

After having explained to Rodolphe the sort of inscription in verse which she wished to place on her husband's tomb, the widow agreed to give Rodolphe ten francs if it suited her — only she must have it very soon. The poet promised she should have it the very next day.

«Oh, good genius of an Artemisia!» cried Rodolphe, as the widow disappeared. «I promise you that you shall be suited — full allowance of melancholy lyrics, better got up than a duchess, orthography and all. Good old lady! May Heaven reward you with a life of a hundred and seven years — equal to that of good brandy!»

«I object,» said Marcel.

«That's true,» said Rodolphe: «I forgot that you have her hand to paint, and that so long a life would make you lose money;» and lifting his hands he gravely ejaculated, «Heaven, do not grant my prayer! Ah!» he continued, «I was in jolly good luck to come here.»

«By the way,» asked Marcel, «what did you want?»

«I recollect — and now especially that I have to pass the night in making these verses, I cannot do without what I came to ask you for: namely, first, some dinner; secondly, tobacco and candle; thirdly, your polar-bear costume.»

«To go to the masked ball?»

«No indeed; but as you see me here, I am as much frozen up as the grand army in the retreat from Russia. Certainly my green frock coat and Scotch plaid trousers are very pretty, but much too summery: they would do to live under the equator, but for one who lodges near the Pole, as I do, a white-bear skin is more suitable, — indeed, I may say necessary.»

«Take the fur!» said Marcel: «it's a good idea; warm as a dish of charcoal, — you will be like a roll in an oven in it.»

Rodolphe was already inside the animal skin.

«Now,» said he, «the thermometer is going to be sold a trifle.»

«Are you going out so?» said Marcel to his friend, after they had finished an ambiguous repast served in a penny dish.

«I just am,» replied Rodolphe: «do you think I care for public opinion? Besides, to-day is the beginning of carnival.»

He went half over Paris with all the gravity of the beast whose skin he occupied. Only on passing before a thermometer in an optician's window, he couldn't help taking a sight at it.

Having returned home, not without causing great terror to his porter, Rodolphe lit his candle, carefully surrounding it with an extempore shade of paper to guard it against the malice of the winds, and set to work at once. But he was not long in perceiving that if his body was almost entirely protected from the cold, his hands were not; a terrible numbness seized his fingers, which let the pen fall.

«The bravest man cannot struggle against the elements,» said the poet, falling back helpless in his chair. «Cæsar passed the Rubicon, but he could not have passed the Beresina.»

All at once he uttered a cry of joy from the depths of his bearskin breast, and jumped up so suddenly as to overturn some of his ink on its snowy fur. He had an idea!

Rodolphe drew from beneath his bed a considerable mass of papers, among which were a dozen huge manuscripts of his famous drama, 'The Avenger.' This drama, on which he had spent two years, had been made, unmade, and remade so often that all the copies together weighed fully fifteen pounds. He put the last version on one side, and dragged the others towards the fireplace.

«I was sure that with patience I should dispose of it somehow,» he exclaimed. «What a pretty fagot! If I could have foreseen what would happen, I could have written a prologue, and then I should have more fuel to-night. But one can't foresee everything.» He lit some leaves of the manuscript, in the flame of which he thawed his hands. In five minutes the first act of 'The Avenger' was over, and Rodolphe had written three verses of his epitaph.

It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the four winds when they felt fire in the chimney.

«It's an illusion,» quoth Boreas, as he amused himself by brushing back the hair of Rodolphe's bearskin.

«Let's blow down the pipe,» suggested another wind, «and make the chimney smoke.» But just as they were about to

plague the poor poet, the south wind perceived Monsieur Arago at a window of the Observatory threatening them with his finger; so they all made off, for fear of being put under arrest. Meanwhile the second act of 'The Avenger' was going off with immense success, and Rodolphe had written ten lines. But he only achieved two during the third act.

"I always thought that third act too short," said Rodolphe: "luckily the next one will take longer; there are twenty-three scenes in it, including the great one of the throne." As the last flourish of the throne-scene went up the chimney in fiery flakes, Rodolphe had only three couplets more to write. "Now for the last act. This is all monologue. It may last five minutes." The catastrophe flashed and smoldered, and Rodolphe in a magnificent transport of poetry had enshrined in lyric stanzas the last words of the illustrious deceased. "There is enough left for a second representation," said he, pushing the remainder of the manuscript under his bed.

At eight o'clock next evening, Mademoiselle Angela entered the ball-room; in her hand was a splendid nosegay of white violets, and among them two budding roses, white also. During the whole night, men and women were complimenting the young girl on her bouquet. Angela could not but feel a little grateful to her cousin, who had procured this little triumph for her vanity; and perhaps she would have thought more of him but for the gallant persecutions of one of the bride's relatives, who had danced several times with her. He was a fair-haired youth, with a magnificent mustache curled up at the ends, to hook innocent hearts. The bouquet had been pulled to pieces by everybody; only the two white roses were left. The young man asked Angela for them; she refused — only to forget them after the ball on a bench, whence the fair-haired youth hastened to take them.

At that moment it was fourteen degrees below freezing-point in Rodolphe's belvidere. He was leaning against his window looking out at the lights in the ball-room, where his cousin Angela, who didn't care for him, was dancing.

ALF. DE MUSSET.

ALFRED DE MUSSET

(1810–1857)

BY ALCÉE FORTIER

THE three greatest French poets of the nineteenth century are Lamartine, Hugo, and Musset. The first one touches us deeply by his harmonious and simple verses; the second impresses us with the force of his genius; and the third is sometimes light and gay, and sometimes intensely passionate and sad. Musset wrote several poems which cannot be surpassed by any in the French language. He was highly nervous and sensitive, and lacked Lamartine's spirit of patriotism and Hugo's well-balanced mind. He was unfortunate, and led a reckless life, committing excesses which nearly destroyed his genius, and rendered it sterile for the last ten years of his existence. It is, however, to his nervous temperament — to the fact that he felt so deeply the misfortunes of love — that we owe his finest works. In the beginning of his career — in 1828, when he was eighteen years old — we see him admitted at Hugo's house, and considered by the poets of the famous Cénacle, by the disciples of the Master, as their favorite child, as a Romantic poet of great promise. He published at that time in a newspaper at Dijon a poem, 'The Dream,' which was warmly received by his brother poets and protectors. In 1830 appeared his first volume, 'Tales of Spain and Italy,' which are rather immoral in tone, and somewhat ironical. The author followed still the precepts of the Romantic school; but one may see already that he is not a true disciple of Hugo, not an idolater like Gautier. His famous 'Ballad to the Moon' was intended as a huge joke, and is indeed wonderful in its eccentricity. Musset speaks with great irreverence of the celestial body which shone on Lamartine's immortal 'Lake.'

The 'Ballad to the Moon' created a great sensation; and to this day, Musset is better known to many people by his earliest poems than by his magnificent 'Nights.' It is true that his 'Tales of Spain and Italy' are entrancing, in spite of their immorality, and contain some beautiful verses. The last lines of 'Don Poez' are full of passion; but most of these poems are ironical. Portia is white-armed like Andromache, but she is not faithful to her husband like Hector's wife. 'The Chestnuts out of the Fire' is, without doubt, a parody

on Racine's 'Andromaque'; and 'Mardoche' can hardly be understood, and seems to have been written for a mystification. The rhythm is little marked; and in accordance with the precept of the Romantic school, the author makes an abuse of the *enjambement* or overflow. 'The Willow' is more serious in tone, and relates a tragic love story; while in 'Octave' we see the charming Mariette die of love for Octave, who has disdained her, and who is a woman dressed as a man. The earliest works of Musset are very eccentric, but they are not lacking in poetic spirit.

The director of the Odéon requested Musset to write a comedy for his theatre; and the poet produced the 'Venetian Night,' which was played in December 1830, without any success. The author declared that he would never write again for the stage, and gave his next volume of dramas, published in 1833, the title of 'Spectacle in an Arm-chair.' 'The Cup and the Lips' is a work of great energy. It is a dramatic poem in five acts, and represents the weird character of Frank and the brutal and passionate love of Belcolore. Frank is attracted by the charm and purity of the sweet Déidamia, and is about to marry her when she is murdered by Belcolore. The idea of the poet is, that when once vice has taken possession of a man he cannot free himself from it. Musset expressed thus but too well his own faults and his own weakness. There is in the work a chorus which seems unnecessary, and which is very strange. Unlike the Greek chorus, it has nothing to do with the development of the plot, and it is not, like Racine's choruses, a pretext for beautiful lyric poetry.

'Of What do Young Girls Dream?' is a very incredible comedy; but it is an interesting and romantic work, full of the innocent and simple charm of youth. 'Namouna' is as strange and immoral as 'Mardoche'; but is far superior in poetic merit, and was greatly admired by Sainte-Beuve. Musset makes fun of local color, which was so much appreciated by the Romantic school; and his work bears some resemblance to Byron's 'Don Juan,' although he says:—"I was told last year that I imitated Byron. You who know me, you know that this is not true. I hate like death the trade of the plagiarist: my glass is not large, but I drink from my glass. It is very little, I know, to be an honest man; but still it is true that I exhume nothing." The whole poem is written in stanzas with two rhymes, and displays admirably Musset's sarcastic wit and his sensual feelings.

There is not much to say about Musset's life; but his love for George Sand had such an influence on his works that we must mention it here. In 1833 he went with George Sand to Italy, and they traveled together for some time. At Venice Musset fell sick; and after many pathetic scenes the lovers parted from one another. They

had wished to act in life like the personages in the dramas and novels of the Romantic school, and saw that no one is happy who does not observe the moral and social laws of his time. Musset and George Sand met again, but could not agree, and made each other unhappy. This incident seems to have affected George Sand very little in later life; but Musset was wounded to the heart, and his genius was stung to activity and vigor by his misfortune. It is his own story which he relates in his celebrated 'Confession of a Child of the Century,' and in at least two of his admirable 'Nights.'

The 'Confession' is an extraordinary book, and written with wonderful force and eloquence. The author describes most vividly skepticism, the disease of the century. Octave believes in nothing; he loves and yet he does not believe in love, in spite of the devotion of Brigitte Pierson. Why is it so? Because «during the wars of the Empire, while the husbands and the brothers were in Germany, the anxious mothers had given birth to an ardent, pale, nervous generation. . . . Thousands of children looked at one another with a dark look while testing their weak muscles.» When they grew to manhood, the Restoration gave them no opportunity to display their strength; and they led a useless life, which often ended like 'Rolla' in a night of debauchery.

'Rolla' is a powerful poem, and one of the masterpieces of Musset. The conception of the work is immoral, and proves again the lack of true moral courage in the author. It is very seldom that he admits that reform is possible,—that there can be a healthy reaction after a fault has been committed. Rolla enjoys life, and puts into three purses all the money which he possesses. When that has been spent, then he will kill himself in a night of orgies. There is such a lack of true manhood in the debauchee, his character is so despicable, that it is difficult to take any interest in the poem. The poetry, however, is so grand that we forget the subject of the work, and are entranced by the beautiful words of passion and love.

Of the four 'Nights' of Musset, the 'Night of May' is in my opinion the finest. It was written when his heart was still bleeding after the rupture with George Sand, and is a proof that the poet's genius is the highest when he treats of love. Indeed, the misfortune of love concerns him more than anything else; and in 'Sadness' he says:—

«The only happiness which remains to me in the world is, that I have sometimes wept.»

When he wrote his 'Nights,' his brother Paul de Musset tells us that he had his supper served in his room, which was brilliantly illuminated in order to do honor to his Muse when she came to visit

him. That idea of dualism is to be seen in a number of Musset's works, and indicates perfectly his disposition. There were two men in him: one gay and reckless, the other sad and tender. In the 'Night of May' the Muse appears to the poet, and asks him to love again. She tells him to take his lute and to give her a kiss:—

«This evening, everything will bloom: immortal nature is filled with perfumes, with love and murmur.»

She has consoled him already once: let him now console her; let him go with her to some place where there is oblivion; let him give her at least a tear.

The 'Night of May' reminds us somewhat of our immortal Poe's 'Raven'; but the despair, the gloom, of the American poet is deeper than that of the French poet. Musset's work is more graceful and tender, Poe's is more forcible and weird.

In the 'Night of December' the poet speaks to «a stranger dressed in black, who resembles him like a brother,» and who follows him everywhere. The vision replies: «Friend, I am Solitude.» The 'Night of August' is almost as beautiful as the 'Night of May.' This time it is the Muse who is sad and the poet who consoles her.

In the 'Night of October' the poet forgets the past, pardons it, and wishes to think only of the future. When Musset wrote in 1837 the 'Night of October,' he thought that he could love again and forget the past; but in February 1841 he said in 'Remembrance':— «I say to myself only this: 'At this hour, in this place, one day I was loved, I loved; she was beautiful. I hide this treasure in my immortal soul, and I carry it to God!'» Musset had already expressed admirably in his 'Letter to Lamartine' (February 1836) the idea that love alone survives of all things human.

The 'Stanzas to La Malibran,' the great singer and actress, are noble and sad, and may be compared with the 'Letter to Lamartine,' and with some parts of the 'Nights.' Let us mention also, among the best poems of Musset, 'Lucie,' an elegy as sorrowful and tender as 'The Willow'; the 'Hope in God,' where the author wishes to shake off the skepticism of his century, but presents to us rather a pantheistic view of religion; 'Sylvia,' a touching love story,— taken from Boccaccio, as well as 'Simone'; 'A Lost Evening,' lines inspired by a representation of 'The Misanthrope' before a very small audience.

The poet is more gay and lively in four poems: 'A Good Fortune,' an episode of a journey to Baden; 'Dupont and Durant,' an amusing dialogue between two wretched poets; 'Mid-Lent,' where the pleasures of the waltz are described with great harmony; and 'Le Mie Prigioni,' where the poet, imprisoned for not having mounted guard,

gives a pleasant description of his prison. Let us notice also the 'German Rhine,' a proud and patriotic reply to Becker's song.

'On Three Steps of Rose-colored Marble' is a most graceful poem; nothing can surpass the delicacy of some of the verses.

As a poet Musset is sometimes witty, sarcastic, and graceful, and sometimes most passionate. As already said, his verses written when his heart was bleeding are by far his best. There is certainly nothing in French literature superior to the four sublime 'Nights,' — of May, of December, of August, of October. These poems are not inferior to the best works of Lamartine and of Hugo.

We have already spoken of Musset's two dramas in verse, 'The Cup and the Lips' and 'Of What do Young Girls Dream?' written after the failure of his 'Venetian Night.' He did not intend his dramas to be acted, but in 1847, ten years after it had been published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, 'A Caprice' was played in St. Petersburg by Mrs. Allen Despréaux. On her return to Paris the distinguished actress played 'A Caprice' with great success at the Comédie Française. This called attention to Musset's dramas, and they were nearly all put on the French stage. Love is the subject of all these works except 'Lorenzaccio.' The latter drama is Shakespearean in tone, and is written with great force. It is the story of Lorenzo de' Medici, who wishes to rid Florence of her tyrant, Alexander de' Medici. He becomes the boon companion of the duke, shares his ignoble pleasures, is despised by the people, and after he has killed the tyrant, finds that he also is polluted without hope of redemption. It is the same idea which was expressed in 'The Cup and the Lips' by the murder of the sweet Déidamia. In 'Lorenzaccio' the author gives us a correct picture of life at Florence in the sixteenth century, when the city had lost her glory and her independence, and was governed by tyrants appointed by Charles V.

'The Candlestick' is a witty and amusing comedy, but far from moral. Fortunio is charming, and reminds us of Chérubin in Beaumarchais's 'Marriage of Figaro.' His love for Jacqueline, however, is much more true and passionate than Chérubin's light love for the Countess.

In 'One Must Swear to Nothing' we meet Valentin, who is captivated by the charm and simplicity of the young girl whom he courted at first merely to win a wager from his uncle Van Breck. 'The Caprices of Marianne' present to us Celio, tender and sad, and Octave, frivolous and corrupt,— the two inseparable friends, who personify admirably the two sides of Musset's character.

It is impossible to describe 'One Cannot Think of Everything,' and 'A Door Must be Open or Shut.' There is hardly any plot in these little comedies; and what interests us is the playful mirth, the delicate irony, the wit of the dialogue.

'Louison' is a picture of life in the eighteenth century, and reminds us of 'The Beauty Patch,' one of the most charming novelettes of Musset. 'André del Sarto' is a drama, but inferior to 'Lorenzaccio'; and 'Bettine' is the least interesting of Musset's comedies. 'Carmosine' and the 'Distaff of Barberine' treat of the epoch of chivalry. In the former we see the beautiful Carmosine fall in love with King Peter of Aragon, on seeing him at a tournament. She repulses the clownish Sir Vespasiano, and Périllo her betrothed, and is dying of love for the King. The troubadour Minuccio relates the story of the young girl to the Queen, and the latter takes her husband to see Carmosine. The King soothes her, kisses her forehead, gives her in marriage to Périllo, and the play ends amid great rejoicing.

We love the gentle Carmosine, but we are still better pleased with the noble Barberine. Ulric, her husband, goes to the court of the King of Hungary to seek his fortune; and she remains at home with her distaff. Rosenberg, a conceited young man, has bought a magic book, which will teach him to kill giants and dragons, and to be loved by all women. He wagers with Ulric that he will win the heart of Barberine, and goes to the latter's castle with a letter of introduction from Ulric. Barberine succeeds in shutting him up in a room, and orders him to take her distaff and spin; otherwise he will have nothing to eat. While Rosenberg, conquered by hunger, is about to try to obey Barberine, the Queen and Ulric arrive at the castle and witness the humiliation of the young man and the triumph of the faithful wife.

'Fantasio' reminds us of Marivaux's graceful 'Games of Love and of Chance,' but is sometimes as strange, as fantastic, as the 'Tales of Spain and Italy.' Fantasio, in his madness and in his wisdom, is Musset himself, sometimes Hamlet, and too often Scapin.

'One Must Not Play with Love' is probably Musset's most original drama, the strongest after 'Lorenzaccio.' Master Blazius and Master Bridaire are really comic personages, as well as Dame Pluche; and the chorus is interesting. The play, however, can hardly be called a comedy. It is too bitter in some scenes, and the end is too tragic. Perdican loves his cousin Camille, and feigns to love Rosette, in order to render Camille jealous. The poor little Rosette dies of grief on hearing Perdican speak words of love to Camille, and the latter returns to the convent where she had been educated.

Musset's dramas made him celebrated for the last ten years of his life, and they are still played with success on the French stage. Among his other prose works are the 'Letters of Dupuis and Cotonet,' in one of which he makes fun in a most amusing manner of the Romantic school, by his extraordinary definition of the word *romantisme*.

Musset published a number of short stories and novelettes in the Revue des Deux Mondes, and most of them are very interesting and witty. The best are 'The Son of Titian,' 'Croisilles,' 'Frédéric et Bernerette,' 'Mimi Pinson,' 'The Beauty Patch,' and the 'History of a White Blackbird.' In the latter work he refers in a sarcastic manner to George Sand without naming her.

Alfred de Musset died on May 1st, 1857, and his last words were: «Sleep!—at last I am going to sleep.» He needed rest; for his last years had been agitated by great nervousness. He was carried to the tomb accompanied by twenty-seven persons,—he whose works were known to all human beings whose hearts could be touched by truly passionate notes. A monument has been erected to him in Père Lachaise cemetery in Paris, and a few of his immortal lines have been inscribed on his tombstone. I read lately these charming words with a feeling of sadness, and thought of the Muse, the tender friend of the poet. I repeated to myself some of the wonderful verses of the 'Night of May,' and it seemed to me then that Musset had really taken his lute, as requested by his Muse, and that the Père Lachaise was filled with divine harmony.

THE GRISETTES

From 'Mimi Pinson,' in 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

Mademoiselle Pinson was not exactly what one calls a pretty woman. There is a wide difference between a pretty woman and a pretty grisette. If a pretty woman, acknowledged and pronounced to be so by Parisian verdict, were to take it into her head to put on a little cap, a chintz dress, and a black-silk apron, she must needs look like a pretty grisette. But if a grisette were to dress herself up in a bonnet, a velvet cloak, and a dress from Worth's, she would by no means necessarily be a pretty woman; on the contrary, it is probable that she would look like a clothes-peg, and no blame to her. The difference lies in the circumstances of these two creatures, and chiefly in the little bit of buckram covered with some sort of stuff and called a bonnet, which women think fit to tie over their ears, a little like the blinkers of a horse; it is to be observed, however, that

blinkers prevent horses from looking about, and that the bit of buckram prevents nothing of the sort.

Be this as it may, a little cap requires a turned-up nose, which in its turn demands a well-shaped mouth with good teeth, and a round face for the frame. A round face requires sparkling eyes, which are best as black as possible, with eyebrows to match. The hair *ad libitum*, for the eyes settle everything else. Such a combination is evidently far from being beautiful, strictly speaking. It is what is called irregularly pretty, the classic face of the grisette; which might possibly be ugly in the bits of buckram, but which is charming in a cap, and prettier than beauty itself. Such was Mademoiselle Pinson.

Marcel had taken it into his head that Eugene should pay his court to this damsel; wherefore, I cannot tell, unless because he himself was the adorer of Mademoiselle Zelia, Mademoiselle Pinson's most intimate friend. It struck him as being a natural and convenient arrangement; he wished to settle matters to suit himself, and make love in a friendly way, as it were. Such plans are not uncommon, and succeed quite often; for ever since the world began, opportunity has been found the strongest of all temptations. Who can tell the real source of our joys and griefs, our attachments and quarrels, our happiness and misery? — a door of communication, a back staircase, an entry, a broken pane.

Some characters, however, draw back from these games of chance. They choose to conquer their enjoyments, not to win them as at a lottery; and are not moved to fall in love because they find themselves next to a pretty woman in a public conveyance. Eugene was one of these, and Marcel knew it; therefore he had long nursed a project, simple enough in itself, but which he thought most ingenious, and infallibly sure to overcome his friend's resistance. He had resolved to give a supper, and decided that his own birthday was the fittest occasion for it. He ordered two dozen bottles of beer, a large joint of cold veal with salad, an enormous plum-cake, and a bottle of champagne. He first invited two of his fellow-students, then announced to Mademoiselle Zelia that there was to be a frolic at his rooms that evening, and she must bring Mademoiselle Pinson. They were quite sure to be there. Marcel was considered one of the fine gentlemen of the Latin Quarter,— one of those whose invitations are not to be declined; and seven o'clock had but just finished striking when the two grisettes knocked at his door

Mademoiselle Zelia was arrayed in a short dress, gray gaiter-boots, and a cap with flowers; Mademoiselle Pinson more quietly attired in a black gown which she always wore, and which they used to say gave her a little Spanish air, of which she was very proud. Both, as you may suppose, were in entire ignorance of their host's designs.

Marcel had too much tact to invite Eugene in advance: he was too sure of a refusal. It was not until the girls had taken their places and the first glass had been emptied, that he excused himself for a few minutes to go and look for another guest, and then turned his steps towards Eugene's lodgings. He found him at work as usual, surrounded by his books. After some passing remarks he began to reproach him gently with studying so hard, and never giving himself any relaxation; and at length he proposed a walk. Eugene, who was in fact rather weary, having studied the whole day, assented: the two young men went out together, and after a few turns in the walks of the Luxembourg it was not difficult for Marcel to induce his friend to go home with him.

The two grisettes, finding themselves left alone and probably tired of waiting, had begun by making themselves at home; they had taken off their bonnets and shawls, and were humming a quadrille and dancing, not forgetting to do honor to the repast from time to time, by way of testing its quality. Their eyes were already sparkling and their cheeks flushed, as Eugene bowed to them with a mixture of surprise and shyness, and they stopped short, in high spirits and a little out of breath. Owing to his secluded habits, they hardly knew him by sight, and immediately scrutinized him from head to foot with the undaunted curiosity which is the prerogative of their class; they then resumed their song and dance as if nothing had happened. The new-comer, a little disconcerted, fell back a few steps,— meditating a retreat, perhaps; but Marcel, having double-locked the door, threw the key noisily on the table.

"Nobody here yet?" he exclaimed. "Where are our friends? But no matter, we have captured the savage. Ladies, let me present the most virtuous youth in France and Navarre, who has long been very anxious for the honor of your acquaintance, and who is an especial admirer of Mademoiselle Pinson."

The quadrille stopped again; Mademoiselle Pinson made a little bow and put on her cap.

« Eugene," cried Marcel, « this is my birthday, and these two ladies are good enough to celebrate it with us. I brought you here almost by force, it is true; but I hope you will stay of your own accord if we beg you. It is now almost eight o'clock: we have time to smoke a pipe while waiting for an appetite."

As he spoke he looked towards Mademoiselle Pinson, who instantly understood him, and bowing a second time, said to Eugene in a sweet voice:—

« Yes, sir, do stay; we beg of you."

At this moment the two students whom Marcel had invited knocked at the door. Eugene saw that he could not retreat with a good grace; so resigning himself, he took his seat with the rest.

The supper was long and lively. The gentlemen began by filling the room with smoke, and then drank in proportion, to refresh themselves. The ladies did the talking, and regaled the company with remarks, more or less pointed, about their various friends and acquaintances, and adventures more or less credible, picked up in the back shops. If the stories were not very probable, they were at least very marvelous. Two lawyers' clerks, so they said, had made twenty thousand francs by speculating in Spanish funds, and had devoured it in six weeks with two girls from a glove shop. The son of one of the richest bankers in Paris had offered an opera-box and a country-seat to a well-known sempstress, who had refused them, preferring to take care of her parents and remain true to a salesman at the Deux-Magots. A certain person whom they could not name, and whose rank forced him to wrap himself in the deepest mystery, had come *incognito* to visit a girl who embroiders, in the Passage du Pont Neuf; and she had been immediately seized by order of the police, put into a post-chaise at midnight with a pocket-book full of bank-notes, and dispatched to the United States; etc., etc.

« That's enough," interposed Marcel. « We have heard that sort of thing before. Zelia is romancing; and as to Mademoiselle Mimi, which is Mademoiselle Pinson's name among friends, her information is incorrect. Your lawyers' clerks got nothing but a sprain, in clearing a gutter; your banker proffered an orange; and your embroidery girl, so far from being in the United States, is to be seen every day from twelve to four o'clock, at the alms-house, where she has taken lodgings on account of the rise in provisions."

Eugene was sitting near Mademoiselle Pinson; he thought that she turned pale at these last words, which were carelessly uttered. But almost at the same instant she rose, lighted a cigarette, and said in a deliberate manner:—

"It is your turn to be silent now! I claim the floor. Since my lord Marcel does not believe fables, I will tell you a true story, *et quorum magna pars fui.*"

"You understand Latin?" said Eugene.

"As you hear," replied Mademoiselle Pinson. "I learned this sentence of my uncle, who served under the great Napoleon, and never omitted it before telling us about a battle. If you do not know the meaning, I will tell you for nothing. It means: 'I give you my word of honor.' You must know that last week I went with two of my friends, Blanchette and Rougette, to the Odéon Theatre—"

"Wait till I cut the cake," said Marcel.

"Cut, but listen," replied Mademoiselle Pinson. "Well, I went with Blanchette and Rougette to see a tragedy. Rougette, as you know, has lately lost her grandmother, who left her four hundred francs. We took a box: three students were near us in the pit; these young fellows accosted us, and asked us to supper, on the pretext that we were alone."

"Without preamble?" inquired Marcel. "Upon my word it was very civil. And you declined, I suppose?"

"No, sir," replied Mademoiselle Pinson, "we accepted; and at the first entr'acte, without waiting for the end of the play, we repaired to Viot's."

"With your cavaliers?"

"With our cavaliers. The waiter began, of course, by saying that there was nothing left; but we were not to be balked by such a trifle. We ordered them to go into the city and fetch whatever was needed. Rougette took the pen and ordered a regular wedding supper: prawns, a sweet omelette, fritters, mussels, whipped eggs,—everything that is to be found in saucepans. Our young friends' faces grew rather long, it must be confessed—"

"By Jove! so I should think," said Marcel.

"We paid no attention to that. When the supper came we began to play the fine lady. We found nothing good; everything disgusted us; we scarcely tasted a dish before we sent it away and asked for something else. 'Waiter, take that away, it is not

eatable: where did you buy that horrible trash?' Our unknown friends wished to eat, but they had no chance. In short, we supped like Sancho; and our anger carried us so far as to break some of the crockery."

"Pretty behavior! And who was to pay?"

"That was the very question the three strangers asked each other. From what they said in a low tone, we gathered that one of them had six francs, the next infinitely less, and the third had nothing but his watch, which he generously pulled out of his pocket. In this state the three unfortunates presented themselves at the counter, in hopes of effecting some compromise. What do you think they were told?"

"That they must go to the lock-up, and you would be kept as security, I suppose," said Marcel.

"You are wrong," replied Mademoiselle Pinson. "Before going up-stairs, Rougette had been on the alert, and everything was paid in advance. Fancy the effect of Viot's response,—'Everything is settled, gentlemen.' Our stranger friends looked at us as three cats never looked at three kings, with a touching stupefaction mingled with emotion. However, we pretended to take no notice of it, but went down-stairs and called for a coach. 'My dear marchioness,' said Rougette to me, 'we must see these gentlemen home.' 'Certainly, my dear countess,' I answered. Our poor admirers did not know what to say. You may guess if they were sheepish! They declined our politeness, they would not be taken home, they refused to give their address—no wonder! They were convinced that we were women of rank, and they lived heaven knows where!"

Marcel's friends, the two students, who up to this time had done nothing but smoke and drink in silence, seemed far from pleased with this story. They changed color: perhaps they knew as much as Mademoiselle Pinson of the unlucky supper, for they gave her an uneasy glance as Marcel said, laughing:—

"Name your incognitos, Mademoiselle Pinson: there can be no harm, as it happened last week."

"No indeed!" returned the grisette. "One may hoax a man, but ruin his career—never!"

"You are right," observed Eugene. "And you show more discretion than you are aware of, perhaps. Of all the young men in the various colleges, there is hardly one who cannot look back to some folly or some fault, and yet thence emerges daily

all that is most respected and respectable in France: physicians, magistrates — »

« Yes, » responded Marcel, « that is true. There are budding peers of France who dine at Flicoteaux's and have not always wherewithal to pay the bill. But, » he broke off with a wink, « haven't you seen anything more of your friends? »

« What do you take us for! » answered Mademoiselle Pinson, with a serious and almost offended air. « Don't you know Blanchette and Rougette, and do you suppose that I — »

« Well, well, don't be angry, » said Marcel. « But after all, this is a pretty adventure. Three harebrained girls, who probably had nothing to pay for their next day's dinner with, throwing money out of the window for the fun of mystifying three poor devils who couldn't help themselves. »

« Why did they ask us to supper? » retorted Mademoiselle Pinson.

From 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset.' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

THE FALSE LOVER

From 'No Trifling with Love'

[Perdican, the youthful and fascinating hero of the play, has been refused by his cousin Camille, who feels so strong a vocation for the cloister that she will not trust herself to secular life and to its possible disappointments. In pique, Perdican cruelly makes love to a simple and credulous village girl, Rosette, and decides to play the lover before the very eyes of Camille, as a spur to her jealousy and hoping to change her decision.]

Scene: The spring in the wood. Enter Camille *and the* Peasant.

PEASANT — I was taking a letter up to the house for you, miss: shall I give it to you, or carry it to the kitchen, as Lord Perdican told me?

Camille — Give it to me.

Peasant — If you would rather I'd take it to the house, I'll carry it there without more ado.

Camille — Give it to me, I tell you.

Peasant — Just as you like. [*Gives her the letter.*]

Camille — There, that's for your trouble.

Peasant — Thank you kindly: I suppose I may go now.

Camille—If you will be so good.

Peasant—I'm going, I'm going. [*Exit.*

Camille [*reading*]—Perdican begs me to meet him at the little spring, where I told him to come yesterday to bid me good-by before I go. What can he have to say? Here's the spring, and I am greatly minded to wait. Ought I to give him this second meeting? Ah! here comes Perdican with my foster-sister, Rosette. [*She hides behind a tree.*] I suppose he will send her away; I'm glad not to seem to be here before him. [*Enter Perdican and Rosette; Camille remains hidden.*] What does this mean? He makes her sit down beside him. Did he ask me to meet him here that he might come and make love to somebody else? I should like to know what he is saying.

Perdican [*loud enough to be heard by Camille*]—I love you, Rosette! You are the one person in the world who has not forgotten the dear old times; you alone remember the past. Share the future with me, dear child; give me your heart: take this as a token of our love. [*Clasps his chain around her neck.*]

Rosette—Do you give me your gold chain?

Perdican—See this ring. Stand up and come to the edge of the spring. Do you see us both reflected in the water, leaning upon one another? Look at your bright eyes near mine, your hand in mine; now see it all disappear! [*Drops the ring into the water.*] See how the image has vanished: now watch it come back by degrees; the ruffled water is growing smooth again, but it trembles still, and great circles are spreading over the surface: have patience and we shall see ourselves again; I can make out your arm linked in mine, already; in another minute there will not be a wrinkle on your pretty face,—see there! It was a ring Camille gave me.

Camille—He has thrown my ring into the water!

Perdican—Do you know what love is, Rosette? Listen: the wind is hushed, the morning's shower is rolling in great diamonds off the leaves, which are reviving in the sunshine. I love you! You love me too, do you not? Your youth has not been dried up; nobody has infused the dregs of their veins into your rosy life current. *You* don't want to be a nun; here you are, fresh and lovely, with a young man's arm around you! O Rosette, do you know what love is?

Rosette—Alas, your Lordship is very learned; but I will love you as well as I know how!

Perdican — Yes, as well as you know how; and learned as I am, and rustic as you are, you will love me better than one of those pale statues manufactured by the nuns, with a head instead of a heart, who issue from their cloisters to poison the vital air with the damp reek of their cells. You don't know anything; you can't read the prayer your mother taught you, which she learned from her mother before her; you don't even understand the words you repeat as you kneel at your bedside: but you understand that you are praying, and that is all God requires.

Rosette — How your Lordship talks!

Perdican — You don't know how to read; but you know the language of these woods and meadows, these warm banks, yon fair harvest-fields, and of all this glorious young Nature! You know them for your thousand brothers, and me for one of them. Come, let us go; you shall be my wife, and we will strike root into the genial heart of omnipotent creation.

[*Exit with Rosette.*

Scene: Camille's *apartment.* *Enter* Camille *and* Dame Pluche.

Camille — You say he took my letter?

Dame Pluche — Yes, dear, he said he would post it.

Camille — Be good enough to go to the drawing-room, Dame Pluche, and tell Perdican that I wish to speak to him here. [*Exit Dame Pluche.*] He has undoubtedly read my letter; that scene in the wood was revenge, and so is all his love-making to Rosette. He wished to convince me that he loved somebody else, and to hide his mortification under a show of indifference. Does he love me after all, I wonder? [*She raises the tapestry.*] Is that you, Rosette?

Rosette [*as she enters*] — Yes: may I come in?

Camille — Listen to me, my dear: has not Lord Perdican been making love to you?

Rosette — Alas, yes!

Camille — What do you think of what he said this morning?

Rosette — This morning? Why, where?

Camille — Don't be a hypocrite. This morning at the spring in the wood.

Rosette — Then you saw me!

Camille — Poor little innocent! No, I did not see you. He made all sorts of fine speeches, didn't he? I would wager he promised to marry you.

Rosette — Why, how do you know?

Camille — Never mind: do you believe his promises, Rosette?

Rosette — How can I help it? He wouldn't deceive me. Why should he?

Camille — Perdican does not mean to marry you, my child.

Rosette — Alas, perhaps not!

Camille — You love him, you poor girl. He does not mean to marry you, and I will give you the proof: hide behind this curtain; you have nothing to do but to listen, and come when I call you.

[*Exit Rosette.*]

Camille — I thought to do an act of vengeance, but may it not be one of humanity? The poor child has lost her heart. [*Enter Perdican.*] Good morning, cousin; sit down.

Perdican — How beautifully you are dressed, Camille! On whom have you designs?

Camille — On you, perhaps. I am very sorry that I could not meet you as you asked: had you anything to say?

Perdican [*aside*] — Upon my word, that's rather a big fib for a spotless lamb! I saw her under the trees. [*Aloud.*] I had nothing to say but good-by, Camille, — I thought you were going; but your horse is in the stable, and you do not seem to be dressed for traveling.

Camille — I am fond of discussion, and I am not sure that I did not wish for another quarrel with you.

Perdican — What object can there be in quarreling when there is no possibility of making up? The pleasure of disputes is in making peace.

Camille — Are you so sure I wouldn't make peace?

Perdican — Don't jest: I am not equal to answering you.

Camille — I want to be made love to! I don't know whether it is because I have on a new gown, but I wish to be amused. You proposed our going to the village: well, I am ready. Let us row; I should like to dine on the grass, or to ramble in the forest. Will it be moonlight this evening? How odd! you have not on the ring I gave you.

Perdican — I lost it.

Camille — So I found it: here it is, Perdican.

Perdican — Is it possible! Where did you find it?

Camille — You are looking to see whether my hands are wet? To tell the truth, I spoiled my convent dress in getting

this trinket out of the spring. That is why I put another on, and I tell you it has changed me; so put that ring upon your finger.

Perdican — You got this out of the water at the risk of falling in, Camille? Am I dreaming? Here it is again, and you put it on my finger. O Camille, why do you give me back this sad relic of my lost happiness? Tell me, you foolish and fickle girl, why you go away? Why do you stay? Why do you change every hour like this stone in each new light?

Camille — Do you know woman's heart, Perdican? Are you convinced of her inconstancy, and that she really changes her mind whenever she changes her mood? Some say not. Undoubtedly we are often forced to play a part, even to tell lies — I am frank, you see; but are you sure that everything in a woman lies when her tongue lies? Have you ever reflected on the nature of this weak and undisciplined creature, and on the severity with which she is judged, and the part that she is compelled to play? Who knows whether, constrained by the world to continual deceit, the head of this brainless being may not finally learn to take a certain pleasure in it; may she not tell lies for amusement sometimes, as she is so often forced to tell them for necessity?

Perdican — I understand none of this; I never lie; I love you, Camille, and that is all I know.

Camille — You say you love me, and that you never lie?

Perdican — Never!

Camille — Yet here's somebody who says that accident befalls you occasionally. [*She raises the tapestry, and shows Rosette fainting in a chair.*] What will you say to this child, Perdican, when she asks you to account for your words? If you never lie, why has she fainted on hearing you say that you love me? I leave her with you: try and bring her to life. [*Is about to go.*]

Perdican — One moment, Camille! Hear me!

Camille — What have you to say to *me?* It is to Rosette you must answer. *I* do not love you; I did not seek this hapless child in her cottage to use her as a toy, a foil; I did not recklessly repeat to her the burning words I had addressed to others; I did not feign to cast to the winds the tokens of a cherished attachment, for her sake; I did not put my chain round her neck; I did not promise to marry her!

Perdican — Listen to me! listen to me!

Camille—I saw you smile just now when I said I had not been able to go to the fountain. Yes, I was there and heard it all; but God is my witness that I would not have done as you did. What will you do with that girl now, when, with your kisses still burning on her lips, she weeps and points to the wound you have dealt her? You wished to revenge yourself upon me, did you not, for a letter I wrote to my convent? You were bent on piercing my soul at any cost, not caring whether your poisoned dart wounded this child, if it but struck me through her. I had boasted of having made you love me, and of causing you regret. Did that wound your noble pride? Well then, hear me say it,—you love me, but you will marry that girl or you are a poor creature.

Perdican—Yes, I will marry her.

Camille—You will do well.

Perdican—Very well, and much better than if I married you. What excites you to such a degree, Camille? The child has fainted; we can easily bring her to,—we only need a smelling-bottle. You wish to convict me of having lied once in my life, and you have done so; but I think you are rather self-confident in deciding when. Come, help me to restore Rosette. [*Exeunt.*

Scene: An oratory. Enter Camille, *and throws herself at the foot of the altar.*

Camille—O my God, hast thou abandoned me? Thou knowest that I came hither faithful to thee; when I refused to take another spouse, thou knowest that I spoke in all sincerity before thee and my own soul; thou knowest it, O Father! and wilt thou no longer accept me? Oh, wherefore hast thou made truth itself to lie? Why am I so weak? Ah, wretched girl! I cannot even pray.

Enter Perdican

Perdican—Pride, most fatal of all the counselors of humanity, why have you come between me and this girl? See her, pale and distraught, pressing her face and breast against these senseless stones. She could have loved me, and we were born for one another. O pride! what brought you to our lips when our hands were ready to be joined?

Camille—Who has followed me? Whose voice do I hear beneath this vault? Is it you, Perdican?

Perdican — Fools that we are! We love each other! What have you been dreaming, Camille? What futile speech, what wretched folly has swept between us like a blast from the tombs? Which of us tried to deceive the other? Alas, when life itself is such a painful dream, why seek to fill it with worse ones of our own? O God! happiness is a pearl so rarely found in this stormy sea! Thou hadst given it to us, thou hadst rescued this treasure from the abyss for us; and like spoiled children as we are, we treated it as a plaything. The green path which led us toward each other sloped so gently, and was so strewn with flowers, it vanished in such a calm horizon — needs was that words, and vanity, and anger should hurl their shapeless crags across this celestial path, which would have led us to thee in an embrace! Needs was that we should wrong and wound each other, for we are human! O fools! and we love each other! [*He clasps her in his arms.*]

Camille — Yes, Perdican, we love each other! Let me feel it on your heart. The God who sees us will not be angry: he wills that I should love you; he has known it these fifteen years.

Perdican — Dearest being, you are mine! [*He kisses her; a shriek is heard from behind the altar.*]

Camille — My foster-sister's voice!

Perdican — How came she here? I left her on the staircase when you sent for me. She must have followed me without my knowledge.

Camille — Come this way: the cry came from here.

Perdican — What do I fear? my hands seem bathed in blood.

Camille — The poor child must have overheard us, and she has fainted again: come and help her! Ah, it is all too cruel!

Perdican — No, I cannot go, — I am numb with mortal terror. Go, Camille, and try to help her. [*Exit Camille.*] O God, I beseech thee, make me not a murderer! Thou seest our hearts: we are two senseless children who have been playing with life and death. God of justice, do not let Rosette die! I will find her a husband, I will repair the evil I have done; — she is young, she shall be rich and happy. Oh, do not refuse me this, my God! thou canst bless four of thy children! [*Re-enter Camille.*] Well, Camille?

Camille — She is dead. Farewell, Perdican.

From 'Selections from the Prose and Poetry of Alfred de Musset,' Copyright 1870, by Hurd & Houghton

VERGISS MEIN NICHT

REMEMBER! when the morn with sweet affright
Opens her portals to the king of day;
Remember! when the melancholy night
All silver-veiled pursues her darkling way;
Or when thy pulses wake at pleasure's tone:
When twilight shades to gentle dreams invite,
List to a voice which from the forest lone
Murmurs, Remember!

Remember! When inexorable fate
Hath parted finally my lot from thine,
When absence, grief, and time have laid their weight
With crushing power on this heart of mine,—
Think of my love, think of my last farewell;
Absence nor time can constancy abate:
While my heart beats, its every throb shall tell,
Remember!

Remember! When beneath the chilling ground
My weary heart has found a lasting sleep,
And when in after time, above the mound,
The pale blue flower its gentle watch doth keep,—
I shall not see thee more; but ever nigh,
Like sister true my soul will hover round:
List to a voice which through the night will sigh,
Remember!

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FROM 'TO A COMRADE'

THE joy of meeting makes us love farewell;
We gather once again around the hearth,
And thou wilt tell
All that thy keen experience has been
Of pleasure, danger, misadventure, mirth,
And unforeseen.

And all without an angry word the while,
Or self-compassion,—naught dost thou recall
Save for a smile;

Thou knowest how to lend good fortune grace,
And how to mock what'er ill luck befall
With laughing face.

But friend, go not again so far away;
In need of some small help I always stand,
Come whatso may;
I know not whither leads this path of mine,
But I can tread it better when my hand
Is clasped in thine.

FROM 'ON A SLAB OF ROSE MARBLE'

Yet, despite myself, I trow
Other destiny was thine:
Far away from cloudy France,
Where a warmer sun doth shine,
Near some temple, Greek or Latin;
The fair daughters of the clime,
With the scent of heath and thyme
Clinging to their sandaled feet
Beating thee in rhythmic dance,
Were a burden far more sweet
Than court ladies shod with satin.
Could it be for this alone
Nature formed thee in the earth,
In whose beauteous virgin stone
Genius might have wrought a birth
Every age had joyed to own? . .

There should have come forth of thee
Some new-born divinity.
When the marble-cutters hewed
Through thy noble block their way,
They broke in with footsteps rude
Where a Venus sleeping lay,
And the goddess's wounded veins
Colored thee with roseate stains.
Alas! and must we hold it truth
That every rare and precious thing
Flung forth at random without ruth
Trodden under foot may lie?
The crag where, in sublime repose,
The eagle stoops to rest his wing,

No less than any wayside rose,
Dropped in the common dust to die?
Can the mother of us all
Leave her work, to fullness brought,
Lost in the gulf of chance to fall,
As oblivion swallows thought?
Torn away from ocean's rim
To be fashioned by a whim,
Does the briny tempest whirl
To the workman's feet the pearl?
Shall the vulgar, idle crowd
For all ages be allowed
To degrade earth's choicest treasure
At the arbitrary pleasure
Of a mason or a churl?

FROM 'THE WILD MARE IN THE DESERT'

Oft in the waste, the Arab mare untamed,
After three days' wild course awaits the storm
To drain the rain-drops from the thirsty palms;
The sun is leaden, and the silent palms
Droop their long tresses 'neath a fiery sky.
She seeks her well amid the boundless wilds:
The sun has dried it; on the burning rock
Lie shaggy lions growling low in sleep.
Her forces fail; her bleeding nostrils wide
Plunge eager in the sand,—the thirsty sand
Drinks greedily her life's discolored stream.
Then stretches she at length, her great eyes film,
And the wan desert rolls upon its child
In silent folds its ever moving shroud.
She knew not, she, that when the caravan
With all its camels passed beneath the planes,
That, would she follow, bowing her proud neck,
In Bagdad she would find cool stable-stalls,
With gilded mangers, dewy clover turf,
And wells whose depths have never seen the sky.

TO PÉPA

PÉPA! when the night has come,
And mamma has bid good-night,
By thy light, half-clad and dumb,
As thou kneelest out of sight;

Laid by, cap and sweeping vest
Ere thou sinkest to repose,
At the hour when half at rest
Folds thy soul as folds a rose;

When sweet Sleep, the sovereign mild,
Peace to all the house has brought,—
Pépita! my charming child!
What, oh, what is then thy thought?

Who knows? Haply dreamest thou
Of some lady doomed to sigh;
All that Hope a truth deems now,
All that Truth shall prove, a lie.

Haply of those mountains grand
That produce — alas! but mice;
Castles in Spain; a prince's hand;
Bon-bons, lovers, or cream-ice.

Haply of soft whispers breathed
'Mid the mazes of a ball;
Robes, or flowers, or hair enwreathed;
Me; — or nothing, dear! at all.

JUANA

AGAIN I see you, ah, my queen,—
Of all my old loves that have been,
The first love and the tenderest;
Do you remember or forget—
Ah me, for I remember yet—
How the last summer days were blest?

Ah, lady, when we think of this,—
The foolish hours of youth and bliss,
How fleet, how sweet, how hard to hold!

How old we are, ere spring be green!
You touch the limit of eighteen,
And I am twenty winters old.

My rose, that mid the red roses
Was brightest, ah, how pale she is!
Yet keeps the beauty of her prime;
Child, never Spanish lady's face
Was lovely with so wild a grace;
Remember the dead summer-time.

Think of our loves, our feuds of old,
And how you gave your chain of gold
To me for a peace-offering;
And how all night I lay awake
To touch and kiss it for your sake,—
To touch and kiss the lifeless thing.

Lady, beware, for all we say,
This Love shall live another day,
Awakened from his deathly sleep:
The heart that once has been your shrine
For other loves is too divine;
A home, my dear, too wide and deep.

What did I say — why do I dream?
Why should I struggle with the stream
Whose waves return not any day?
Close heart, and eyes, and arms from me;
Farewell, farewell! so must it be,
So runs, so runs, the world away.

The season bears upon its wing
The swallows and the songs of spring,
And days that were, and days that flit:
The loved lost hours are far away;
And hope and fame are scattered spray
For me, that gave you love a day,
For you that not remember it.

Translation of Andrew Lang.

FREDERIC WILLIAM HENRY MYERS

(1843–1901)

MUCH of what is most subtle and penetrative in contemporary English criticism is embodied in the writings of certain men of letters whose names are familiar only to a special and limited circle. Frederic W. H. Myers was one of those critics whose work, while not in any sense popular, obtained well-established recognition for its literary finish, and pre-eminently for its originality and suggestiveness. The complex forces of the end of the century may not be favorable to the production of creative genius, but they are favorable to the birth and growth of a sensitive critical spirit. Mr. Myers's Modern and Classical Essays were the work of one to whom the revelations of science in all its branches were a source of enlightenment on subjects with which it would seem that science primarily had nothing to do. He was of the number of those who would wed the materialistic knowledge of the age to an idealism the more intense because it is denied the outlet of a definite religious faith. He would judge of literature, of personality, of the various phenomena of his own and of a past age, by the new lights of science,—and at the same time by the light that never was on sea or land. It is this combination of the idealistic with the exact spirit which gives to the essays of Mr. Myers their peculiar charm, and which fitted him to write with such exquisite appreciation of Marcus Aurelius and Virgil, of Rossetti and George Eliot. In his heart he had all the romance of a poet,—his desire to live by admiration, hope, and love, his sensitiveness to the beautiful, his passionate belief in the soul and its great destinies; but his brain ruled his heart with typical modern caution. In his efforts to reconcile these elements in his nature, Mr. Myers infused into his essays, whatever their subjects, the speculative thought of his generation concerning the unseen world and man's relation to it; and especially of that great question of personal immortality, which forever haunts and forever baffles the minds of men. He was drawn naturally to a consideration of such men as Marcus Aurelius. The fitful dejection of the philosophic emperor, his resolve to learn and to endure, his hopeless hope, his calm in the face of the veil which cuts man off from the paradise of certainties, seemed to Mr. Myers to prefigure the attitude of the modern mind toward its mysterious environment. Yet he himself went beyond the negativity of Stoicism. He believed that love is the gateway to

the unseen universe, being of those who, "while accepting to the full the methods and the results of science, will not yet surrender the ancient hopes of the race."

In 'Modern Poets and Cosmic Law' he traces the influence of Tennyson and Wordsworth on modern religious thought; a regenerating influence, because they have realized "with extraordinary intuition," and promulgated "with commanding genius, the interpenetration of the spiritual and the material world." Mr. Myers's deep sympathy with Wordsworth was completely expressed in his luminous biography of the poet. His sympathy with George Eliot was less keen, or rather it was less that of the mind than of the heart. His depression in the presence of her hopelessness is well described in the essay of which she is the subject :—

"I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden of Trinity, on an evening of rainy May; and she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet-calls of men,—the words *God*, *Immortality*, *Duty*,—pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the *first*, how unbelievable the *second*, and yet how peremptory and absolute the *third*. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and unrecompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave, majestic countenance turned towards me like a Sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from my grasp, one by one, the two scrolls of promise, and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates."

Mr. Myers's essays on 'Science and a Future Life,' on 'Darwin and Agnosticism,' on 'Tennyson as a Prophet,' on 'A New Eirenicon,' on 'Modern Poets and Cosmic Law,' are concerned chiefly with the modern answers to the old eternal problems. Even his essays on Mazzini, on George Sand, on Renan, and on the present political and social influences in France, are not without their background of philosophical contemplation of the end and aims of man. Mr. Myers's conclusion of the whole matter is hopeful, sane, temperate. He is confident of the golden branch in the grove of cypress; confident that darkness must eventually become revelation. In his verse, which, while not of the first order, is melodious and graceful, he exhibits the same spiritual intuition. His value as a critic is largely the result of this recognition, based on no ephemeral conclusions, of the spiritual element in the destiny of man. Mr. Myers was born in 1843, in Duffield, England. He was the son of a clergyman of some note as a writer, and a brother of Ernest Myers, whose classical translations are of great literary excellence. Mr. Myers died at Rome, Italy, January 17, 1901.

THE DISENCHANTMENT OF FRANCE

From 'Science and a Future Life'

IT HAS fallen to the lot of the French people to point more morals, to emphasize more lessons from their own experience, than any other nation in modern history. Parties and creeds of the most conflicting types have appealed to Paris in turn for their brightest example, their most significant warning. The strength of monarchy and the risks of despotism; the nobility of faith and the cruel cowardice of bigotry; the ardor of republican fraternity and the terrors of anarchic disintegration — the most famous instance of any and every extreme is to be found in the long annals of France. And so long as the French mind, at once logical and mobile, continues to be the first to catch and focus the influences which are slowly beginning to tell on neighboring States, so long will its evolution possess for us the unique interest of a glimpse into stages of development through which our own national mind also may be destined ere long to pass.

Yet there has of late been a kind of reluctance on the part of other civilized countries to take to themselves the lessons which French history still can teach. In Germany there has been a tone of reprobation, an opposition of French vice to Teuton virtue; and in England there has been some aloofness of feeling, some disposition to think that the French have fallen, through their own fault, into a decadence which our robuster nation need not fear.

In the brief review, however, which this essay will contain of certain gloomy symptoms in the spiritual state of France, we shall keep entirely clear of any disparaging comparisons or insinuated blame. Rather, we shall regard France as the most sensitive organ of the European body politic; we shall feel that her dangers of to-day are ours of to-morrow, and that unless there still be salvation for her, our own prospects are dark indeed.

But in the first place, it may be asked, what right have we to speak of France as *decadent* at all? The word, indeed, is so constantly employed by French authors of the day, that the foreigner may assume without impertinence that there is some fitness in its use. Yet have we here much more than a fashion of speaking? the humor of men who are "sad as night for very wantonness," who play with the notion of national decline as a

rich man in temporary embarrassment may play with the notion of ruin? France is richer and more populous than ever before; her soldiers still fight bravely; and the mass of her population, as judged by the statistics of crime, or by the colorless half-sheet which forms the only national newspaper, is at any rate tranquil and orderly. Compare the state of France now with her state just a century since, before the outbreak of the Revolution. Observers who noted that misgovernment and misery, those hordes of bandits prowling over the untilled fields, assumed it as manifest that not the French monarchy only, but France herself, was crumbling in irremediable decay. And yet a few years later, the very children reared as half slaves, half beggars, on black bread and ditch-water, were marching with banners flying into Vienna and Moscow. One must be wary in predicting the decline of a nation which holds in reserve a spring of energy such as this.

Once more. Not physically alone but intellectually, France has never, perhaps, been stronger than she is now. She is lacking indeed in statesmen of the first order, in poets and artists of lofty achievement; and if our diagnosis be correct, she must inevitably lack such men as these. But on the other hand, her living savants probably form as wise, as disinterested a group of intellectual leaders as any epoch of her history has known. And she listens to them with a new deference; she receives respectfully even the bitter home-truths of M. Taine; she honors M. Renan instead of persecuting him; she makes M. Pasteur her national hero. These men and men like these are virtually at the head of France; and if the love of truth, the search for truth, fortifies a nation, then assuredly France should be stronger now than under any of her kings or her Cæsars.

Yet here we come to the very crux of the whole inquiry. If we maintain that an increasing knowledge of truth is necessarily a strength or advantage to a nation or an individual, we are assuming an affirmative answer to two weighty questions: the first, whether the scheme of the universe is on the whole good rather than evil; the second, whether, even granting that the sum of things is good, each advancing step of our knowledge of the universe brings with it an increased realization of that ultimate goodness. Of course if we return to the first question the pessimistic answer,—if the world is a bad place, and cosmic suicide the only reasonable thing,—the present discussion may at once be closed. For in that case there is no such thing as progress,

no such thing as recovery; and the moral discouragement of France does but indicate her advance upon the road which we must all inevitably travel.

Let us assume, however, as is commonly assumed without too curious question, that the universe is good, and that to know the truth about it is on the whole an invigorating thing. Yet even thus, it is by no means clear that each onward step we make in learning that truth will in itself be felt as invigorating. All analogy is against such a supposition: whether we turn to the history of philosophy, and the depression repeatedly following on the collapse of specious but premature conceptions, or to the history of individual minds, and the despair of the beginner in every art or study when he recognizes that he has made a false start, that he knows almost nothing, that the problems are far more difficult than his ignorance had suspected.

Now I think it is not hard to show that France, even on the most hopeful view of her, is at present passing through a moment of spiritual reaction such as this. In that country, where the pure dicta of science reign in the intellectual classes with less interference from custom, sentiment, tradition, than even in Germany itself, we shall find that science, at her present point, is a depressing, a disintegrating energy.

And therefore, when we compare the present state of France with her state a century ago, we must not rank her dominant savants as a source of national strength. Rather, they are a source of disenchantment, of *disillusionment*, to use the phrase of commonest recurrence in modern French literature and speech. Personally indeed the class of savants includes many an example of unselfish diligence, of stoical candor; but their virtues are personal to themselves, and the upshot of their teaching affords no stable basis for virtue.

We may say, then, that in 1888 France possesses everything except illusions; in 1788 she possessed illusions and nothing else. The Reign of Reason, the Return to Nature, the Social Contract, Liberty, Equality, Fraternity — the whole air of that wild time buzzed with new-hatched Chimæras, while at the same time the old traditions of Catholicism, Loyalty, Honor, were still living in many an ardent heart.

What then is, in effect, the disenchantment which France has undergone? What are the illusions — the so-called, so-judged illusions — which are fading now before the influence of science?

How is a foreigner to analyze the confused changes in a great people's spiritual life? Must not his own personal acquaintance with Frenchmen, which is sure to be slight and shallow, unduly influence his judgment of the nation? It seems to me that he must set aside his personal acquaintanceships, and form his opinion from current literature and current events; endeavoring so far as may be to elicit such general views of life as may be latent in the varying utterances of novelist, essayist, politician, philosopher, and poet. Thus reading and thus comparing, we shall discern a gradual atrophy of certain habits of thought, certain traditional notions; and if we class as illusions these old conceptions from which the French people seem gradually to be awakening, we find them reducible to four main heads: the *religious*, the *political*, the *sexual*, and the *personal* illusions.

By the "religious illusion,"—speaking, it will be remembered, from the point of view of the Frenchman of the type now under discussion,—I mean a belief in the moral government of the world, generally involving a belief in man's future life; in which life we may suppose virtue victorious, and earth's injustices redressed. These cardinal beliefs, now everywhere on the defensive, are plainly losing ground in France more rapidly than elsewhere. And the strange thing is, that while Christianity thus declines, it seems to leave in France so little regret behind it that its disappearance is signalized only by loud battles between "Liberalism" and "Clericalism"; not, as in England, by sad attempts at reconciliation, by the regrets and appeals of slowly severing men. A book like Châteaubriand's 'Génie du Christianisme,' nay, even a book like Lamennais's 'Paroles d'un Croyant,' would now be felt to be an anachronism. Militant Catholicism seems almost to have died out with M. Veuillot's article in the Univers; and an application to a high ecclesiastical authority for recent defenses of the faith brought to me only a recommendation to read the Bishops' Charges, the *mandements d'évêque*. Paradox as it may seem, M. Renan is almost the only French writer of influence who believes that Christianity—of course a Christianity without miracles—will be in any sense the religion of the future; and his recent utterances show that pious sentiment, in his hands, is liable to sudden and unexpected transformations. . . .

Let us pass on to the second class of illusions from which France seems finally to have awakened Under the title of the "political illusion" we may include two divergent yet not wholly

disparate emotions,—the enthusiasm of loyalty and the enthusiasm of equality. Each of these enthusiasms has done in old times great things for France; each in turn has seemed to offer a self-evident, nay, a Divine organization of the perplexed affairs of men. But each in turn has lost its efficacy. There is now scarcely a name but General Boulanger's in France which will raise a cheer; scarcely even a Socialistic Utopia for which a man would care to die. The younger nations, accustomed to look to France for inspiration, feel the dryness of that ancient source. «Ils ne croient à rien,» said a Russian of the Nihilists, «mais ils ont besoin du martyre» (They believe in nothing, but they must have martyrdom). The Nihilists, indeed, are like the lemmings, which swim out to sea in obedience to an instinct that bids them seek a continent long since sunk beneath the waves. Gentle anarchists, pious atheists, they follow the blind instinct of self-devotion which makes the force of a naïve, an unworldly people. But there is now no intelligible object of devotion left for them to seek; and they go to the mines and to the gibbet without grasping a single principle or formulating a single hope. These are the pupils of modern France; but in France herself the nihilistic disillusionment works itself out unhindered by the old impulse to die for an idea. The French have died for too many ideas already; and just as they have ceased to idealize man's relationship to God, so have they ceased at last to idealize his relationship to his fellow-men.

But the process of disillusionment can be traced deeper still. Closer to us, in one sense, than our relation to the universe as a whole, more intimate than our relation to our fellow-citizens, is the mutual relation between the sexes. An emotion such as love, at once vague, complex, and absorbing, is eminently open to fresh interpretation as the result of modern analysis. And on comparing what may be called the enchanted and disenchanted estimates of this passion,—the view of Plato, for instance, and the view of Schopenhauer,—we find that the discordance goes to the very root of the conception; that what in Plato's view is the accident, is in Schopenhauer's the essential; that what Plato esteemed as the very aim and essence is for Schopenhauer a delusive figment, a witchery cast over man's young inexperience, from which adult reason should shake itself wholly free. For Plato the act of idealization which constitutes love is closely akin to the act of idealization which constitutes worship. The sudden passion which

carries the lover beyond all thought of self is the result of a memory and a yearning which the beloved one's presence stirs within him; a memory of ante-natal visions, a yearning towards the home of the soul. The true end of love is mutual ennoblement; its fruition lies in the unseen. Or if we look to its earthly issue, it is not children only who are born from such unions as these, but from that fusion of earnest spirits, great thoughts, just laws, noble institutions spring,—"a fairer progeny than any child of man."

Not one of the speculations of antiquity outdid in lofty originality this theme of Plato's. And however deeply the changing conditions of civilization might modify the outward forms or setting of love, this far-reaching conception has been immanent in the poet's mind, and has made of love an integral element in the spiritual scheme of things. "Love was given," says Wordsworth, in a poem which strangely harmonizes the antique and the modern ideal,—

> "Love was given,
> Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end:
> For this the passion to excess was driven,—
> That self might be annulled; her bondage prove
> The fetters of a dream, opposed to Love."

And even when the passion has not been thus directly linked with ethical aims, it has been credited with a heaven-sent, a mysterious charm; like the beauty and scent of flowers, it has been regarded as a joy given to us for the mere end of joy.

In recent years, however, a wholly different aspect of the passion of love has been raised into prominence. This new theory—for it is hardly less—is something much deeper than the mere satirical depreciation, the mere ascetic horror, of the female sex. It recognizes the mystery, the illusion, the potency of love: but it urges that this dominating illusion is no heaven-descended charm of life, but the result of terrene evolution; and that, so far from being salutary to the individual, it is expressly designed to entrap him into subserving the ends of the race, even when death to himself (or herself) is the immediate consequence. It was in England that the facts in natural history which point to this conclusion were first set forth; it was in Germany that a philosophical theory was founded (even before most of those facts were known) upon these blind efforts of the race, working through the passions of the individual, yet often to his ruin; but it is in

France that we witness the actual entry of this theory into the affairs of life,—the gradual dissipation of the "sexual illusion" which nature has so long been weaving with unconscious magic around the senses and the imagination of man.

In the first place, then, human attractiveness has suffered something of the same loss of romance which has fallen upon the scent and color of flowers, since we have realized that these have been developed as an attraction to moths and other insects, whose visits to the flower are necessary to secure effective fertilization. Our own attractiveness in each other's eyes seems no longer to point to some Divine reminiscence; rather, it is a character which natural and sexual selection must needs have developed, if our race was to persist at all: and it is paralleled by elaborate and often grotesque æsthetic allurements throughout the range of organized creatures of separate sex.

Once more. The great Roman poet of "wheat and woodland, tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd," insisted long ago on the divergence, throughout animated nature, of the promptings of amorous passion and of self-preservation. Passing beyond the facile optimism of pastoral singers, he showed the peace, the strength, the life of the animal creation at the mercy of an instinct which they can neither comprehend nor disobey. *In furias ignemque ruunt.* Advancing science has both confirmed and explained this profound observation. She has discovered instances where the instinct in question conducts not merely to a remote and contingent but to an immediate and inevitable death, and where yet it works itself out with unfailing punctuality. And she has demonstrated that in the race of races the individual must not pause for breath; his happiness, his length of days must be subordinated to the supreme purpose of leaving a progeny which can successfully prolong the endless struggle. And here the bitter philosophy of Schopenhauer steps in, and shows that as man rises from the savage state, the form of the illusive witchery changes, but the witchery is still the same. Nature is still prompting us to subserve the advantage of the race,—an advantage which is not our own,—though she uses now such delicate baits as artistic admiration, spiritual sympathy, the union of kindred souls. Behind and beneath all these is still her old unconscious striving; but she can scarcely any longer outwit us: we now desire neither the pangs of passion, nor the restraints of marriage, nor the burden of offspring; while for the race we

need care nothing, or may even deem it best and most merciful that the race itself should lapse and pass away.

The insensible advance of this sexual disenchantment will show itself first and most obviously in the imaginative literature of a nation. And the transition from romanticism to so-called naturalism in fiction, which is the conspicuous fact of the day in France, is ill understood if it be taken to be a mere change in literary fashion, a mere reaction against sentimental and stylistic extravagance. The naturalists claim — and the claim is just — that they seek at least a closer analogy with the methods of science herself; that they rest not on fantastic fancies, but on the *documents humains* which are furnished by the actual life of every day. But on the other hand, the very fact that this is all which they desire to do, is enough to prove that even this will scarcely be worth the doing. The fact that they thus shrink from idealizing bespeaks an epoch barren in ideal. Schopenhauer boasted that he had destroyed "die Dame," the chivalrous conception of woman as a superior being; and such novels as those of Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, exhibit the world with this illusion gone. If, moreover, the relations between men and women are not kept, in a sense, above the relations between men and men, they will rapidly fall below them. We are led into a world of joyless vice from the sheer decay of the conception of virtue.

And thus we are brought, by a natural transition, to the fourth and last illusion from which French thought is shaking itself free,—the illusion which pervades man more profoundly than any other: the dream of his own free-will, and of his psychical unity. It is in the analysis of this personal illusion that much of the acutest French work has lately been done; it is here that ordinary French opinion is perhaps furthest removed from the English type; and it is here, moreover, as I shall presently indicate,—it is on this field of experimental psychology,—that the decisive battles of the next century seem likely to be fought. In this essay, however, I must keep clear of detail, and must touch only on the general effect of the mass of teaching. . . .

As regards the freedom of the will, indeed, it might have been supposed that the controversy had now been waged too long to admit of much accession of novel argument. Nor, of course, can any theory which we hold as to human free-will reasonably influence our actions one way or the other. Yet we know that

as a matter of actual observation, Mahommedan fatalism does influence conduct; and the determinism which is becoming definitely the creed of France may similarly be traced throughout their modern pictures of life and character, as a paralyzing influence in moments of decisive choice, of moral crisis. . . .

I have now, though in a very brief and imperfect way, accomplished the task which seemed to me to have some promise of instruction. I have tried to decompose into its constituent elements the vague but general sense of *malaise* or decadence which permeates so much of modern French literature and life. And after referring this disenchantment to the loss of certain beliefs and habits of thought which the majority of educated Frenchmen have come with more or less distinctness to class as illusions, I have endeavored — it may be thought with poor success — to suggest some possibility of the reconstitution of these illusions on a basis which can permanently resist scientific attack. In experimental psychology I have suggested, so to say, a nostrum, but without propounding it as a panacea; and I cannot avoid the conclusion that we are bound to be prepared for the worst. Yet by "the worst" I do not mean any catastrophe of despair, any cosmic suicide, any world-wide unchaining of the brute that lies pent in man. I mean merely the peaceful, progressive, orderly triumph of *l'homme sensuel moyen* [the average man]; the gradual adaptation of hopes and occupations to a purely terrestrial standard; the calculated pleasures of the cynic who is resolved to be a dupe no more.

Such is the prospect from our tower of augury — the warning note from France, whose inward crises have so often prefigured the fates through which Western Europe was to pass ere long. Many times, indeed, have declining nations risen anew, when some fresh knowledge, some untried adventure, has added meaning and zest to life. Let those men speak to us, if any there be, who can strengthen our hearts with some prevision happier than mine. For if this vanward and eager people is never to be "begotten again unto a lively hope" by some energy still unfelt and unsuspected, then assuredly France will not suffer alone from her atrophy of higher life. No; in that case like causes elsewhere must produce like effects; and there are other great nations whose decline will not be long delayed.

MYTHS AND FOLK-LORE OF THE ARYAN PEOPLES

BY WILLIAM SHARP AND ERNEST RHYS

With the advance of the new science of folk-lore, we are apt to forget perhaps that the old literature on which the study is based is one of the richest and most entertaining in the world. Fairy-tale is its foster-mother, and the home out of which it passed is as mysterious as fairy-land itself, and as full of wonders; although the name of "Aryan" may seem at a first glance to suggest only the science of races, or the endless differences of the doctors of philology over the relations of myth to the decay of language. That, however, is a side of the subject upon which we are not called to dwell. Science apart, it is enough to show that the way into the old wonder-land where the early Aryans first drew breath, and shaped our speech, and began our traditions, may be traveled for the sheer pleasure of the adventure, as well as for abstruser ends. The mysterious door of the Aryan mythologies may look forbidding, but its "Open sesame!" is nothing more occult than the title of the first time-honored fairy-tale one happens to remember. And once inside this dim ancestral gate, the demesne is so richly fertile, and so various in its partitions and pleasaunces, that the idlest observer cannot but be allured further. The Aryan realm, eastern and western, includes not only the Greek, Scandinavian, and Indian mythologies, but Slavic folk-tales, Roumanian folk-songs, Sicilian idyls, and all the confused popular traditions of the Anglo-Celtic peoples. If we may believe the folk-lorists,— as here at least we can do,— King Arthur and Queen Guinevere are among its heroic children, equally with Odin and Sigurd, or Heracles and Helen of Troy. Its music is echoed in the early Celtic elemental rhymes and poems, equally with the Vedic Hymns and the epic strain of Homer. Its traditions flit to and fro over the face of the earth, from the Ganges to the Mississippi, from the Thames to the Tiber. The nursery tales we tell our children to-day are, many of them, but variants of the old primitive tales of Light and Darkness, Sleep and Silence, told to the babes that watched the flames flicker, or heard the wolves howl, amid the trees of that unmapped region which was the birthplace of the Aryan peoples.

It is clear that the primary myths and folk-tales of so vast an order of mankind, and the secondary more conscious literary development of the same subject-matter, together make an immense contribution to the world's literature. We can at best indicate here a little of its richness and extent, referring our readers to the original authorities for the full history of the subject. Even so, it must be kept in mind that folk-lore is still a new science; and that collections of native tales and traditions, as they still survive to-day, have been made with anything like order only within the last half-century. Every year now sees valuable new contributions from the various folk-lore societies,—additions which, it is clear, must affect closely the labors of the comparative mythologists, and the results at which they arrive. Professor Max Müller's works, Mr. J. G. Frazer's 'Golden Bough,' Mr. Clodd's 'Myths and Dreams,' Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Custom and Myth,' Mr. Sidney Hartland's 'Legend of Perseus,' Principal Rhys's 'Hibbert Lectures,'—all these are works which have helped to give folk-lore its modern status and significance; and they are but the pioneers of a critical and co-ordinating system which is only now beginning to assume its right effects and proportions. But here it is not with the method and modern theories, but with the legendary survivals and mythic traditions of folk-lore, that we are concerned. It is not even necessary for us to decide the vexed question of the exact region in Europe or Asia whence the Aryan peoples originally sprang. Whether indeed it be in the Ural slopes, the Norse valleys, or the plateau of the Himalaya, that the newest argument places the cradle of the Aryan, we shall still find, most likely, that the illustrations of the argument adduced are more interesting than the argument itself.

In the same way, although we may not accept the solar theory in mythology, our interest in sun myths and the folk-tales that have grown out of them, will be undiminished. Again, if Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory of the origin of mythology and its fables—that it was an outgrowth of primitive man's ancestor-worship—seems doubtful, we shall still find the whole range of fetish and totem traditions and beliefs full of profoundly suggestive matter of fancy and matter of fact. Thinking on it, we shall turn with a new feeling to many old rural reminders of death; or to such testimony as that of Ovid's lines,—

«Est honor et tumulis,» etc.,*—

in which he describes the Feast of the Romans in the Ides of February in honor of the ghosts of their ancestors.

The mysteries of death, and of the forces of nature; the interchange of light and darkness; the passing of the sun;—we need no

*«And even to the tomb is honor paid.»—'Fasti.'

theory to account for the early effect these had on the savage imaginations of our primitive Aryan forefathers. Of the aerial and earthly phenomena, which worked early upon the mind of man, and led him to weave a myth out of the emotions and sensations they caused, the sun[8] perhaps affords the best instance. For, go where you will through the uttermost regions of the Aryan peoples, as we now recognize them, you will still find the sun, and with him the moon and the stars, regnant in the realm of folk-lore. Take in the 'Rig-Veda' (x. 95), the poem of the love of Urvasi and Pururavas, in which Professor Max Müller considers the latter to stand for the sun, while Urvasi is the early dawn. Or take the folk-song sung on New Year's Eve by that most primitive and archaic of European peoples, the Mordvins,—an offshoot of the Finns, who live between the Volga and the Oka, in a territory extending on both sides of the Sura:—

«Denyan Lasunyas
Is a bright moon,
His wife Masai
A ruddy sun.
And Denyan's children
Are the stars.
Tannysai!»

In this stanza it is seen that the sun is a woman, contrary to the custom in myth, early and late; except—and this is a matter of great and interesting significance—in the instance of Celtic, or at least Gaelic-Celtic myth and legendary lore, where the sun is always feminine. But indeed, to quote Mr. Edward Clodd, «the names given to the sun in mythology are as manifold as his aspects and influences, and as the moods of the untutored minds that endowed him with the complex and contrary qualities which make up the nature of man.» And the gender of the sun, as well as of many other natural phenomena, is found to change frequently in different tongues; but as a rule, in Aryan folk-lore, he is masculine, and the moon feminine. In the old Greek myths, both sun and moon are fully endowed with human qualities and human passions and failings; and yet the sun is godlike, and has powers far beyond those of humankind. «The sun,» we are reminded by the modern mythologists, «is all-seeing and all-penetrating. In a Greek song of to-day, a mother sends a message to an absent daughter by the sun; it is but an unconscious repetition of the request of the dying Ajax, that the heavenly body will tell his fate to his old father and his sorrowing spouse.»

If we arrive at something like a sympathetic understanding of the tendency in primitive man to humanize and personify the signs and appearances of nature, we shall be very near an explanation of the Greek mythology, and its marvelous confusion of noble and ignoble, of

heroic and demoralized deities. The savage survival in that mythology of so many of the more gross and repulsive elements of folk-lore is but another proof of the extraordinary persistence of traditional ideas, as against consciously reasoned ideas, of nature. While in art, and in human intelligence and conduct of life, they had grown into the civilized condition which made an Aristotle and a Plato possible, their primitive mythopœic sense, as it existed some thousand years before, still retained its hold on them. Do we not find the same survival, in our most modern races, of superstitions as old as the oldest Aryan type?

The oldest survivals of all in the Greek religion are not to be learnt from the pages of Homer and the Greek dramatists, but from what we may gather indirectly from those obscurer sources in which folk-lore has so often had its mémorials overlaid with dust. To eke out these reminders, we have the more formal testimony of such authors as Pausanias and Eusebius, Herodotus and Lactantius, Porphyrius and Plutarch. Pausanias tells us, in mysterious terms, of the dreadful rites on the Lycæan Hill, as late as the second century. On the crest of the mountain is the altar of Zeus; and before it «stand two pillars facing the rising sun, and thereon golden eagles of yet more ancient workmanship. And on this altar they sacrifice to Zeus in a manner that may not be spoken, and little liking had I to make much search into this matter. But let it be as it is, and as it hath been from the beginning.» Mr. Lang, commenting on this ominous passage, reminds us* that «the traditional myths of Arcadia tell of the human sacrifices of Lycaon, and of men who, tasting the meat of a mixed sacrifice, put human flesh between their lips unawares.» The horrors of «Voodoo» among the negroes of Hayti, or the tradition of human sacrifices in the Vedic religion, or among the Druids in ancient time, show how religious rites were apt to conserve strange and terrible mythical ideas, century after century.

From the Jewish and other non-Aryan rites, we may gather many interesting corroborative particulars as to the law and manner of sacrifice. But without following up the more tragic and terrible side of its ancient practice, as relating to the peculiar expiatory virtue of human victims, let us recall that much of the existing folk-lore of fire naturally associates itself with the lingering of the traditions concerning its use in the rites of the altar, from time immemorial.

Those who have read Mr. J. G. Frazer's remarkable treatise on the esoteric explanation of the old mythical traditions, 'The Golden Bough,' will readily recall the ancient mysteries of the lovely woodland lake of Nemi, with which he begins his book. The scene is enshrined in all its beauty, and idealized with a perfect imagination,

*'Myth, Ritual, and Religion,' Vol. i., page 269.

in Turner's picture of 'The Golden Bough,' in which the classic forms of the lovely nymphs of Diana's train are seen dancing. But another form, ominous and sinister, was at one time to be seen in the sanctuary there,—that of the priest of Nemi, pacing the grove, sword in hand, awaiting the predestinate coming of him who should break off the Golden Bough from the one sacred tree, and try to slay him, and so succeed to his dreadful and mysterious priesthood. For a man could only become the priest of Nemi by first slaying a former holder of the office. And this was but the dark initiation of a profoundly symbolistic ritual in honor of the tutelary goddess, Diana Nemorensis,—Diana of the Grove,—in whose rites Fire played a very essential and striking part. Now, without following up Mr. Frazer's suggestive line of argument, and without insisting theoretically on the significance of Fire as a Sun-symbol, or the Golden Bough as a Tree-symbol, or the slaying and the slain priest as a type of the "slain God," it may be seen what a long series of vital associations is opened up to the student of folk-lore by such things. Many of our simplest festive and social celebrations to-day have an ancestry older far than the oldest literary memorials we possess.

We still speak with a certain serious and hospitable sentiment of the hearth; which is a relic of the primitive awe and mythopœic sense with which our wild first forefathers regarded the familiar spirit that haunts every house, and makes life in our northern latitudes possible and pleasant. Most readers now can only recall, within their own experience, any acquaintance with primitive fire lore in connection with Christmas and its Yule log, or perhaps a fire set burning on New Year's Eve and kept alight until the incoming of the New Year, or a bonfire lighted for some modern commemoration. But even so, it is remarkable that the sense of the mystery of the fire, and its essential sacredness, have so far escaped the cumulative attacks of all our anti-superstitious civilization. The pedigree, for instance, of the tradition about a sacred and inviolable hearth, or of a living fire that must not be extinguished, is one of the most interesting in all Aryan folk-lore. Accepting provisionally the theory that a Russo-Finnish region was at least one of the first to be touched by the effluent stream of the Aryan race, let us note that the sacredness of the fire is a prime article in the creed of the Russian peasant. Mr. W. R. S. Ralston tells us in his delightful 'Songs of the Russian People,' that when a Russian family moves to a new house "the fire is raked out of the old stove into a jar, and solemnly conveyed to the new one; the words 'Welcome, grandfather, to the new home!' being uttered when it arrives there." Among that primitive Russian people the Mordvins, to whom we alluded above, on Christmas Eve a fire is lit in the stove with a special ceremony. A burning candle is placed before the stove, and a fagot of birch

rods is lighted at its flame, while the mistress of the house says a half-pagan prayer.* This fagot is then placed on the hearth-stone, and the wood in the stove kindled from it; while a brand from the last Christmas festival is placed on top of the whole kindling.

Passing now from the Mordvins to the Gaelic corner of the Aryan world, and from the domestic to the more ceremonial uses of fire, we find an extremely suggestive instance in the Scotch Highlands, where bonfires, known as the «Beltane Fires,» used to be kindled on May Day. The fires were kindled by antiquated methods, with no small ceremony, usually on some prominent hill-top. Traditionally, this fire and its ash had all kinds of magic virtues, in curing disease, breaking evil spells, etc. When the fire was well alight, an oatcake was made, toasted by its heat, and then broken into little bits; one piece being made black with charcoal. Next; the bits were put into a bonnet, and lots were drawn, and the man drawing the black bit was called *Cailleach bealtine,*—the Beltane carline,—and was supposed to be burnt in the fire as a sacrifice to Baal. His companions indeed made a show of putting him into the bonfire; but the ceremony was considered complete if he jumped thrice through the flames. In this, there is no doubt, as Mr. Frazer points out in his 'Golden Bough,' we have the clear trace of a human sacrifice by fire, lingering in a semi-playful rustic ceremony.

In Europe generally, such fire feasts are held on Midsummer Eve (23d June) or Midsummer Day (24th June); and besides the usual bonfires, torch processions, and the custom of rolling a fiery wheel down the slopes of the appointed hill, formed part of the feast. One finds these still in many parts of Germany, as at Kouz on the Moselle; in Poitou; in Brittany; and they existed, or still exist, in Wales, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, and several parts of England.

We have not space to do more than allude in passing to the curious and prevalent belief in «need-fires,» kindled to drive off plague, pestilence, and famine; always kindled by the friction of wood or the revolution of a wheel. As it is, we have taken but one out of the many familiar things of every-day association which are found on examination to discover the most remarkable traditionary interest, in the light of the old Aryan myths and folk-lore.

The study of the lesser signs and symbols, the familiar odds and ends of daily life, that in primitive times were used to express man's feeling for the mystery of a difficult world, ordered by laws and forces which he did not comprehend, brings us to the question of fetishes and *fetishism;* a term which was first used by that pioneer

*«O *Cham Pas*, have mercy upon us; let the ruddy sun rise, warm us with his warmth, and cause our corn to grow in great plenty for us all!»

of mythology, De Brosses, in his 'Culte des Dieux Fétiches,' in the middle of the eighteenth century, and which is derived from a Portuguese word meaning a talisman. But on this, again, we can only touch in the briefest way; since to do justice to the subject it is necessary to adventure far outside our limits, and indeed into fields of extra-Aryan mythology, and of the folk-lore of non-Aryan savage tribes that do not come within our province. But Professor Max Müller, in his Hibbert Lectures and elsewhere, has used the evidence freely that is supplied in the Indo-Aryan literature, and all the profound sense of the infinite in the Indo-Aryan myths, in discounting the prevalence of fetishism among the primitive Aryans. We do not at all agree with his conclusions. But he helps us to see that the deities of the 'Vedas' and 'Brahmanas' (the hymns and books of devotion of India) are sprung from the same order of personified elemental phenomena as the fire-god or the sun-hero in other Aryan mythologies. To take Indra, the chief of these deities: we trace in the anomalous attributes of his divinity the signs of a savage deity who was now the offspring of a cow, now a ram,—a ram that on occasion could fly. Moreover, is there not a savage survival in the idea that Indra was much addicted to *soma*-drinking; or that he committed the "unpardonable sin" (according to the Vedic cult), *i. e.*, the slaying of a Brahman? Indra even drank soma which was not intended for him, and the dregs became Vrittra the serpent, his enemy. In fighting this foe, Indra lost his energy, which fell to earth and begot trees and shrubs; while Vrittra, being cut in half, accounted for the moon and other phenomena in the universe. In pursuing this branch of mythology, the superb library afforded by the 'Sacred Books of the East' may be consulted, eked out by such other works as Dr. Muir's 'Ancient Sanskrit Texts,' and Ludwig's translation of the 'Rig-Veda.' The same mixture of sublime and ideal and lofty ideas with savage and primitive and wildly immoral conceptions of the gods, will be found in the Indo-Aryan, that is found in the Greek mythology.

There is no need to dwell here on the account that Homer gives of the Greek gods, and their conduct and misconduct of their Divine affairs, for Homer will be found treated elsewhere; but let us recall that the children of Heaven and Earth, if we turn from Homer to Hesiod, included Ocean, Hyperion, Theia, Rhea, Themis, Mnemosyne, Tethys, and Cronus. And then we come to the Greek Indra, in Zeus; who unlike Indra, however, is born in the second generation of the gods, and even then only saved by a trick from the all-devouring wrath of his father Cronus. Cronus alone affords a myth that is a sort of test of the whole mythopœic making of divinities out of crude material, and preserving the cruder characteristics even in the highly

developed forms of a complex, consciously arranged mythology. It is thus we follow the early Greek myths, and watch them passing out of pure folk-lore and primary mythology into secondary and literary forms, until we come to their presentment by Homer and Hesiod.

It is the same process as we see, working on equally Aryan ideas, in the Scandinavian mythology; until it arrives at its secondary stage, in the marvelous world of human and divine creation in the 'Nibelungen Lied.' In this evolution of barbaric divinities, and the elaboration of the crude heroic ideal, Odin may be compared very suggestively with the Greek Zeus, and Zeus with the Vedic Indra; and Indra again with the Norse Odin: and much light may thus be gained by a resort to comparative mythology in considering the chief deities of the greater Indo-European systems of ex-Christian religion.

But indeed, whether we study the great myths or the humblest things in folk-lore, the Indo-European or Aryan tongues will be found to stammer out at last but the same message of the infinities that received its highest expression in a Semitic tongue. The Celts and Germans, the Sanskrit and Zendish peoples, the Latins and Greeks, all belong to one family of speech; but even a ten-centuries maintained speech is less permanent, and a less certain synthetic measure of man, than human nature and human imagination. And it is only now, when folk-lore is beginning to see the common ground betwixt the Aryan and the non-Aryan races and their histories, that it is learning to make its lanterns light for us the "dark backward and abysm of time," across which we look wistfully to the legended old dreams first dreamt in the childish cradle sleep of our race. Like faint memories of that cradle sleep, we listen now to the myths of the creation of the earth, and of man's destiny; myths of the stars; myths of the joy and sorrow of life and death; and of fire and of the elements. Read apart, they are beautiful and divine fables; read in the unity of man's common aspiration, they are the testament of the imperfect first beginning, and the slow growth toward perfection, of his expression of the mystery of nature, and of the eternal that is behind nature.

A word remains to be said about the illustrative items that follow, which are chosen mainly with a view to showing the variety of the entertainment offered by the Aryan myths and folk-lore. As it is we have omitted those fairy and folk tales, which are, like 'Rumpelstilskin' and 'Jack the Giant-Killer,' enshrined in every reader's memory; we have omitted also such passages as those in Homer, or the 'Nibelungen Lied,' or in the Arthurian legendary romances, which fall under other departments of the present work. Of those which do appear, and which may not carry their full and sufficient

explanation on the face of them, we may explain that the 'Kinvad Bridge' and the 'Brig o' Dread' show the identity and the world-wide prevalence of the folk-lore relating to the passage of the souls of the dead. The contemporary Russian account of the faith in 'Hangman's Rope' points to the old idea, common in witches' prescriptions, of the virtue of a dead man's hand or other belongings, especially if the man came by a dark and dreadful end; it is but another form, in fact, of fetish-worship. The tale of the 'Bad Wife' is a variant of one common to all tongues, relating to matrimonial troubles and the punishment of a local Hades,—the nearest convenient pit, or cave, or dark pool, *Mare au diable*, or "Devil's Punch-bowl." The Silesian tale of the 'Sleeping Army' is a variant of a common tradition which is locally related of King Arthur and his knights in South Wales. The two May Day verses, and those relating to Christmas decorations, are but another relic of the old tree-worship, whose traces linger in many an unsuspected rustic rhyme to-day. Certain old English charms and superstitions relating to the sacred efficacy against evil of bread,—an idea common to all northern Aryan folk-lore,—may be found daintily preserved by Herrick, who was the earliest collector of Devonshire folk-lore. An old knife charm, and a variant of the custom of honoring the Christmas fire,—a relic of old fire-worship,—which we have described above among the Mordvins, are also taken from the 'Hesperides.' The 'Legend of Bomere Pool,' the tale of the 'Fairy Prince from Lappmark,' and the Catalonian folk-tale, serve to illustrate further the universal Aryan custom (and indeed the extra-Aryan custom too) of attaching mythical characters, good and evil, elvish and demonic, to marked localities, hills, lakes, and the like.

All these, let us remind the reader finally, are but crumbs from the great feast, whose full equipment includes not only the humblest couplet or game-rhyme that children sing, but the mysteries of mediæval romance, and the epic glooms and splendors of all the Aryan mythologies.

William Sharp

Ernest Rhys

THE KINVAD BRIDGE

From the 'Zend-Avesta'

THEN the fiend named Vizareska carries off in bonds the souls of the wicked Daêva-worshipers who live in sin. The soul enters the way made by Time, and open both to the wicked and the righteous.

At the head of the Kinvad Bridge, the holy bridge made by Mazda, they ask for their spirits and souls, the reward for the worldly goods which they gave away below.

Then comes the well-shapen, strong, and tall maiden with the hounds at her sides; — she who can distinguish, who is graceful, who does what she desires, and is of high understanding.

She makes the soul of the righteous go up above the heavenly hill; above the Kinvad Bridge she places it in the presence of the heavenly gods themselves.

NOTE. — The Kinvad Bridge crosses over Hades to Paradise. For the souls of the good, it grows wider (nine javelins width); for the wicked it narrows to a thread, and they fall from it into the depths of Hades.

THE BRIDGE OF DREAD

From 'Border Minstrelsy'

["This dirge used to be sung in the North of England, over a dead body, previous to burial. The tune is weird and doleful, and joined to the mysterious import of the words, has a solemn effect. The word sleet, in the chorus, seems to be corrupted from selt, or salt." — Sir Walter Scott's note.]

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

When thou from hence away are paste,
Every night and alle;
To Whinny-muir thou comest at laste:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Every night and alle;
Sit thee down and put them on:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If hosen and shoon thou ne'er gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The Whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane:
And Christe receive thye saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Every night and alle;
To Brigg o' Dread thou comest at laste:
And Christe receive thye saule.*

. . . . . .

From Brigg o' Dread when thou mayst passe,
Every night and alle;
To purgatory fire thou comest at laste:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If ever thou gavest meat or drink,
Every night and alle;
The fire shall never make thee shrinke:
And Christe receive thye saule.

If meat and drinke thou gavest nane,
Every night and alle;
The fire will burn thee to the bare bane:
And Christe receive thye saule.

This ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Every night and alle;
Fire and sleete, and candle lighte,
And Christe receive thye saule.

THE LEGEND OF BOMERE POOL†

From Miss C. S. Burne's 'Shropshire Folk-Lore'

MANY years ago a village stood in the hollow which is now fillen up by the mere. But the inhabitants were a wicked race, who mocked at God and his priest. They turned back to the idolatrous practices of their fathers, and worshiped Thor and Woden; they scorned to bend the knee, save in mockery, to the White Christ who had died to save their souls. The

*There must originally have been two more verses, describing the fate of the good and bad souls at the Bridge.

†Compare Hawthorne's 'Philemon and Baucis,' in the 'Wonder Book,' which is essentially the same story.

old priest earnestly warned them that God would punish such wickedness as theirs by some sudden judgment, but they laughed him to scorn. They fastened fish-bones to the skirt of his cassock, and set the children to pelt him with mud and stones. The holy man was not dismayed at this; nay, he renewed his entreaties and warnings, so that some few turned from their evil ways and worshiped with him in the little chapel, which stood on the bank of a rivulet that flowed down from the mere on the hillside.

The rains fell that December in immense quantities. The mere was swollen beyond its usual limits, and all the hollows in the hills were filled to overflowing. One day when the old priest was on the hillside gathering fuel, he noticed that the barrier of peat, earth, and stones which prevented the mere flowing into the valley was apparently giving way before the mass of water above. He hurried down to the village, and besought the men to come up and cut a channel for the discharge of the superfluous waters of the mere. They only greeted his proposal with shouts of derision, and told him to go and mind his prayers, and not spoil their feast with his croaking and his kill-joy presence.

These heathen were then keeping their winter festival with great revelry. It fell on Christmas Eve. The same night the aged priest summoned his few faithful ones to attend at the midnight mass which ushered in the feast of our Savior's nativity. The night was stormy, and the rain fell in torrents; yet this did not prevent the little flock from coming to the chapel. The old servant of God had already begun the holy sacrifice, when a roar was heard in the upper part of the valley. The server was just ringing the Sanctus bell which hung in the bell-cot, when a flood of water dashed into the church, and rapidly rose till it put out the altar-lights. In a few moments more the whole building was washed away; and the mere, which had burst its mountain barrier, occupied the hollow in which the village had stood. Men say that if you sail over the mere on Christmas Eve just after midnight, you may hear the Sanctus bell tolling.

THE LAKE OF THE DEMONS

Catalonian variant of a folk-tale common to every mountain region; related by Gervase of Tilbury

In Catalonia there is a lofty mountain named Cavagum, at the foot of which runs a river with golden sands, in the vicinity of which there are likewise mines of silver. This mountain is steep, and almost inaccessible. On its top, which is always covered with ice and snow, is a black and bottomless lake, into which if a stone be thrown, a tempest suddenly rises; and near this lake, though invisible to men, is the porch of the Palace of Demons. In a town adjacent to this mountain, named Junchera, lived one Peter de Cabinam. Being one day teased with the fretfulness of his young daughter, he in his impatience suddenly wished that the Devil might take her; when she was immediately borne away by the spirits. About seven years afterwards, an inhabitant of the same city, passing by the mountain, met a man who complained bitterly of the burden he was constantly forced to bear. Upon inquiring the cause of his complaining, as he did not seem to carry any load, the man related that he had been unwarily devoted to the spirits by an execration, and that they now employed him constantly as a vehicle of burden. As a proof of his assertion, he added that the daughter of his fellow-citizen was detained by the spirits, but that they were willing to restore her if her father would come and demand her on the mountain. Peter de Cabinam, on being informed of this, ascended the mountain to the lake, and in the name of God demanded his daughter; when a tall, thin, withered figure, with wandering eyes, and almost bereft of reason, was wafted to him in a blast of wind.

FAIRY GIFTS AND THEIR ILL-LUCK

From 'The Science of Fairy Tales,' by E. S. Hartland

A peasant in Swedish Lappmark who had one day been unlucky at the chase, was returning disgusted, when he met a prince who begged him to come and cure his wife. The peasant protested in vain that he was not a doctor. The other would take no denial, insisting that it was no matter, for if he would only put his hands upon the lady she would be healed. Accordingly the stranger led him to the very top of a mountain,

where was perched a castle he had never seen before. On entering it, he found the roof overlaid with silver, the carpets of silk, and the furniture of the purest gold. The prince took him into a room where lay the loveliest of princesses on a golden bed, screaming with pain. As soon as she saw the peasant she begged him to come and put his hands upon her. Almost stupefied with astonishment, he hesitated to lay his coarse hands upon so fair a lady. But at length he yielded; and in a moment her pain ceased, and she was made whole. She stood up and thanked him, begging him to tarry awhile and eat with them. This, however, he declined to do; for he feared that if he tasted the food which was offered him he must remain there. The prince then took a leathern purse, filled it with small round pieces of wood, and gave it to him with these words: "So long as thou hast this purse, money will never fail thee. But if thou shouldst ever see me again, beware of speaking to me; for if thou speak thy luck will depart." When the man got home he found the purse filled with dollars; and by virtue of its magical property he became the richest man in the parish. As soon as he found the purse always full, whatever he took out of it, he began to live in a spendthrift manner, and frequented the alehouse. One evening as he sat there he beheld the strange prince with a bottle in his hand, going round and gathering the drops which the guests shook from time to time out of their glasses. The rich peasant was surprised that one who had given him so much did not seem able to buy himself a single dram, but was reduced to this means of getting a drink. Thereupon he went up to him and said: "Thou hast shown me more kindness than any other man ever did, and I will willingly treat thee to a little." The words were scarce out of his mouth when he received such a blow on his head that he fell stunned to the ground; and when again he came to himself, the prince and his purse were both gone. From that day forward he became poorer and poorer, until he was reduced to absolute beggary.

NOTE.—This story exemplifies the need of the trolls for human help, the refusal of food, fairy gratitude, and the conditions involved in the acceptance of supernatural gifts. It mentions one further characteristic of fairy nature—the objection to be recognized and addressed by men who are privileged to see them.—E. S. H.

A SLEEPING ARMY

From Drzebnica in Silesia, near an ancient battle-field. Variant of a folk-tale common to the Celtic and Norse races

A PEASANT-GIRL was once wandering in the country, and found the mouth of a cavern. She entered and found within a host of sleeping warriors, all armed as if waiting for the call to battle. One of the spirit warriors, who seemed their leader, was not asleep; and addressing the fearful girl, told her not to mind the soldiers, but only to take care not to touch the bell hanging over the entrance. But the girl was seized with an irresistible desire to ring the bell. Its boom sounded through the cavern as a tocsin to war. The sleeping host began to awake and to seize their arms. But thereupon the leader drove the girl out, and closed the cavern mouth. No one has since seen the opening of the cave, where, it is believed, the army still sleeps undisturbed, waiting the destined day of waking.

THE BLACK LAMB

From 'Ancient Legends of Ireland.' Irish variant of a common Aryan superstition

IT IS a custom amongst the people, when throwing away water at night, to cry out in a loud voice, "Take care of the water;" or literally, "Away with yourself from the water:" for they say that the spirits of the dead last buried are then wandering about, and it would be dangerous if the water fell on them.

One dark night a woman suddenly threw out a pail of boiling water without thinking of the warning words. Instantly a cry was heard, as of a person in pain, but no one was seen. However, the next night a black lamb entered the house, having the back all fresh scalded, and it lay down moaning by the hearth and died. Then they all knew that this was the spirit that had been scalded by the woman, and they carried the dead lamb out reverently, and buried it deep in the earth. Yet every night at the same hour it walked again into the house, and lay down, moaned, and died: and after this had happened many times, the priest was sent for, and finally, by the strength of his exorcism, the spirit of the dead was laid to rest; the black lamb appeared no more. Neither was the body of the dead lamb found in the grave when they searched for it, though it had been laid by their own hands deep in the earth, and covered with clay.

DEATH-BED SUPERSTITIONS

From the Folk-Lore Record. Ditchling, Sussex, August 1820

WHILST the woman was dying, I was standing at the foot of the bed, when a woman desired me to remove, saying, "You should never stand at the foot of a bed when a person is dying." The reason, I ascertained, was because it would stop the spirit in its departure to the unknown world.

Immediately after the woman was dead, I was requested by the persons in attendance to go with them into the garden to awake the bees, saying it was a thing which ought always to be done when a person died after sunset.

THE WITCHED CHURN

From the Folk-Lore Record. Contains a common superstition as to the fatal sympathetic sensibility of those possessed with powers of witchcraft. Halstead in Essex, August 1732.

THERE was one Master Collett, a smith by trade, of Havening-ham in the county of Suffolk, who, as 'twas customary with him, assisting the maide to churn, and not being able — as the phrase is — to make the butter come, threw a hot iron into the churn, under the notion of witchcraft in the case; upon which a poore laborer then employed in the farm-yard cried out in a terrible manner, "*They have killed me! they have killed me!*" still keeping his hand upon his back, intimating where the pain was, and died upon the spot. Mr. Collett, with the rest of the servants then present, took off the poor man's clothes, and found to their great surprise the mark of the iron which was heated and thrown into the churn, deeply impressed upon his back. This account I had from Mr. Collett's own mouth. *Signed*, S. Manning.

THE BAD WIFE AND THE DEMON

From Folk-Lore Record. Russian variant of an ancient Eastern story

A BAD wife lived on the worst of terms with her husband, and never paid any attention to what he said. If her husband told her to get up early, she would lie in bed three days at a stretch; if he wanted her to go to sleep, she couldn't think

of sleeping. When her husband asked her to make pancakes, she would say, "You thief, you don't deserve a pancake!" If he said, "Don't make any pancakes, wife, if I don't deserve them," she would cook a two-gallon pot full, and say, "Eat away, you thief, till they're all gone!"

One day, after having had his trouble and bother with her, he went into the forest to look for berries and distract his grief; and he came to where there was a currant-bush, and in the middle of that bush he saw a bottomless pit. He looked at it for some time and considered, "Why should I live in torment with a bad wife? Can't I put her into that pit? Can't I teach her a good lesson?"

So when he came home he said:—

"Wife, don't go into the woods for berries."

"Yes, you bugbear, I shall go!"

"I've found a currant-bush: don't pick it."

"Yes, I will; I shall go and pick it clean: but I won't give you a single currant!"

The husband went out, his wife with him. He came to the currant-bush, and his wife jumped into the middle of it, and went flop into the bottomless pit.

The husband returned home joyfully, and remained there three days; on the fourth day he went to see how things were going on. Taking a long cord, he let it down into the pit, and out from thence he pulled a little demon. Frightened out of his wits, he was going to throw the imp back again into the pit, but it shrieked aloud and earnestly entreated him, saying:—

"Don't send me back again, O peasant! Let me go out into the world! A bad wife has come and absolutely devoured us all, pinching us and biting us—we're utterly worn out with it. I'll do you a good turn if you will."

So the peasant let him go free—at large in Holy Russia.

HANGMAN'S ROPE

Russian variant of the superstition. Reported March 27th, 1880

THE hangman is permitted to trade upon the superstition still current in Russian society, respecting the luck conferred upon gamesters by the possession of a morsel of the rope with which a human being has been strangled, either by the hand of justice or by his own. Immediately after young M'Cadetzky had been hanged, only the other day, Froloff was surrounded by members of the Russian *jeunesse dorée*, eager to purchase scraps of the fatal noose; and he disposed of several dozen such talismans at from three to five roubles apiece, observing with cynical complacency that "he hoped the Nihilists would yet bring him in plenty of money."

MAY-DAY SONG

From J. G. Frazer's 'Golden Bough.' Abingdon in Berkshire. Variant of folk rhymes that survive from the old Aryan tree-worship, associated with May Day.

WE'VE been rambling all the night,
And some time of this day;
And now returning back again,
We bring a garland gay.

A garland gay we bring you here,
And at your door we stand;
It is a sprout, well budded out,
The work of our Lord's hand.

OLD ENGLISH CHARMS AND FOLK CUSTOMS

From Herrick's 'Hesperides.' Devonshire: Seventeenth Century

BREAD CHARMS

I

BRING the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head:
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away, while children sleep.

II

If ye feare to be affrighted
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket for a trust,
Carrie nothing but a crust;
For that holy piece of bread
Charmes the danger and the dread.

Knife Charm

Let the superstitious wife
Neer the child's heart lay a knife;
Point be up, and haft be downe:
While she gossips in the towne,
This 'mongst other mystick charms
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

YULE-LOG CEREMONY

Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunne-set, let it burne;
Which quencht, then lay it up agen,
Till Christmas next returne.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next yeare;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischiefe there.

THE CHANGELING

From 'A Pleasant Treatise on Witchcraft.' English variant of the almost universal folk-tale

A certain woman having put out her child to nurse in the country, found, when she came to take it home, that its form was so much altered that she scarce knew it; nevertheless, not knowing what time might do, took it home for her own. But when after some years it could neither speak nor go, the poor woman was fain to carry it, with much trouble, in her arms; and one day, a poor man coming to the door, "God bless you, mistress," said he, "and your poor child: be pleased to bestow something on a poor man."—"Ah! this child," replied she,

«is the cause of all my sorrow,» and related what had happened; adding, moreover, that she thought it changed, and none of her child. The old man, whom years had rendered more prudent in such matters, told her, to find out the truth she should make a clear fire, sweep the hearth very clean, and place the child fast in his chair — that he might not fall — before it, and break a dozen eggs, and place the four-and-twenty half shells before it; then go out, and listen at the door; for if the child spoke, it was certainly a changeling; and then she should carry it out, and leave it on the dunghill to cry, and not to pity it, till she heard its voice no more. The woman, having done all things according to these words, heard the child say; «Seven years old was I before I came to the nurse, and four years have I lived since, and never saw so many milk-pans before.» So the woman took it up, and left it upon the dunghill to cry and not to be pitied, till at last she thought the voice went up into the air; and on going there found her own child safe and sound.

THE MAGIC SWORD (MIMUNG, OR BALMUNG)

Norse variant of the common Aryan sword-myths (Carlyle's version)

By this Sword Balmung also hangs a tale. Doubtless it was one of those invaluable weapons sometimes fabricated by the old Northern Smiths, compared with which our modern Foxes and Ferraras and Toledos are mere leaden tools. Von der Hagen seems to think it simply the Sword Mimung under another name; in which case Siegfried's old master, Mimer, had been the maker of it, and called it after himself, as if it had been his son. In Scandinavian chronicles, veridical or not, we have the following account of that transaction. Mimer was challenged by another Craftsman, named Amilias, who boasted that he had made a suit of armor which no stroke could dint, to equal that feat or own himself the second Smith then extant. This last the stout Mimer would in no case do, but proceeded to forge the Sword Mimung; with which, when it was finished, he, «in presence of the King,» cut asunder «a thread of wool floating on water.» This would have seemed a fair fire-edge to most smiths; not so to Mimer: he sawed the blade in places, welded it in «a red-hot fire for three days,» tempered it «with milk and oatmeal,» and by much other cunning brought out a sword that severed

"a ball of wool floating on water." But neither would this suffice him; he returned to his smithy, and by means known only to himself produced, in the course of seven weeks, a third and final edition of Mimung, which split asunder a whole floating pack of wool. The comparative trial now took place forthwith. Amilias, cased in his impenetrable coat of mail, sat down on a bench, in presence of assembled thousands, and bade Mimer strike him. Mimer fetched of course his best blow, on which Amilias observed that there was a strange feeling of cold iron in his inwards. "Shake thyself," said Mimer: the luckless wight did so, and fell in two halves, being cleft sheer through, never more to swing hammer in this world.

LADY NAIRNE (CAROLINA OLIPHANT)

(1766–1845)

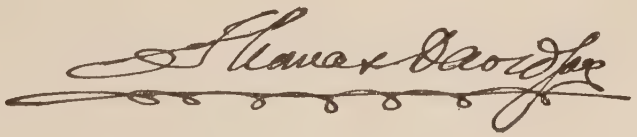
BY THOMAS DAVIDSON

CAROLINA OLIPHANT, better known as Lady Nairne, or the Baroness Nairne, the sweetest and tenderest of all the Scottish singers, was born at the house of Gask in Perthshire, on August 16th, 1766. Her family, whose original name was Olifard, had been distinguished for courage and loyalty from the middle of the twelfth century. In the civil wars of 1715 and 1745 they took part with the "Pretenders," and suffered grievously in consequence. Carolina was named after "Prince Charlie." From her earliest childhood she was remarkable for beauty, sweetness of disposition, and mental ability. She was especially fond of poetry and music, at which several of her ancestors had tried their hands. She knew all the old ballads and songs, and delighted to play and sing them. As she grew up, she became a universal favorite with high and low, and was celebrated in song as the "Flower o' Strathearn." She was a gay, robust, rollicking girl, extremely fond of dancing, riding, and all healthy amusements. In 1797, when she was in Durham, she received an offer of marriage from a royal duke, but declined it, being already engaged to her cousin Major (afterwards Lord) Nairne. Meanwhile, having observed that many of the beautiful, simple tunes sung by the Scottish peasantry were accompanied with words of doubtful tendency, and being also encouraged by the example of Burns, she began to consider whether she might not do good by writing better words. Her first effort was 'The Plowman,' whose immediate success encouraged her to further effort. Soon after this she wrote most of her humorous and Jacobite songs. In 1798, on the death of the only child of a friend of her girlhood, she wrote the song by which she is best known, 'The Land o' the Leal'; which, for tenderness and genuine pathos, has no equal in any language. It is sung to almost the same tune as Burns's 'Scots Wha Hae.' About this time, the deeply loyal and religious tendency in her nature manifested itself in a genuine "conversion," which made her a Christian, in the deepest and best sense, for the rest of her life. She used to say, "Religion is a walking and not a talking concern;" and so she did her good deeds by stealth.

In 1806 she married her cousin, Major Nairne, then Inspector-General of Barracks for Scotland; and settled in Edinburgh, where her only child, named William Murray, was born in 1808. Though she might have mixed with the best fashionable and literary society of the Scottish capital, she preferred to live a retired life and to keep the secret of her authorship to herself. She did not even communicate it to her adored husband, lest in his pride of her "he micht blab." She did not even cultivate the friendship of Sir Walter Scott, although her sister married a relative of his. She did, however, take the lead in a committee of ladies who undertook to help Mr. Purdie, an Edinburgh music-publisher, to bring out the 'Scottish Minstrel,' a purified collection of Scotch songs and airs. In doing so, she assumed the name of Mrs. Bogan of Bogan; and by this alone she was ever known to Mr. Purdie, who was carefully cautioned not to divulge it. And he didn't. The 'Minstrel' was completed in 1824, in six octavo volumes. The same year Major Nairne was raised to the peerage, which his family had lost through loyalty to the Stuarts; and so his wife became Lady Nairne. He died in 1829; and then on account of her son's health she removed first to Clifton, near Bristol, and then to Ireland, where she made many friends, and took a deep interest in the people. In 1834, after a brief visit to Scotland, she crossed over, with her sister, son, and niece, to the Continent. After visiting Paris, Florence, Rome, Naples, Geneva, Interlaken, and Baden, the party wintered at Mannheim; and thence, in the spring of 1837, went to Baden-Baden, where young Lord Nairne was seized with influenza, which turned into consumption. He died on the 7th of December, and was buried in Brussels. Lady Nairne, now seventy-two years of age, never recovered from this blow; nevertheless, she refrained from complaining, and devoted the rest of her life to doing good. After visiting Paris, Wildbad, Stuttgart, and other places, she settled for a time in Munich. She then traveled for four years in Germany, Austria, and France, never meaning to return to her own country. But in 1843, yielding to the wishes of her nephew, James Blair Oliphant, now proprietor of Gask, she was induced to return to the scenes of her childhood; though she could not return to the "auld hoose," since that had been pulled down in 1819. Here she spent her time communicating with old friends, arranging family papers, praying, reading, and distributing her money among worthy causes,—always with the proviso that her name was not to be mentioned. She passed quietly away on the 26th of October, 1845, and was buried in the private chapel at Gask,—a shrine thenceforth for all lovers of poetry.

There are few lives on record in which one would not wish to see something otherwise than it was; but Lady Nairne's is one of them.

Indeed it is difficult to conceive a life more simply, nobly lived. She was adorned with every grace of womanhood: beauty, dignity, tenderness, loyalty, intelligence, art, religion. She was not only a model daughter, sister, wife, and mother, and a charming conversationalist and correspondent, but she was also an admirable artist and musician, and she wrote the finest lyrics in the Scottish language. Her charity also was bounded only by her means. And yet, when she went to her grave, there were probably not more than three or four persons in the world who knew that she had ever written a line of poetry, or expended a sovereign in charity. Dr. Chalmers, however, who had been to a large extent her almoner, considered himself relieved from his promise of secrecy by her death, and told of the large sums he had received from her; while her sister and niece, assuming a similar liberty, allowed the world to know that she had written over seventy of the best songs that ever were composed,—songs pathetic, humorous, playful, martial, religious. Thus her literary fame was entirely posthumous; but it has grown steadily, and will continue to grow. In the world of lyric poetry she stands, among women, next to Sappho. There is something about her songs that has no name,—something simple, natural, living, inevitable. The range of her work is not equal to that of Burns; but where she could go, he could not follow her. She knew where the heart-strings lie, and she knew how to draw from them their deepest music. In handling the Scottish language, she has no equal. She spoke from her heart, in the heartiest of languages, and her words go to the heart and remain there.



THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'M WEARIN' awa', John,
Like snaw wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John,
There's neither cauld nor care, John,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
She was baith gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a-comin' fast, John,—
The joy that's aye to last
In the land o' the leal.

Sae dear that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glist'ning e'e, John:
My saul langs to be free, John,
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

Oh! haud ye leal and true, John:
Your day it's wearin' thro', John,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John:
This warld's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
In the land o' the leal.

THE HUNDRED PIPERS

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Oh! it's owre the Border awa, awa,
It's owre the Border awa, awa,
We'll on and we'll march to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its yetts, its castell, an' a', an' a'.

Oh! our sodger lads looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a',
Wi' their bonnets, an' feathers, an' glittering gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' return to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' return, our Hieland men?

Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' wae,
And mothers grat when they marched away,
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

Oh, wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
Oh, wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the king o' us a', hurra!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet an' feather he's wavin' high,
His prancin' steed maist seems to fly,
The nor' wind plays wi' his curly hair,
While the pipers blaw in an unco flare.
Wi' a hundred pipers, etc.

The Esk was swollen, sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam owre to fell English ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.
Dumfoundered, the English saw—they saw—
Dumfoundered, they heard the blaw, the blaw;
Dumfoundered, they a' ran awa, awa,
From the hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up and gie them a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.

CALLER HERRIN'

WHA'LL buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin':
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dreamed ye aught o' our puir fellows.
Darkling as they faced the billows,
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave darin';
Buy my caller herrin',
Hauled through wind and rain.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
Oh, ye may ca' them vulgar farin':
Wives and mithers maist despairin'
Ca' them lives o' men.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

When the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies, clad in silks and laces,
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Caller herrin's no got lightlie·
Ye can trip the spring fu' tightlie;
Spite o' tauntin', flauntin', flingin',
Gow has set you a' a-singin'.
Wha'll buy my caller herrin'? etc.

Neebor wives, now tent my tellin':
When the bonny fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in ye're dealin',—
Truth will stand when a' thing's failin'.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonny fish and halesome farin'
Wha'll buy my caller herrin',
New drawn frae the Forth?

THE AULD HOUSE

Oh, the auld house, the auld house,—
What though the rooms were wee:
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies fu' o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wa':
How mony cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, reca'!

Oh, the auld laird, the auld laird,
Sae canty, kind, and crouse,—
How mony did he welcome to
His ain wee dear auld house;
And the leddy too, sae genty,
There sheltered Scotland's heir,
And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand,
Frae his lang yellow hair.

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,—
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Still flourishing the auld pear-tree
The bairnies liked to see;
And oh, how aften did they speir
When ripe they a' wad be!
The voices sweet, the wee bit feet
Aye rinnin' here and there,
The merry shout—oh! whiles we greet
To think we'll hear nae mair.

For they are a' wide scattered now:
Some to the Indies gane,
And ane, alas! to her lang hame:
Not here we'll meet again.
The kirkyaird, the kirkyaird!
Wi' flowers o' every hue,
Sheltered by the holly's shade
An' the dark sombre yew.

The setting sun, the setting sun!
How glorious it gaed doon;
The cloudy splendor raised our hearts
To cloudless skies aboon.
The auld dial, the auld dial!
It tauld how time did pass:
The wintry winds hae dung it doon,
Now hid 'mang weeds and grass.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud and he's great,
His mind is ta'en up with things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favor wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Down by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thought she'd look well:

M'Clish's ae daughter o' Claverse-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouthered, and as gude as new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, and cocked-hat:
And wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the gray mare, and rade cannily,
And rapped at the yett o' Claverse-ha' Lee:
"Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen."

Mistress Jean was makin' the elder-flower wine:
"And what brings the Laird at sic a like time?"
She put aff her apron, and on her silk gown,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, and gaed awa' down.

And when she came ben he bowed fu' low,
And what was his errand he soon let her know:
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said "Na";
And wi' a laigh curtsey she turned awa'.

Dumfoundered he was, but nae sigh did he gie:
He mounted his mare, he rade cannily;
And aften he thought, as he gaed through the glen,
"She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

And now that the Laird his exit had made,
Mistress Jean she reflected on what she had said:
"Oh! for ane I'll get better, it's waur I'll get ten,—
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen."

Next time that the Laird and the lady were seen,
They were gaun arm-in-arm to the kirk on the green;
Now she sits in the ha' like a weel-tappit hen—
But as yet there's nae chickens appeared at Cockpen.

The last two verses were added by Miss Ferrier, author of 'Marriage'. They are not unworthy of being preserved with the original.

WHA'LL BE KING BUT CHARLIE?

THE news frae Moidart cam yestreen,
Will soon gar mony ferlie;
For ships o' war hae just come in,
And landit Royal Charlie.

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin:
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

The Hieland clans, wi' sword in hand,
Frae John o' Groat's to Airlie,
Hae to a man declared to stand
Or fa' wi' Royal Charlie.
Come through the heather, etc.

The Lowlands a', baith great an' sma,
Wi' mony a lord and laird, hae
Declared for Scotia's king an' law,
An' speir ye, Wha but Charlie?
Come through the heather, etc.

There's ne'er a lass in a' the lan'
But vows baith late an' early,
She'll ne'er to man gie heart nor han'
Wha wadna fecht for Charlie.
Come through the heather, etc.

Then here's a health to Charlie's cause,
And be't complete an' early;
His very name our heart's blood warms:
To arms for Royal Charlie!

Come through the heather, around him gather,
Ye're a' the welcomer early;
Around him cling wi' a' your kin;
For wha'll be king but Charlie?
Come through the heather, around him gather,
Come Ronald, come Donald, come a' thegither,
And crown your rightfu', lawfu' king!
For wha'll be king but Charlie?

WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

BONNIE Charlie's now awa',
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie;
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Your cleadin' was but barely.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

English bribes were a' in vain;
An' e'en though puirer we may be,
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye for thine and thee.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

We watched thee in the gloaming hour,
We watched thee in the morning gray;
Though thirty thousand pounds they'd gie,
Oh there is nane that wad betray.
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,—
Will ye no come back again?

GUDE-NICHT, AND JOY BE WI' YE A'

THE best o' joys maun hae an end,
The best o' friends maun part, I trow;
The langest day will wear away,
And I maun bid farewell to you.
The tear will tell when hearts are fu';
For words, gin they hae sense ava,
They're broken, faltering, and few:
Gude-nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

Oh, we hae wandered far and wide,
O'er Scotia's lands o' firth and fell,
And mony a simple flower we've pu'd,
And twined it wi' the heather bell.
We've ranged the dingle and the dell,
The cot-house and the baron's ha';
Now we maun tak a last farewell:
Gude-nicht, and joy be wi' you a'.

My harp, fareweel: thy strains are past,
Of gleefu' mirth, and heart-felt wae;
The voice of song maun cease at last,
And minstrelsy itsel' decay.
But, oh! where sorrow canna win,
Nor parting tears are shed ava,
May we meet neighbor, kith and kin,
And joy for aye be wi' us a'!

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through thorny wilds,
Faint and astray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward — away.

Where are they gone, of yore
My best delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly time, fly speedily,
Come life and light.

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

(1861–)

THE great aid which science combined with common-sense can render in overcoming the difficulties and dangers of arctic exploration is illustrated in the expedition of Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. His book 'Farthest North' is the record of this expedition, the success of which was the result of adequate preparations both in the vessel and its equipment for a voyage towards the Pole.

Dr. Nansen was born in Christiania, Norway, on October 10th, 1861. In 1880 he entered the university of his native city, devoting himself to the study of zoölogy. In 1882 he made a voyage to the Jan Mayen and Spitzbergen seas, for the purpose of observing animal life in high latitudes; and in the same year he was appointed curator in the Natural History Museum at Bergen, Norway. He took his degree in 1888. In 1888–9 he crossed Southern Greenland on snow-shoes. Subsequently he was appointed curator of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy in the University of Christiania. As early as 1884 Dr. Nansen had conceived the idea that there must be a current flowing at some point between the Pole and Franz Josef Land, from the Siberian Arctic Sea to the east coast of Greenland. The starting-point of his conjecture was the fact that certain articles belonging to the ill-fated Jeannette, which had foundered in the drift ice north of the New Siberian Islands, had been found afterwards upon the southwest coast of Greenland, bearing evidence to a hitherto unsuspected current in the arctic seas. In an address before the Christiania Geographical Society in 1890, Dr. Nansen set forth his theory; and proposed that he should place himself at the head of an expedition which should endeavor, by taking advantage of this current, to reach Greenland by way of the Pole. The success of the expedition would depend largely on the design of the vessel. Former arctic explorers had employed ordinary ships,—ill adapted, as events proved, to resist the enormous pressure of the ice in the polar regions. Nansen proposed to have a ship built of

FRIDTJOF NANSEN

such a shape as to enable it to withstand the ice pressure. In its construction two points were to be especially studied: (1) that the shape of the hull be such as to offer as small a vulnerable target as possible to the attacks of ice; (2) that it be built so solidly as to be able to withstand the greatest possible pressure from without in any direction whatsoever. More attention was to be paid to making the ship a safe and warm stronghold while drifting in the ice, than to endow it with speed or good sailing qualities. These designs were carried out in building the Fram, the vessel in which Nansen made his voyage. The sides of the Fram were so well rounded that at no portion of its frame could the ice take firm hold upon it. Its adaptability to the conditions of the Arctic Sea was well proven. After the vessel had left the open sea, its strength and its peculiar shape enabled it to resist the ice pressure. It was lifted by the ice out of the water, and borne upon the drifting floe in the direction of the Pole. Nansen did not accomplish all that he set out to do, but he did traverse the unknown polar sea northwestward from the New Siberian Islands, and he did explore the region north of Franz Josef Land as far as 86° 14′, the highest latitude yet reached by man. His success was largely due to the construction of the Fram. The first volume of 'Farthest North' contains the account of the building of the Fram, and of its voyage to the eighty-fourth parallel. The second volume tells of the sledge journey still farther north, undertaken by Dr. Nansen and one companion. Both accounts are rich in scientific observations, and in details of the daily lives of the explorers. Dr. Nansen's passion for science has absorbed neither his humanity nor his capacity for poetry. His record of his travels is lightened by his appreciation of the little pleasantries possible within four degrees of the Pole, and by his sensitiveness to the ghostly beauty of a shrouded world. He writes of his inner life of hope and ambition and frequent depression, and of his outer life of adventure, with the ease and charm of a man so completely under the sway of his subject that literary graces are the natural accompaniment of his record.

AN EVENING'S AURORA

From 'Farthest North.' Copyright 1897, by Harper & Brothers

DECEMBER, 1893.— As we were sitting at supper about 6 o'clock, pressure suddenly began. The ice creaked and roared so along the ship's sides close by us that it was not possible to carry on any connected conversation; we had to scream, and all agreed with Nordahl when he remarked that it would be

much pleasanter if the pressure would confine its operations to the bow instead of coming bothering us here aft. Amidst the noise we caught every now and again from the organ a note or two of Kjerulf's melody, 'I Could not Sleep for the Nightingale's Voice.' The hurly-burly outside lasted for about twenty minutes, and then all was still.

Later in the evening Hansen came down to give notice of what really was a remarkable appearance of aurora borealis. The deck was brightly illuminated by it, and reflections of its light played all over the ice. The whole sky was ablaze with it, but it was brightest in the south; high up in that direction glowed waving masses of fire.. Later still Hansen came again to say that now it was quite extraordinary. No words can depict the glory that met our eyes. The glowing fire masses had divided into glistening, many-colored bands, which were writhing and twisting across the sky both in the south and north. The rays sparkled with the purest, most crystalline rainbow colors, chiefly violet-red or carmine and the clearest green. Most frequently the rays of the arch were red at the ends, and changed higher up into sparkling green, which, quite at the top, turned darker and went over into blue or violet before disappearing in the blue of the sky; or the rays in one and the same arch might change from clear red to clear green, coming and going as if driven by a storm. It was an endless phantasmagoria of sparkling color, surpassing anything that one can dream. Sometimes the spectacle reached such a climax that one's breath was taken away; one felt that now something extraordinary must happen,—at the very least the sky must fall. But as one stands in breathless expectation, down the whole thing trips, as if in a few quick, light scale-runs, into bare nothingness. There is something most undramatic about such a dénouement, but it is all done with such confident assurance that one cannot take it amiss; one feels one's self in the presence of a master who has the complete command of his instrument. With a single stroke of the bow he descends lightly and elegantly from the height of passion into quiet, every-day strains, only with a few more strokes to work himself up into passion again. It seems as if he were trying to mock, to tease us. When we are on the point of going below, driven by 61 degrees of frost (−33.9 C.), such magnificent tones again vibrate over the strings that we stay until noses and ears are frozen. For a finale, there is a wild display of fireworks

in every tint of flame,—such a conflagration that one expects every minute to have it down on the ice, because there is not room for it in the sky. But I can hold out no longer. Thinly dressed, without a proper cap and without gloves, I have no feeling left in body or limbs, and I crawl away below.

THE POLAR NIGHT

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MONDAY, December 25th (Christmas Day), 1893.—O Arctic night, thou art like a woman, a marvelously lovely woman. Thine are the noble, pure outlines of antique beauty, with its marble coldness. On thy high, smooth brow, clear with the clearness of ether, is no trace of compassion for the little sufferings of despised humanity; on thy pale, beautiful cheek no blush of feeling. Among thy raven locks, waving out into space, the hoar-frost has sprinkled its glittering crystals. The proud lines of thy throat, thy shoulders' curves, are so noble, but, oh! unbendingly cold; thy bosom's white chastity is feelingless as the snowy ice. Chaste, beautiful, and proud, thou floatest through ether over the frozen sea; thy glittering garment, woven of aurora-beams, covering the vault of heaven. But sometimes I divine a twitch of pain on thy lips, and endless sadness dreams in thy dark eye.

Oh, how tired I am of thy cold beauty! I long to return to life. Let me get home again: as conqueror or as beggar, what does that matter? but let me get home to begin life anew. The years are passing here, and what do they bring? Nothing but dust, dry dust, which the first wind blows away; new dust comes in its place, and the next wind takes it too. Truth? Why should we always make so much of truth? Life is more than cold truth, and we live but once.

THE NEW YEAR, 1896: OUR DAILY LIFE

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WEDNESDAY, January 1st, 1896. −41.5° C. (42.7° below zero, Fahr.).—So a new year has come, the year of joy and home-coming. In bright moonlight 1895 departed, and in bright moonlight 1896 begins; but it is bitterly cold,—the coldest

days we have yet known here. I felt it, too, yesterday, when all my finger-tips were frost-bitten. I thought I had done with all that last spring.

Friday, January 3d. Morning.—It is still clear and cold out of doors. I can hear reports from the glacier. It lies up there on the crest of the mountain like a mighty ice-giant peering down at us through the clefts. It spreads its giant body all over the land, and stretches out its limbs on all sides into the sea. But whenever it turns cold—colder than it has hitherto been—it writhes horribly, and crevice after crevice appears in the huge body; there is a noise like the discharge of guns, and the sky and the earth tremble so that I can feel the ground that I am lying on quake. One is almost afraid that it will some day come rolling over upon one.

Johansen is asleep, and making the hut resound. I am glad his mother cannot see him now. She would certainly pity her boy, so black and grimy and ragged as he is, with sooty streaks all over his face. But wait, only wait! She shall have him again, safe and sound and fresh and rosy.

Wednesday, January 8th.—Last night the wind blew the sledge to which our thermometer was hanging, out over the slope. Stormy weather outside—furious weather, almost taking away your breath if you put your head out. We lie here trying to sleep—sleep the time away. But we cannot always do it. Oh, those long sleepless nights when you turn from side to side, kick your feet to put a little warmth into them, and wish for only one thing in the world—sleep! The thoughts are constantly busy with everything at home; but the long, heavy body lies here trying in vain to find an endurable position among the rough stones. However, time crawls on, and now little Liv's birthday has come. She is three years old to-day, and must be a big girl now. Poor little thing! You don't miss your father now, and next birthday I shall be with you, I hope. What good friends we shall be! You shall ride a-cockhorse, and I will tell you stories from the north about bears, foxes, walruses, and all the strange animals up there in the ice. No, I can't bear to think of it.

Saturday, February 1st.—Here I am down with the rheumatism. Outside it is growing gradually lighter day by day; the sky above the glaciers in the south grows redder, until at last one day the sun will rise above the crest, and our last winter

night be past. Spring is coming! I have often thought spring sad. Was it because it vanished so quickly, because it carried promises that summer never fulfilled? But there is no sadness in this spring: its promises will be kept; it would be too cruel if they were not.

It was a strange existence, lying thus in a hut underground the whole winter through, without a thing to turn one's hand to. How we longed for a book! How delightful our life on board the Fram appeared, when we had the whole library to fall back upon! We would often tell each other how beautiful this sort of life would have been, after all, if we had only had anything to read. Johansen always spoke with a sigh of Heyse's novels: he had specially liked those on board, and he had not been able to finish the last one he was reading. The little readable matter which was to be found in our navigation table and almanac, I had read so many times already that I knew it almost by heart — all about the Norwegian royal family, all about persons apparently drowned, and all about self-help for fishermen. Yet it was always a comfort to see these books: the sight of the printed letters gave one a feeling that there was, after all, a little bit of the civilized man left. All that we really had to talk about had long ago been thoroughly thrashed out, and indeed there were not many thoughts of common interest that we had not exchanged. The chief pleasure left to us was to picture to each other how we should make up next winter at home for everything we had missed during our sojourn here. We felt that we should have learned for good and all to set store by all the good things of life, — such as food, drink, clothes, shoes, house, home, good neighbors, and all the rest of it. Frequently we occupied ourselves, too, in calculating how far the Fram could have drifted, and whether there was any possibility of her getting home to Norway before us. It seemed a safe assumption that she might drift out into the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland next summer or autumn, and probability seemed to point to her being in Norway in August or September. But there was just the possibility that she might arrive earlier in the summer; or on the other hand, we might not reach home until later in the autumn. This was the great question to which we could give no certain answer; and we reflected with sorrow that she might perhaps get home first. What would our friends then think about us? Scarcely any one would have the least hope of seeing us again, not even our comrades

on board the Fram. It seemed to us, however, that this could scarcely happen: we could not but reach home in July, and it was hardly to be expected that the Fram could be free from the ice so early in the summer.

THE JOURNEY SOUTHWARD

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On Friday, June 12th, we started again at 4 A. M. with sails on our sledges. There had been frost, so the snow was in much better condition again. It had been very windy in the night, too, so we hoped for a good day. On the preceding day it had cleared up so that we could at last see distinctly the lands around. We now discovered that we must steer in a more westerly direction than we had done during the preceding days, in order to reach the south point of the land to the west. The lands to the east disappeared eastward, so we had said good-by to them the day before. We now saw, too, that there was a broad sound in the land to the west, and that it was one entire land, as we had taken it to be. The land north of this sound was now so far away that I could only just see it. In the mean time the wind had dropped a good deal; the ice, too, became more and more uneven,—it was evident that we had come to the drift ice, and it was much harder work than we had expected. We could see by the air that there must be open water to the south; and as we went on we heard, to our joy, the sound of breakers.

At 6 A. M. we stopped to rest a little; and on going up on to a hummock to take a longitude observation, I saw the water not far off. From a higher piece of glacier ice we could see it better. It extended towards the promontory to the southwest. Even though the wind had become a little westerly now, we still hoped to be able to sail along the edge of the ice, and determined to go to the water by the shortest way. We were quickly at the edge of the ice, and once more saw the blue water spread out before us. We soon had our kayaks lashed together and the sail up, and put to sea. Nor were our hopes disappointed: we sailed well all day long. At times the wind was so strong that we cut through the water, and the waves washed unpleasantly over our kayaks; but we got on, and we had to put up with

being a little wet. We soon passed the point we had been making for; and here we saw that the land ran westward, that the edge of the unbroken shore ice extended in the same direction, and that we had water in front of us. In good spirits, we sailed westward along the margin of the ice. So we were at last at the south of the land in which we had been wandering for so long, and where we had spent a long winter. It struck me more than ever that in spite of everything, this south coast would agree well with Leigh Smith's map of Franz Josef Land and the country surrounding their winter quarters; but then I remembered Payer's map and dismissed the thought.

In the evening we put in to the edge of the ice, so as to stretch our legs a little; they were stiff with sitting in the kayak all day, and we wanted to get a little view over the water to the west by ascending a hummock. As we went ashore the question arose as to how we should moor our precious vessel. "Take one of the braces," said Johansen: he was standing on the ice. "But is it strong enough?" "Yes," he answered: "I have used it as a halyard on my sledge sail all the time." "Oh, well, it doesn't require much to hold these light kayaks," said I, a little ashamed of having been so timid; and I moored them with the halyard, which was a strap cut from a raw walrus-hide. We had been on the ice a little while, moving up and down close to the kayaks. The wind had dropped considerably, and seemed to be more westerly, making it doubtful whether we could make use of it any longer; and we went up on to a hummock close by to ascertain this better. As we stood there, Johansen suddenly cried, "I say! the kayaks are adrift!" We ran down as hard as we could. They were already a little way out, and were drifting quickly off; the painter had given way. "Here, take my watch!" I said to Johansen, giving it to him; and as quickly as possible I threw off some clothing, so as to be able to swim more easily. I did not dare to take everything off, as I might so easily get cramp. I sprang into the water; but the wind was off the ice, and the light kayaks, with their high rigging, gave it a good hold. They were already well out, and were drifting rapidly. The water was icy cold; it was hard work swimming with clothes on; and the kayaks drifted farther and farther, often quicker than I could swim. It seemed more than doubtful whether I could manage it. But all our hope was drifting there; all we possessed was on board — we had not even a knife with us: and whether I got

cramp and sank here, or turned back without the kayaks, it would come to pretty much the same thing; so I exerted myself to the utmost.

When I got tired I turned over and swam on my back, and then I could see Johansen walking restlessly up and down on the ice. Poor lad! He could not stand still, and thought it dreadful not to be able to do anything. He had not much hope that I could do it, but it would not improve matters in the least if he threw himself into the water too. He said afterwards that these were the worst moments he had ever lived through. But when I turned over again and saw that I was nearer the kayaks, my courage rose, and I redoubled my exertions. I felt, however, that my limbs were gradually stiffening and losing all feeling, and I knew that in a short time I should not be able to move them. But there was not far to go now; if I could only hold out a little longer we should be saved—and I went on. The strokes became more and more feeble, but the distance became shorter and shorter, and I began to think I should reach the kayaks. At last I was able to stretch out my hand to the snow-shoe which lay across the sterns. I grasped it, pulled myself in to the edge of the kayak—and we were saved!

I tried to pull myself up, but the whole of my body was so stiff with cold that this was an impossibility. For a moment I thought that after all, it was too late: I was to get so far, but not be able to get in. After a little, however, I managed to swing one leg up on to the edge of the sledge which lay on the deck, and in this way managed to tumble up. There I sat, but so stiff with cold that I had difficulty in paddling. Nor was it easy to paddle in the double vessel, where I first had to take one or two strokes on one side, and then step into the other kayak to take a few strokes on the other side. If I had been able to separate them, and row in one while I towed the other, it would have been easy enough; but I could not undertake that piece of work, for I should have been stiff before it was done: the thing to be done was to keep warm by rowing as hard as I could. The cold had robbed my whole body of feeling; but when the gusts of wind came, they seemed to go right through me as I stood there in my thin wet woolen shirt. I shivered, my teeth chattered, and I was numb almost all over; but I could still use the paddle, and I should get warm when I got back on to the ice again.

Two auks were lying close to the bow, and the thought of having auk for supper was too tempting: we were in want of food now. I got hold of my gun and shot them with one discharge. Johansen said afterwards that he started at the report, thinking some accident had happened, and could not understand what I was about out there; but when he saw me paddle and pick up two birds, he thought I had gone out of my mind. At last I managed to reach the edge of the ice; but the current had driven me a long way from our landing-place. Johansen came along the edge of the ice, jumped into the kayak beside me, and we soon got back to our place. I was undeniably a good deal exhausted, and could barely manage to crawl on land. I could scarcely stand; and while I shook and trembled all over, Johansen had to pull off the wet things I had on, put on the few dry ones I still had in reserve, and spread the sleeping-bag out upon the ice. I packed myself well into it, and he covered me with the sail and everything he could find to keep out the cold air. There I lay shivering for a long time, but gradually the warmth began to return to my body. For some time longer, however, my feet had no more feeling in them than icicles, for they had been partly naked in the water. While Johansen put up the tent and prepared supper, consisting of my two auks, I fell asleep. He let me sleep quietly; and when I awoke, supper had been ready for some time, and stood simmering over the fire. Auk and hot soup soon effaced the last traces of my swim. During the night my clothes were hung out to dry, and the next day were all nearly dry again.

THE NEW TESTAMENT

ITS LITERARY GRANDEUR

BY FREDERICK W. FARRAR

HERE may possibly be some who think that the Bible has nothing to do with literature, and that it is almost a profanation to regard the New Testament on its literary side. Certainly this would be a correct view if we pretended to judge of our sacred books *simply* from their literary aspect. Wordsworth professed boundless contempt for the man who could peer and botanize upon his mother's grave; and we should be guilty of a similar callousness if we were capable of approaching the most sacred utterances in the world exclusively or mainly in the attitude of literary critics. But the case is widely altered when our sole object is to find, and to point out, fresh glories and perfectness even in the human form into which the divinest of all lessons are set before us. It is something to observe the glories of the wheels and wings of the Divine chariot, though they only move as the Spirit moves them.*

And when we thus approach the subject "with meek heart and due reverence," there will be real gain in calling attention to the supremacy of the New Testament even in the points of comparison which it offers to purely human writings. For after all, the Divine Word is here also present among us in human form and vesture; and the highest thoughts of man would never be so penetrating and diffusive if they were not enshrined in the noblest types of expression. It was one of the wisest sayings of the Rabbis that "The Law speaks to us in the tongue of the Sons of Men." Something would be lacking to any revelation which proved itself, even in outward expression, inferior to other human writings. The object of language is indeed primarily to express thought; and if this be done effectually, style is a secondary consideration. But words are necessary as the vehicle of thought; and we should have lost much if, in spite of the animating spirit, the wheels were cumbrous, and the wings feeble and broken. Two books may express essentially the same convictions, and yet the one may be found dull and repellent, while the other, by its passionate force or its intrinsic grace and finish, may win

*Ezek. i. 20. This chapter was called by the Jews "the chariot" (*chagigah*); cf. xi. 2.

rapturous attention. Great orators — C. J. Fox, for instance — have sometimes repeated with incomparable effect the very arguments which they borrowed exclusively from previous speakers who — though with *them* the materials were original — produced no effect whatever. The force of this consideration was keenly felt by Father Faber, when he became a Romanist, and had to give up our Authorized Version for the Vulgate and the Douai Bible.

«Who will not say,» he asks, «that *the uncommon beauty and marvelous English* of the Protestant Bible is not one of the great strongholds of heresy in this country? It lives on the ear like a music which can never be forgotten — like the sound of church bells which the convert hardly knows how he can forego. *Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than mere words.* It is part of the national mind and the anchor of national seriousness. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. In the length and breadth of the land there is not a Protestant, with one spark of seriousness about him, whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible.»

Now, it is an additional proof that the spirit of man, which speaks to us through the pages of the New Testament, is indeed also the Spirit of the Lord, and that the breath and pure effluence of the Almighty gave inspiration to its writers, if we can show that the same consummate qualities are found in its *modes of utterance* as in its essential messages.

It might be supposed that the literary glory of the New Testament is at once bedimmed by the fact that the dialect in which it is written is not the perfect Greek of Thucydides and Plato, but a form of Greek known as «Hellenistic»; that is, Greek spoken by foreigners who acquired it as a secondary language. Hellenistic Greek is a somewhat decadent form of the old classic language; and it was universal as a *lingua franca*, especially round the Mediterranean coasts. It is not unmixed with Hebraisms; a certain disintegration is perceivable in its grammatical forms; it has lost much of its old synthetic terseness; it has not all the exquisite nicety and perfection of the best Attic. Nevertheless one dialect may be less ideally perfect than another, and yet may be available for purposes of the loftiest eloquence. The Latin, for instance, of Tertullian and St. Augustine is, in many respects, inferior as a language to that of Cicero: yet the treatises of Tertullian glow with a hidden fire of eloquent passion, which has caused them to be compared to the dark lustre of ebony; and the exquisite antitheses and images of St. Augustine linger in the memory more powerfully than the most impassioned appeals of Tully. Since they had to express new conceptions and ideas, the Apostles *gain* rather than lose by their possession of a type of speech, which, though showing signs of deterioration, had been rendered

plastic for the reception of fresh impressions. The seething ferment of the new wine could no longer be contained in old bottles, however perfect their external finish.

In reading the New Testament we have, as in the Old, the wealth and blessing of *variety*. We have not the monotonous work of one mind, as in the Zend-Avesta, the Qu'ran, or the Analects of Confucius. The New Testament writers differed widely from each other. The Evangelists, even from the days of St. Irenæus, were compared to "the fourfold-visaged four" of Ezekiel's cherubic chariot: they were one, yet diverse; and though all moved alike under the impulse of the Lord of Life, each has his separate semblance and characteristics. St. Matthew, the Galilean publican, sets before us the fulfilled Messianic Ideal of Olden Prophecy. St. Mark, an inhabitant of Jerusalem, the "son" and "interpreter" of St. Peter, is intense, rapid, concise, and reveals the energetic touches which could only have come from the Chief Apostle. St. Luke, probably of Gentile birth, and varied experience, softens his whole picture with the sweetness and tenderness — the love for the poor, the fondness for childhood, the passion of humanity, combined with a certain ascetic austerity — which have earned for his Gospel, even from the French skeptic, the title of "the most beautiful book in the world." St. John stamps on every verse the inimitable individuality of one who was at once the Son of Thunder and the Apostle of Love; and while he soars heavenward as on the pinions of a great eagle, "reflecting the sunlight from every varying plume," he yet recalls the dove who is "covered with silver wings and her feathers like gold." From each Evangelist we derive details of inestimable preciousness; yet only from the combination of the four can we obtain the perfect picture which portrays the all-comprehensive and Divine Humanity of the Son of Man and the Son of God.

When we pass to the remainder of the New Testament, it is no small gain to us that it mainly consists of epistles. No form of literature was better calculated, in the Divine economy, to give full sway to the *personal* element,— the confidentialness, the yearning emotion, the spontaneity, the touches of simple, familiar, informal reality, which enable us to feel that we are in closest contact with the sacred writers. The unchecked individuality of utterance which marks an epistle renders it impossible for us to regard the Apostolic writers as abstractions; it enables us, as it were, to lay our hands upon their breasts, and to feel the very beating of their hearts. We are won by the sense that we are listening to the teaching of friends, not to vague voices in the air. The intensity, for instance, the exquisite sensitiveness, the biographical digressions, the pathetic experiences, the dauntless courage, the yearning for sympathy, the flashes

of emotion which we constantly find in Paul the man, induce us all the more readily to consider the logic and listen to the arguments of Paul the thinker, the controversialist, the converted Rabbi, the former Pharisee, the Preacher of the Gospel. We are charmed at once by the manly naturalness of St. Peter and the uncompromising moral forthrightness of St. James. The "brief quivering sentences" of St. John become more individualistic as they are addressed to friends and converts; and in the letters of the other writers we feel that we are not studying dull compendiums of theology, but "the outpourings of the heart, and the burning messages of prophecy," even when they are uttered by fishermen and publicans — by peasants originally unlettered and untrained in scholastic lore — as with the "stammering lips of infancy." And so at last we come to the Apocalypse of St. John; which, though probably one of the earliest of the Christian writings in date, now shuts up the whole sixty-six books of Revelation, and the acts of their "stately drama" (as Milton calls it), "with the sevenfold chorus of Hallelujahs and harping symphonies." And the Apocalypse illustrates in a remarkable manner the fact to which I have already called attention,— that the loftiest ranges of human eloquence are not incompatible with the use of inferior dialects; for the language of the Apocalypse exhibits the very worst Greek in the whole New Testament,— the most uncouth, the most deeply dyed with Hebraisms, and in some instances even the most glaringly ungrammatical,— and yet many of its paragraphs are of matchless power and beauty. I once heard the late Lord Tennyson dwell on the tremendous impression which we derive from the words —"And again they said Hallelujah: and her smoke riseth up for ever and ever." It may be doubted whether any passage in our greatest writers can equal the magic and haunting charm of the last chapter of Revelation, with its lovely opening words:—

"And he shewed me a pure river of Water of Life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the Tree of Life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month; and the leaves of the Tree were for the healing of the nations."

It is to this element of variety that the New Testament — considered for the present only in its outward form — owes something of its universal efficacy. It has everything for some minds, and something for every mind. The human individuality of the writers was not extinguished, but only elevated, inspired, intensified, by the inspiration which dilated their ordinary faculties. We have to do with the writings of men as widely diverse as passionate enthusiasts and

calm reasoners; unlearned fishermen and Alexandrian theologians; philosophers who deduced truth from argument, and mystics who saw by intuition; prophets who were enlightened by direct inspiration, and practical men who learnt by long experience the truths of God. Touched by one or other of these many fingers, so variously skillful, our hearts cannot but respond. If St. Paul be too difficult for us, we have the practical plainness of St. Peter and the uncompromising ethics of St. James. If St. John soar into an empyrean too spiritual for our incapacity, we can rejoice in the simple sweetness of St. Luke.

But what gives fresh force and charm to this marked variety is, that these diverse minds are nevertheless dominated by an overpowering unity. They revolve like planets around the attracting force of one central Sun. Though they are many, they are yet, in a higher sense, one in Christ; and they all might use the words which the poet puts into the mouth of St. Paul:—

> «Yea, through life, death, through sorrow and through sinning,
> Christ shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
> Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
> Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.»

When we consider what Christ the Lord of Glory was in his «*kenosis*,»*—in the «*exinanition*» of his Eternal Power, when he humiliated himself to become man,—does it add no additional force to the argument that this Son of Man was in very truth the Son of God, if we consider the all-penetrative, all-diffusive, all-comprehensive perfectness of his words? He said himself, «The *words* which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.» Even the officers sent to arrest him in the Temple were so overawed by his majestic and thrilling utterance as to return with nothing accomplished, and to bear to the sacerdotal conspirators of the Sanhedrin the unwilling testimony, «*Never man spake like this man.*» I am not now dwelling on the Divine *originality* of his revelations, but on the matchless beauty which lies in their unparalleled compression and simplicity. There is no phenomenon so striking in all the literature of all the world. I will not take, by way of specimen, those last discourses to his loved ones on the night he was betrayed, «so rarely mixed,» as Jeremy Taylor says, «of sorrows and joys, and studded with mysteries as with emeralds»; but I will take two brief and familiar specimens of his every-day discourse. One is from the Sermon on the Mount. «Consider the lilies of the field how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God

*Phil. ii. 5–7: ἀλλ' ἑαυτὸν ἐκένωσεν.

so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?»

Is there a passage like this in all the previous literature of the whole human race? Observe the unwonted sympathy with the loveliness of the outer world which it conveys. That sympathy was but very little and very vaguely felt, even by the refined intellects of exquisite Athens. There is but one brief description of scenery in all the 'Dialogues' of Plato. It is at the beginning of the 'Phædrus'; and it sounded so odd to the youth to whom Socrates addressed it as to provoke an expression of amused surprise.* It was Christ who first taught us to find in the beauty even of little and unnoticed things a sacrament of goodness, and to read in the flowers a letter of the very autograph of the love towards us of our Father in Heaven. Yet in what few and simple words, in what concrete and homely images, is this instruction — which was to be so prolific hereafter for the happiness of the world — set forth! and how full of far-reaching and perpetual comfort is the loving tenderness of God's Fatherhood here demonstrated for our unending consolation!

«O purblind race of miserable men!
How many among us, at this very hour,
Do forge a lifelong trouble for ourselves
By taking true for false, and false for true,
Here in the dubious twilight of the world
Groping — how many, till at last we reach
That other where we know as we are known!»

But the consolation which Christ here imparted was to support us in this world also, by showing that the *invisible* things of God are — to quote St. Paul's striking paradox — *clearly seen* in the things that do appear, apart from the hopes of what death may have in store.

As one other specimen of this supremacy of Christ's words, even regarded in their outward aspect, take the parable of the Prodigal Son. It forms part of the most beautiful chapter of «the most beautiful book in the world.» It may well be called the flower and pearl of parables, and the *Evangelium in Evangelio.* It occupies less than a page; it may be read aloud in four minutes: yet can we adduce from all the literature of all the world any passage so brief — or indeed any passage at all — which has exercised one fraction of the eternal influence of this? Dante and John Bunyan have touched thousands of human souls; but this parable has been precious to *millions* of every age and every tongue, who never so much as heard of the

*Baron Humboldt in his 'Cosmos' shows at length that the «romantic» love of the beauties of nature is quite a modern phenomenon in the world's literature.

'Divina Commedia' or the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The works of fiction in the world can be counted by tens of thousands: which of them all has ever produced the minim of an impression so intense and so world-wide as this brief parable? On this subject it is worth while to adduce the opinions of three of the most popular and eminent writers of fiction in our own generation.

Charles Reade was an earnest and constant student of Scripture. Accustomed to study and exhibit character in his novels, he gave it as his deliberate judgment that no ordinary, no uninspired human skill or genius could rival the marvelous brevity, the "swift fresco strokes" with which again and again Scripture, as it were undesignedly and unconsciously, with only a word or two, makes the characters of men stand out vividly before us, and live in our memory so that we might almost seem to have seen and known them. Not even in Shakespeare do we find so marvelous a power. And yet in other writers this graphic skill — this endeavor *πρὸ ὀμμάτων ποιεῖν* — is a main object, whereas in Scripture it is entirely secondary, and so to speak, accidental.

Similarly Robert Louis Stevenson, speaking of the matchless verve and insight displayed in the delineation of characters in the Bible, — a point respecting which a novelist can give an instructed judgment, — says: —

"Written in the East, these characters live for ever in the West; written in one province, they pervade the world; penned in rude times, they are prized more and more as civilization advances; a product of antiquity, they come home to the 'business and bosoms' of men, women, and children in modern days. Then is it any exaggeration to say that 'the characters of Scripture are a marvel of the mind'?"

Once more, Mr. Hall Caine says, in McClure's Magazine: —

"I think that I know my Bible as few literary men know it. There is no book in the world like it; and the finest novels ever written fall far short in interest of any one of the stories it tells. Whatever strong situations I have in my books are not of my creation, but are taken from the Bible. 'The Deemster' is the story of the Prodigal Son. 'The Bondman' is the story of Esau and Jacob. 'The Scapegoat' is the story of Eli and his sons, but with Samuel as a little girl; and 'The Manxman' is the story of David and Uriah."

I should like to give some further instances of the power of words as illustrated in the Bible.

If there be one lesson on which all our great poets and thinkers most insist in modern days, it is, that upon "self-mastery, self-knowledge, self-control" depends all the dignity of life. It is in effect Plato's old lesson of the tripartite nature of man, as consisting of a Man, a Lion, and a Many-headed Monster: in which synthesis the

Man, who represents the Reason and the Conscience, must sit supreme in tranquil empire over the subjugated Lion, who represents the passions of Wrath and Pride,—passions to be controlled and made to subserve noble uses, but not to be destroyed; the Monster, which represents the concupiscence of the flesh, must be crushed into completest subjection. Is not the essence of this world-famous allegory compressed into the single verse of the Psalmist, as it is represented in glorious sculpture on the west front of the Cathedral of Amiens, —"Thou shalt tread upon the lion and the adder; the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under thy feet"? Now take all the high instruction upon this subject contained in Ovid's—

"Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor;"

(I see the better way, and I approve it,
Yet I pursue the worse;)

and in Dante's—

"I crown and mitre thee over thyself;"

and in Shakespeare's—

"I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial;"

and in Fletcher's—

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all life, all influence, all fate;"

and in Milton's—

"Converse with heavenly habitants
Begins to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal;"

and in Sir Henry Wotton's—

"This man is free from servile bonds
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all;"

and in Wordsworth's—

"This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms would wish to be;"

and in Matthew Arnold's—

"Resolve to be thyself, and know that he
Who finds himself loses his misery;"

and in Clough's—

> «Seek, seeker, in thyself, and thou shalt find
> In the stones bread, and life in the blank mind;»

and in Christina Rossetti's—

> «God, harden me against myself,—
> This traitor with pathetic voice
> That craves for ease, and rest, and joys;»

and in many more which might be quoted: and I venture to assert that the inmost quintessence of all this Divine philosophy is expressed—and is even expressed with a new and deeper element of thought absolutely and unapproachably original—in *a single word* of Christ our Lord,—«In your endurance ye shall *acquire* your souls.»* In our version the word is rendered «*possess*»; but it connotes something more than «self-possession,»—namely, self-*acquisition*. It teaches us that to *be* we must *become;* and we cannot become «lords of ourselves»—except indeed as «a heritage of woe»—without our own strenuous endeavors. Here, in one word, lies the secret of all noble life. That which is essentially eternal within us—the inmost *reality* of our beings—is not given to us *with* our being, but has to be attained and achieved by us. And here it is worth while to observe how very often even the early copyists and translators of the New Testament miss its essential point. If ever they venture to interfere between the sacred writer and his readers they invariably deface and vulgarize; because, without adequate understanding, they endeavor to interpret or to amend. Take but one specimen. In Hebrews x. 34 we read in our Authorized Version, «Ye took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing *in yourselves* that ye have *in heaven* a better and enduring substance.» Now, if that was the correct reading of the original, it would convey the very true but very ordinary topic of consolation that heaven would redress the uneven balances of earth. But it is almost certain that «in yourselves» is the correction of an unapprehensive scribe for «yourselves» (ἑαυτοῖς); and that «in heaven» is an explanatory gloss added by those who were unable to understand that the real consolation offered to the Hebrews is not a distant expectation, but the fact that here and now they possessed something—even «themselves»—which far outweighed any treasure of which they had been despoiled, and that they were

> «Richer possessing such a jewel
> Than twenty seas, though all their sands were pearl,
> Their waters crystal, and their rocks pure gold.»

* Ἐν τῇ ὑπομονῇ ὑμῶν κτήσεσθε (*or* κτήσασθε) τὰς ψυχὰς ὑμῶν.—Luke xxi. 19.

When Dean Stanley visited Heinrich von Ewald, a little Greek Testament lay on the table, and it accidentally fell on the ground. Ewald picked it up, and as he laid it on the table, exclaimed with indescribable enthusiasm, «In this little book is contained all the best wisdom of the world.» Was he not right? Take the five classics of Confucius, the 'Vedas,' the 'Tripitaka,' the whole collection of the 'Sacred Books of the East,' the 'Dialogues' of Plato, the 'Ethics' of Aristotle, the moral treatises of Cicero, the 'Enchiridion' of Epictetus, the letters of Seneca to Lucilius, the 'Thoughts' of Marcus Aurelius, the Qu'ran of Mahommed—all that represents the very crown and flower of Pagan morality; then turn to Christian literature, and cull every noble thought you can find in the Fathers, in the Schoolmen, in the Mystics, in the 'Imitatio Christi,' in the Puritan divines, in Tauler and John Bunyan, in Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Sanderson, or Butler, in the 'Whole Duty of Man,' and the writings of the early Evangelicals: and while in all pagan and some Christian books you may find imperfect and even pernicious elements, you will *not* find, either before or after Christ, one single fruitful rule or principle of morals (to say nothing of the deepest truths of religion), for which we could not quote deeper reasons and a more powerful enforcement from the brief pages of the New Testament alone. Does not this undoubted fact,—as well as the universal adaptability of the Book to all classes and conditions of men in every age, in every clime, of every nationality, at every period of life, in every stage of culture or ignorance,—does it not show, apart from all else that might be said about it, the supreme and unapproachable literary force and grandeur of the New Testament? No one has expressed this truth more strikingly than the American poet J. G. Whittier:—

«We search the world for truth: we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.»

And indeed it is a most memorable proof of that Indwelling Presence of the Spirit of the Almighty in human souls which we call Inspiration, that, owing to the supreme literary force and beauty of the New Testament, we find *direct* traces of its influence on the pages of all the best poets,—who are the loveliest as well as the deepest teachers of moral wisdom. Read them—whether, like Dante, Milton, George Herbert, Cowper, Tennyson, Browning, they speak no word that does not make for righteousness; or whether,

like Chaucer, Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns, Byron, they had learnt by bitter experience of evil that good is best, and that unfaithfulness —

«Hardens all within
And petrifies the feeling»:

and you will find, alike from the poems of the sinners in their shame and penitence, and of the saints whose singing robes were white and their garlands of heaven's own amaranth, that, apart from what they learnt from the Apostles and Evangelists, they would have but little of what is supremely good and noble left. «Bring me the book,» said Sir Walter Scott, as he lay upon his death-bed. «What book?» asked his son-in-law, Lockhart. «*The* book — the Bible,» answered Sir Walter: «there is but one.».

Let us put this assertion of the supreme sufficiency of Scripture to a partial test. In this age, which shows so many symptoms of greed, of struggle, of unbelief, of retrograde religious teaching, there are three lofty souls to whom we turn most often, and to whom we specially look up as to «moral light-houses in a dark and stormy sea,» — Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. How deep is the influence of the New Testament on each of them! How impossible it would have been that its books should have exercised this influence without the perfectness of their literary form!

Dante himself practically explains to us that the true meaning of his 'Divina Commedia' is «Man as liable to the Reward or Punishment of Eternal Law; — Man according as, by the freedom of his will, he is of good or ill desert.» Like the parable of the Prodigal Son, the 'Divine Comedy' is nothing more nor less than the life history of a human soul, redeemed from sin and error, from lust and worldliness, and restored to the right path by the reason and the grace which enable it to see the things that are, and to see them as they are. The three great divisions of the poem might be called, — not 'Hell,' 'Purgatory,' 'Paradise,' but 'Guilt,' 'Repentance,' 'Regenerate Beatitude.' Hell is simply self without God; Penitence is the soul's return to God; Heaven is self lost in God: and the three cantos do but expand and enforce these three texts: —

«The end of those things is Death.»
«Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.»
«This is life eternal, — to know thee, the only God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent.»

Let us next take Milton. He has left us in no doubt as to the sources of his own inspiration. His 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained' are of course avowedly his comments on the Fall and the Redemption; but in his 'Comus' he teaches the lesson, which he

has also expressed in such matchless prose, that "if the love of God, as a fire to be kept alive upon the altar of our hearts, be the first principle of all Godly and virtuous actions in men, the pious and just honoring of ourselves is the second, and the fountain-head whence every laudable and worthy enterprise issues forth." The inmost meaning of 'Comus' lies in the lines—

> "He that hath light within his own clear breast
> May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day;
> But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
> Benighted walks under the midday sun:
> Himself is his own dungeon."

What is this high teaching but "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness"? and "I am tied and bound with the chain of my sins"? Or take Milton's last and most intensely characteristic poem, the 'Samson Agonistes.' Its meaning is summed up in the last lines:—

> "All is best; though we oft doubt
> What the unsearchable dispose
> Or highest wisdom brings about,
> And ever best found in the close."

Could Milton have arrived at this lofty and all-consoling truth if he had never read the words "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter"?

And now turn to Shakespeare. One commentator says of him, "It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with the Bible." And another that "he had deeply imbibed the Scriptures." The late Bishop Wordsworth of St. Andrews showed in an interesting volume that Shakespeare was not uninfluenced by the grammar, by noticeable words and noticeable forms of speech, with which the English Bible had made him familiar; that he is full of allusions to the historical facts and characters of the Bible; and that his religious principles and sentiments on almost all the chief subjects of human concern, moral no less than spiritual,—and indeed the dominant spirit of his poetry,—were derived from the volume of Holy Writ, against the abuse and the wrong use of which he has yet uttered such strong and wholesome warnings. Shakespeare was one of the few who "saw life steadily and saw it whole." Goethe rightly said of him that "his plays are much more than poems. The reader seems to have before him the books of fate, against which is beating the tempest of eager life so as to drive the leaves backward and forward with violence." Yet what did Shakespeare know which he had not learnt from the New Testament? Take but two instances. Does not 'King Lear,' that tragedy of tragedies, set forth

the absolute triumph of a faith and love which burns bright even amid apparently irremediable failure; and is not this the lesson set forth already, even more supremely, in the Epistles, in the Apocalypse, above all in the Gospel narratives? Is it not the lesson of the cross of Christ himself? Can even Shakespeare's genius do more than set in new light the truth that all *must* be well with those who are obedient to, and are supported by, the Eternal Laws? Or take the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' which sets before us in such lurid illumination the horror of an avenging conscience. What is it but the concrete presentment of the eternal tragedy of the guilty soul? It is—like the stories of Adam and Eve, of Balaam, of Achan, of David, of Judas—the picture of crime through all its stages: temptation; glamour; the spasm of guilty act, the agony of awakenment; the haunting of shame; the permanence of sorrow; last of all, retributive catastrophe and unutterable despair. And yet may we not say, with simplest truthfulness, that in the New Testament alone do we find the ultimate solution, the sovereign and revealing utterance respecting those fundamental convictions which Dante and Shakespeare and Milton can but illustrate by throwing upon them the illuminating splendor of their heaven-bestowed genius and insight? Is it not proved, therefore, that we find the New Testament still inestimably precious when we consider it only in its literary aspect?

I will conclude with one swift glance at the natural order of the books of the New Covenant.

In St. Matthew we have the Gospel of the Jew and of the Past,—the setting forth of the Messiah of olden prophecy; in St. Mark the Gospel for the Roman, the Gospel of the Present; in St. Luke the Gospel for the Greek, the Gospel of the Future; in St. John the Gospel in its most spiritual aspect, the Gospel for Eternity;—and the Past, the Present, the Future, the Eternal, are all summed up in Christ.

In the Acts we have the book of beginnings; the story of the foundation of the Church; the earliest and best of all ecclesiastical histories. Then follow twenty-one most precious Epistles of great Apostles, each marked by its special topic. The two to the Thessalonians turn mainly on the near Second Advent of Christ. The first to the Corinthians is on Christian Unity in faith, and worship, and life; the second is mainly the Apostle's *Apologia pro vita sua.* The Epistles to the Galatians promulgate the indefeasible rights of Liberty; that to the Romans sets forth, among other topics, the true meaning of justification by faith; that to the Philippians shows us the glory of love and exultations, burning bright amid apparently overwhelming defeat and calamity; that to the Colossians turns chiefly on the subject of Christ as all in all; that to the Ephesians is the Epistle of the Ascension, the Epistle of "the Heavenlies"—the

Epistle of Christ in the midst of the ideal, eternal, universal Church; that to Philemon is the earliest charter of emancipation to the slave; the first Epistle to Timothy, and that to Titus, constitute the best Pastor's Manual; the second to Timothy, amid its affectionate counsels, exhibits the completeness of the Christian's victory in the apparent defeat of lonely death. The powerful and interesting, but anonymous, Epistle to the Hebrews sets forth Christ as the end and fulfillment of the law,—the Eternal and all-sufficient Savior. St. James writes the sternly passionate letter of Christian morality; St. Peter's is the Epistle of Hope, St. John's of Love. Finally the radiant and impassioned imagery and visions of the Apocalypse, though they come among the earliest in time, form the fitting literary conclusion of this Book of Books—the last gem of this Urim and Thummim upon that Ephod of Humanity "whereon should be inscribed the one word God." Could we possess a more priceless treasure? "What problem do these books leave unexamined? what depth unfathomed? what height unscaled? what consolation unadministered? what heart untouched? what conscience unreproved?" May we not say with our Translators of 1611: "If we be ignorant, the Scriptures will instruct us; if out of the way, they will bring us home; if out of order, they will reform us; if in heaviness, comfort us; if dull, quicken us; if cold, inflame us. *Tolle, lege; tolle, lege*—Take and read! take and read!"

"For many books I care not; and my store
Might now suffice me though I had no more
Than God's Two Testaments, and then withal
That mighty volume which 'the world' we call."

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

From the Gospel according to St. Matthew

AND Jesus went about in all Galilee, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness among the people. And the report of him went forth into all Syria: and they brought unto him all that were sick, holden with divers diseases and torments, possessed with devils, and epileptic,

and palsied; and he healed them. And there followed him great multitudes from Galilee and Decapolis and Jerusalem and Judæa and *from* beyond Jordan.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into the mountain: and when he had sat down, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called sons of God.

Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye when *men* shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost its savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do *men* light a lamp, and put it under the bushel, but on the stand; and it shineth unto all that are in the house. Even so let your light shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Think not that I came to destroy the law or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill. For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass away, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass away from the law, till all things be accomplished. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, he shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed *the righteousness* of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell of fire. If therefore thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art with him in the way; lest haply the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou have paid the last farthing.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt not commit adultery: but I say unto you, that every one that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye causeth thee to stumble, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body be cast into hell. And if thy right hand causeth thee to stumble, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not thy whole body go into hell. It was said also, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement: but I say unto you, that every one that putteth away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, maketh her an adulteress: and whosoever shall marry her when she is put away committeth adultery.

Again, ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by the heaven, for it is the throne of God; nor by the earth, for it is the footstool of his feet; nor by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, for thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your speech be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: and whatsoever is more than these is of the evil *one*.

Ye have heard that it was said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth: but I say unto you, Resist not him that is

MAGDALEN

From Painting by Pompeo Bittoni

evil: but whosoever smiteth thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man would go to law with thee, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go one mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it was said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy: but I say unto you, Love your enemies, and pray for them that persecute you; that ye may be sons of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust. For if ye love them that love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more *than others?* do not even the Gentiles the same? Ye therefore shall be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them: else ye have no reward with your Father which is in heaven.

When therefore thou doest alms, sound not a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth: that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.

And when ye pray, ye shall not be as the hypocrites: for they love to stand and pray in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee. And in praying use not vain repetitions, as the Gentiles do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we also have forgiven our debtors. And bring us not into tempta-

tion, but deliver us from the evil *one*. For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may be seen of men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have received their reward. But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thy head, and wash thy face; that thou be not seen of men to fast, but of thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall recompense thee.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also. The lamp of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is the darkness! No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon. Therefore I say unto you, Be not anxious for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment? Behold the birds of the heaven, that they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; and your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are not ye of much more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit unto his stature? And why are ye anxious concerning raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. But if God doth so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, *shall he* not much more *clothe* you, O ye of little faith? Be not therefore anxious, saying, What shall we eat? or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? For after all these things do the Gentiles seek; for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first his kingdom, and his

righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you. Be not therefore anxious for the morrow: for the morrow will be anxious for itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured unto you. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me cast out the mote out of thine eye; and lo, the beam is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.

Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before the swine, lest haply they trample them under their feet, and turn and rend you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, who, if his son shall ask him for a loaf, will give him a stone; or if he shall ask for a fish, will give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them: for this is the law and the prophets.

Enter ye in by the narrow gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many be they that enter in thereby. For narrow is the gate, and straitened the way, that leadeth unto life, and few be they that find it.

Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves. By their fruits ye shall know them. Do *men* gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but the corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire. Therefore by their fruits ye shall know them. Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord,

Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out devils, and by thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity. Every one therefore which heareth these words of mine, and doeth them, shall be likened unto a wise man, which built his house upon the rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon the rock. And every one that heareth these words of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and smote upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall thereof.

And it came to pass, when Jesus ended these words, the multitudes were astonished at his teaching: for he taught them as *one* having authority, and not as their scribes.

FROM THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK

And they brought unto him little children, that he should touch them; and the disciples rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was moved with indignation, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me; forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall in no wise enter therein. And he took them in his arms, and blessed them, laying his hands upon them.

And as he was going forth into the way, there ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life? And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? none is good save one, *even* God. Thou knowest the commandments, Do not kill, Do not commit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Do not defraud, Honor thy father and mother. And he said unto him, Master, all these things have I observed from my youth. And Jesus looking upon him loved him, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow me. But his countenance fell at the saying, and he went away sorrowful: for he was one that had great possessions.

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN

From the Gospel according to St. Luke

AND behold, a certain lawyer stood up and tempted him, saying, Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life? And he said unto him, What is written in the law? how readest thou? And he answering said, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself. And he said unto him, Thou hast answered right: this do, and thou shalt live. But he, desiring to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbor? Jesus made answer and said, A certain man was going down from Jerusalem to Jericho; and he fell among robbers, which both stripped him and beat him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance a certain priest was going down that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And in like manner a Levite also, when he came to the place, and saw him, passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he was moved with compassion, and came to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring on *them* oil and wine; and he set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, I, when I come back again, will repay thee. Which of these three, thinkest thou, proved neighbor unto him that fell among the robbers? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. And Jesus said unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL SON

From the Gospel according to St. Luke

AND he said, A certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of *thy* substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to

feed swine. And he would fain have been filled with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet: and bring the fatted calf *and* kill it, and let us eat, and make merry: for this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field: and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called to him one of the servants, and inquired what these things might be. And he said unto him, Thy brother is come; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. But he was angry, and would not go in: and his father came out and intreated him. But he answered and said to his father, Lo, these many years do I serve thee, and I never transgressed a commandment of thine: and *yet* thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends: but when this thy son came, which hath devoured thy living with harlots, thou killedst for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him, Son, thou art ever with me, and all that is mine is thine. But it was meet to make merry and be glad: for this thy brother was dead, and is alive *again;* and *was* lost, and is found.

ON THE SABBATH

I

From the Gospel according to St. Mark

And it came to pass, that he was going on the Sabbath day through the cornfields; and his disciples began, as they went, to pluck the ears of corn. And the Pharisees said unto him, Behold, why do they on the Sabbath day that which is

not lawful? And he said unto them, Did ye never read what David did, when he had need, and was an hungred, he, and they that were with him? How he entered into the house of God when Abiathar was high priest, and did eat the shewbread, which it is not lawful to eat save for the priests, and gave also to them that were with him? And he said unto them, The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: so that the Son of man is lord even of the Sabbath.

And he entered again into the synagogue; and there was a man there which had his hand withered. And they watched him, whether he would heal him on the Sabbath day; that they might accuse him. And he saith unto the man that had his hand withered, Stand forth. And he saith unto them, Is it lawful on the Sabbath day to do good, or to do harm? to save a life, or to kill? But they held their peace. And when he had looked round about on them with anger, being grieved at the hardening of their heart, he saith unto the man, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it forth: and his hand was restored.

II

From the Gospel according to St. Luke

And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the Sabbath day. And behold, a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years; and she was bowed together, and could in no wise lift herself up. And when Jesus saw her, he called her, and said to her, Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands upon her: and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God. And the ruler of the synagogue, being moved with indignation because Jesus had healed on the Sabbath, answered and said to the multitude, There are six days in which men ought to work: in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the day of the Sabbath. But the Lord answered him, and said, Ye hypocrites, doth not each one of you on the Sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan had bound, lo, *these* eighteen years, to have been loosed from this bond on the day of the Sabbath?

DISCIPLESHIP

From the Gospel according to St. John

I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh it away: and every *branch* that beareth fruit, he cleanseth it, that it may bear more fruit. Already ye are clean because of the word which I have spoken unto you. Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so neither can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same beareth much fruit: for apart from me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and they gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you. Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; and *so* shall ye be my disciples. Even as the Father hath loved me, I also have loved you: abide ye in my love. If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love. These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy may be in you, and *that* your joy may be fulfilled. This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you. No longer do I call you servants; for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth: but I have called you friends; for all things that I heard from my Father I have made known unto you. Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that ye should go and bear fruit, and *that* your fruit should abide: that whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he may give it you. These things I command you, that ye may love one another. If the world hateth you, ye know that it hath hated me before *it hated* you. If ye were of the world, the world would love its own: but because ye are not of the world, but I chose you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you. Remember the word that I said unto you. A servant is not greater than his lord. If they persecuted me, they will also persecute you; if they kept my word, they will keep yours also. But all these

things will they do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not him that sent me. If I had not come and spoken unto them, they had not had sin: but now they have no excuse for their sin. He that hateth me hateth my Father also. If I had not done among them the works which none other did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father. But *this cometh to pass*, that the word may be fulfilled that is written in their law, They hated me without a cause. But when the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, *even* the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he shall bear witness of me; and ye also bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning.

THE CONVERSION OF PAUL

From the Acts of the Apostles

But Saul, yet breathing threatening and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord, went unto the high priest, and asked of him letters to Damascus unto the synagogues, that if he found any that were of the Way, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem. And as he journeyed, it came to pass that he drew nigh unto Damascus: and suddenly there shone round about him a light out of heaven: and he fell upon the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And he *said*, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest, but rise, and enter into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do. And the men that journeyed with him stood speechless, hearing the voice, but beholding no man. And Saul arose from the earth; and when his eyes were opened, he saw nothing; and they led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus. And he was three days without sight, and did neither eat nor drink.

Now there was a certain disciple at Damascus, named Ananias; and the Lord said unto him in a vision, Ananias. And he said, Behold, I *am here*, Lord. And the Lord *said* unto him, Arise, and go to the street which is called Straight, and inquire in the house of Judas for one named Saul, a man of Tarsus: for behold, he prayeth; and he hath seen a man named Ananias coming in, and laying his hands on him, that he might receive

his sight. But Ananias answered, Lord, I have heard from many of this man, how much evil he did to thy saints at Jerusalem: and here he hath authority from the chief priests to bind all that call upon thy name. But the Lord said unto him, Go thy way for he is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles and kings, and the children of Israel: for I will shew him how many things he must suffer for my name's sake. And Ananias departed, and entered into the house; and laying his hands on him said, Brother Saul, the Lord, *even* Jesus, who appeared unto thee in the way which thou camest, hath sent me, that thou mayest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost. And straightway there fell from his eyes as it were scales, and he received his sight; and he arose and was baptized; and he took food and was strengthened.

And he was certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus. And straightway in the synagogues he proclaimed Jesus, that he is the Son of God. And all that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that in Jerusalem made havoc of them which called on this name? and he had come hither for this intent, that he might bring them bound before the chief priests. But Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is the Christ.

And when many days were fulfilled, the Jews took counsel together to kill him: but their plot became known to Saul. And they watched the gates also day and night that they might kill him: but his disciples took him by night, and let him down through the wall, lowering him in a basket.

And when he was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples: and they were all afraid of him, not believing that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had seen the Lord in the way, and that he had spoken to him, and how at Damascus he had preached boldly in the name of Jesus. And he was with them going in and going out at Jerusalem, preaching boldly in the name of the Lord: and he spake and disputed against the Grecian Jews; but they went about to kill him. And when the brethren knew it, they brought him down to Cæsarea, and sent him forth to Tarsus.

THE NATURE OF LOVE

From the First Epistle to the Corinthians

IF I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love, I am become sounding brass, or a clanging cymbal. And if I have *the gift of* prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but have not love, I am nothing. And if I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and if I give my body to be burned, but have not love, it profiteth me nothing. Love suffereth long, *and* is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, taketh not account of evil; rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall be done away; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall be done away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part: but when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I felt as a child, I thought as a child: now that I am become a man, I have put away childish things. For now we see in a mirror, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I have been known. But now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love.

IMMORTALITY

From the First Epistle to the Corinthians

BE NOT deceived: Evil company doth corrupt good manners. Awake up righteously, and sin not; for some have no knowledge of God: I speak *this* to move you to shame.

But some one will say, How are the dead raised? and with what manner of body do they come? Thou foolish one, that which thou thyself sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be, but a bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other kind; but God giveth it a body even as it pleased him, and to each

seed a body of its own. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one *flesh* of men, and another flesh of beasts, and another flesh of birds, and another of fishes. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the *glory* of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. If there is a natural body, there is also a spiritual *body*. So also it is written, The first man Adam became a living soul. The last Adam *became* a life-giving spirit. Howbeit that is not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is of heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold, I tell you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. But when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy sting? The sting of death is sin; and the power of sin is the law: but thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Wherefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord.

FROM THE GENERAL EPISTLE OF JUDE

BUT Michael the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him a railing judgment, but said, The Lord rebuke thee. But these rail at whatsoever things they know not: and what they understand naturally, like the creatures without reason, in these things are they destroyed. Woe unto them! for they went in the way of Cain, and ran riotously in the error of Balaam for hire, and perished in the gainsaying of Korah. These are they who are hidden rocks in your love feasts when they feast with you, shepherds that without fear feed themselves; clouds without water, carried along by winds; autumn trees without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots; wild waves of the sea, foaming out their own shame; wandering stars, for whom the blackness of darkness hath been reserved for ever. And to these also Enoch, the seventh from Adam, prophesied, saying, Behold, the Lord came with ten thousands of his holy ones, to execute judgment upon all, and to convict all the ungodly of all their works of ungodliness which they have ungodly wrought, and of all the hard things which ungodly sinners have spoken against him. These are murmurers, complainers, walking after their lusts (and their mouth speaketh great swelling *words*), showing respect of persons for the sake of advantage.

But ye, beloved, remember ye the words which have been spoken before by the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ; how that they said to you, In the last time there shall be mockers walking after their own ungodly lusts. These are they who make separations, sensual, having not the Spirit. But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Spirit, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. And on some have mercy, who are in doubt; and some save, snatching them out of the fire; and on some have mercy with fear; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.

Now unto him that is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of his glory without blemish in exceeding joy, to the only God our Saviour, through Jesus Christ our Lord, *be* glory, majesty, dominion and power, before all time, and now, and for evermore. Amen.

THE VISION

From the Revelation of St. John the Divine

And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat upon it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, the great and the small, standing before the throne; the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is *the book* of life: and the dead were judged out of the things which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and Hades gave up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and Hades were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death, *even* the lake of fire. And if any was not found written in the book of life, he was cast into the lake of fire.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth are passed away; and the sea is no more. And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, made ready as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of the throne saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he shall dwell with them, and they shall be his peoples, and God himself shall be with them, *and be* their God: and he shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more; neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, any more: the first things are passed away. And he that sitteth on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. . . .

And there came one of the seven angels who had the seven bowls, who were laden with the seven last plagues; and he spake with me, saying, Come hither, I will shew thee the bride, the wife of the Lamb. And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and shewed me the holy city Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, having the glory of God: her light was like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal: having a wall great and high; having twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels; and names written thereon, which are *the names* of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel: on the east were three gates; and on the north three gates; and on the south three gates; and on the west three

gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and on them twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And he that spake with me had for a measure a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth foursquare, and the length thereof is as great as the breadth: and he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs: the length and the breadth and the height thereof are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, a hundred and forty and four cubits, *according to* the measure of a man, that is, of an angel. And the building of the wall thereof was jasper: and the city was pure gold, like unto pure glass. The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, chalcedony; the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolite; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, topaz; the tenth, chrysoprase; the eleventh, jacinth; the twelfth, amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each one of the several gates was of one pearl: and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass. And I saw no temple therein: for the Lord God the Almighty, and the Lamb, are the temple thereof. And the city hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof *is* the Lamb. And the nations shall walk amidst the light thereof: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory into it. And the gates thereof shall in no wise be shut by day (for there shall be no night there): and they shall bring the glory and the honor of the nations into it; and there shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, or he that maketh an abomination and a lie; but only they which are written in the Lamb's book of life. And he shewed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, in the midst of the street thereof. And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve *manner of* fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no curse any more: and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein; and his servants shall do him service; and they shall see his face; and his name *shall be* on their foreheads. And there shall be night no more; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These words are faithful and true. and the Lord, the God of the spirits of the prophets, sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly come to pass. And behold, I come quickly. Blessed is he that keepeth the words of the prophecy of this book.

And I John am he that heard and saw these things. And when I heard and saw, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things. And he saith unto me, See thou do it not: I am a fellow-servant with thee and with thy brethren the prophets, and with them which keep the words of this book: worship God.

And he saith unto me, Seal not up the words of the prophecy of this book; for the time is at hand. He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness still: and he that is filthy, let him be made filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness still: and he that is holy, let him be made holy still. Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to render to each man according as his work is. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end. . . .

And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And he that heareth, let him say, Come. And he that is athirst, let him come: he that will, let him take the water of life freely.

CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

(1801–1890)

BY RICHARD HOLT HUTTON

IN 'A Library of the World's Best Literature,' Cardinal Newman—though all his writings were more or less closely connected with religion, even the lectures on University Education being chiefly intended to show that no university education could be complete which did not treat the knowledge of God as the keystone of all human science—cannot be denied a very important place; for it was in great measure the form and grace and variety of his literary gifts that secured for him the attention of all English-speaking peoples, and that made him one of the princes of the Church before he died. Cardinal Newman himself fixes on one of the most striking of his literary gifts,—the delicacy of his feeling for words, and for the fine distinctions between related words of the closest affinity,—when he attributes to the influence of Dr. Hawkins (subsequently provost of Oriel) and of Dr. Whately (subsequently Archbishop of Dublin) the habit of delicate discrimination which he acquired under their guidance, and for which he was at one time censured as though it had been in him a latent Jesuitism. As a matter of fact, however, if Newman owed this faculty in any degree to the training or suggestion of Hawkins and Whately, he soon far surpassed his teachers. For undoubtedly Newman founded a literary school in Oxford; the school of which in later days Matthew Arnold, with totally different religious convictions, was one of the most distinguished members. The avowed admiration of the great poet for Newman's style,—for its lustre, and clearness, and grace, for the "sweetness and light" of its manner, the beauty of its rhythm, and the simplicity of its structure,—drew the attention of numbers of less distinguished men to the secret of its charm; and from that time onwards the Oxford school, as we may call them,—men like the late Principal Shairp and the late Lord Bowen,—have more or less unconsciously imbued themselves with its tenderness and grace. Matthew Arnold himself, however, never really rivaled Newman's style; for though in his prose works he often displayed his wish to approach the same standard, his hand was heavier and more didactic, and his emphasis too continuous and laborious. And in his poetry Matthew

Arnold deviated even more widely from Newman's manner; for though displaying many qualities which Newman had not, for the greater elegiac verse, he missed the exquisite lightness of Newman's touch and the deeper passion of Newman's awe and reverence. Indeed, Arnold in his nobler poems is always greatest in bewailing what he has lost, Newman in gratefully attesting what he has found.

Before I come more particularly to the nature of Newman's influence on English literature, we must just pass lightly over the story of his life. John Henry Newman was born in London on February 21st, 1801, and lived till August 11th, 1890,—more than eighty-nine years. He was the son of Mr. John Newman, a member of the banking firm of Ramsbottom, Newman & Co., which stopped soon after the peace of 1815, but which never failed, as it discharged every shilling of its obligations. His mother's maiden name was Fourdrinier. She was a member of one of the old Huguenot families, and a moderate Calvinist, from whom Newman derived something of his early bias towards the evangelical school of theology, which he studied in works such as those of Scott, Romaine, Newton, and Milner. He early adopted Scott's axiom that holiness must come before peace, and that "growth is the only evidence of life"; a doctrine which had a considerable influence on his later adoption of the principle of evolution as applicable to theology. He early read, and was much influenced by, Law's 'Serious Call.' At the age of sixteen his mind was first possessed with the conviction that it was God's will that he should lead a single life,—a conviction which held its ground, with certain intervals "of a month now and a month then," up to the age of twenty-eight, after which it kept its hold on him for the rest of his life. He was educated at a private school, and went up to Oxford very early, taking his degree before he was twenty. He took a poor degree, having overstrained himself in working for it. In 1821 he is said to have published two cantos of a poem on St. Bartholomew's Eve, which apparently he never finished, and which has never been republished. He tells us that he had derived the notion that the Church of Rome was Anti-Christ from some of his evangelical teachers, and that this notion "stained his imagination" for many years. In 1822 Newman was elected to a fellowship in Oriel; where, though "proud of his college," which was at that time the most distinguished in the University, he for some years felt very lonely. Indeed, Dr. Copleston, who was then the provost of his college, meeting him in a lonely walk, remarked that he never seemed "less alone than when alone." Under Dr. Hawkins's influence, Newman took the first decisive step from his early evangelical creed towards the higher Anglican position. Dr. Hawkins taught him, he tells us, that the tradition of the Church was the original authority for the creed of the Church,

and that the Scriptures were never intended to supersede the Church's tradition, but only to confirm it. Combining this with his early belief in definite dogma as underlying all revealed teaching, he entered on the path which led him ultimately to Rome. But it was not till after he had formed a close friendship with Richard Hurrell Froude, the liveliest and most vigorous of the early Tractarians, which began in 1826 and lasted till the latter's early death in 1836, that his notion concerning the identity between Rome and Anti-Christ was thoroughly broken down. His book on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century' was finished in July 1832, and marked for the first time Newman's profound belief in the definitions of the Nicene Creed.

In 1832 Hurrell Froude fell ill, and Newman consented to accompany him and his father on a Mediterranean voyage, undertaken in the hope of re-establishing his friend's health. He traveled with them for four months to the African, Greek, and Italian coasts, and then for three months more, alone, in Sicily; where he caught malarial fever, and was thought to be dying by his attendant, though he himself was firmly convinced that he should not die, since he had "a work to do in England." It was during this journey and the voyage home that he wrote most of the shorter poems first published in the 'Lyra Apostolica,' and now collected in his volume entitled 'Verses on Various Occasions.' During the return voyage in an orange-boat from Palermo to Marseilles, when becalmed in the straits of Bonifazio, he wrote the beautiful little poem, so well known now to all English-speaking peoples, beginning "Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom, lead thou me on."

On reaching home he entered at once on the Tractarian movement; of which indeed he was always the leader till his own faith in the Church of England, as the best representative of the half-way house between Rome and the theory of "private judgment," began to falter and ultimately perished. It was he who elaborated carefully the theory of a *via media*, a compromise between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant view of Revelation; though he himself was one of the first to surrender his own view as untenable. In 1841, having been often hard pushed by his own followers as to what he could make of the Thirty-nine Articles, he published 'Tract 90,' the celebrated tract in which he contended that the Articles were perfectly consistent with the Anglo-Catholic view of the Church of England. Bishop after bishop charged against this tract as a final desertion of Protestantism — which it was; and also as a thoroughly Jesuitic explaining away of the Articles — which it was not, for the Articles were really intended as a compromise between Rome and the Reformation, and not by any means as a surrender to the views of the Puritan party. The tract was saved from a formal condemnation by

convocation only by the veto of the proctors, *Nobis proctoribus non placet;* and thenceforth Newman's effort to reconcile his view with Anglican doctrine began to lose plausibility even to his own mind, though he still preached for two years as an Anglican clergyman, and for another two years of silence hesitated on the verge of Rome.

On October 8th, 1845, Newman was received into the Roman Catholic Church. Within two or three years he founded the English branch of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, and took up his residence in Birmingham; where in 1863 he received the attack of Canon Kingsley, accusing him of having been virtually a crypto-Romanist long before he entered the Roman Catholic Church, and while he was still trying to draw on young Oxford to his views. To this he replied by the celebrated 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ'; which made him for the first time popular in England, and built up his reputation as a sincere, earnest, and genuine theologian. In 1870 he was one of the greatest of the opponents of the Vatican dogma of the Pope's infallibility; not because he thought it false, but because he thought it both inopportune and premature, not believing that the limits within which it would hold water had been adequately discussed. This attitude of his made him very unpopular at the Vatican while Pio Nono was still at the head of the Church. But in 1878 Pio Nono died; and one of the first acts of the present Pope, Leo XIII., was to raise Dr. Newman to the rank of Cardinal,—chiefly I imagine, *because* he had taken so strong a part in insisting on all the guarantees and conditions which confined the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility within the limits for which the more cautious Roman Catholics contended. For eleven years he enjoyed the cardinalate; and died, as I have said, in August 1890.

Except the poems written during his Mediterranean journey, and the sermons preached in St. Mary's,—ten volumes of them, containing many of Newman's most moving and powerful appeals to the heart and mind and spirit of man,—the volumes published after he became a Roman Catholic show his literary power at its highest point; for the purely doctrinal works of his Anglican days (those, for example, on 'The Arians of the Fourth Century,' 'The Via Media,' and 'Justification by Faith') are often technical and sometimes even frigid. Not so his chief efforts as a Roman Catholic; for Newman seemed then first to give the reins to his genius, and to show the fullness of his power alike as a thinker, an imaginative writer, a master of irony, and a poet. His chief literary qualities seem to me to be the great vividness and force of the illustrations with which he presses home his deepest thoughts; the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy of his insight into the strange power and stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections; the vivacity of his

imagination when he endeavors to restore the past and to vivify the present; the keenness of his irony; not unfrequently the breadth and raciness of his humor, and the exquisite pathos of which he was master.

In relation to the first of these characteristics of his style, the power which he displays to arrest attention for his deepest thoughts, by the simplest and most vigorous yet often the most imaginative illustrations of his drift,—every volume of his sermons, and I might almost say nearly every sermon of every volume, furnishes telling examples. He wants to show his hearers how much more the trustworthiness of their reason depends on implicit processes, of which the reasoner himself can give no clear account, than it does on conscious inferences; and he points to the way in which a mountaineer ascends a steep rock or mountain-side,—choosing his way, as it would seem, much more by instinct and habit than by anything like conscious judgment, leaping lightly from point to point with an ease for which he could give no justification to a questioner, and in which no one who had not trained his eye and his hand to avail themselves of every aid within their range, could, however keen their intelligence, pretend to follow him without disaster. Or again, let me recall that happy and yet sad name which he gave to our great theological libraries, «the cemeteries of ancient faith,»—a name which suggests how the faith which has been the very life of a great thinker often lies buried in the works which he has left behind him, till it re-excites in some other mind the vision and the energy with which it had previously animated himself. Or, best of all, consider the great illustration which he gives us of the «development» of given germs of living thought or truth in the minds of generation after generation, from the development of the few tones on which the spell of music depends, into the great science and art which seem to fill the heart and mind with echoes from some world far too exalted to be expressed in any terms of conscious thought and well-defined significance. Newman's illustrations are always impressive, always apt, and always vivid.

Of the second point, which is more or less at the root of Newman's power as a preacher, the Oxford Sermons, and the 'Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations' after he became a Roman Catholic, contain one long chain of evidence. Let me refer first to the remarkable Oxford sermon on 'Unreal Words,' which should be taken to heart by every literary man, and has, I believe, been taken to heart by not a few; though it would certainly tend as much to impose severe restraints on the too liberal exercise of many great literary gifts, as to stimulate to their happiest use. Newman preached this sermon when his mind was thoroughly matured,—at the age of

thirty-eight,—and he probably never preached anything which had a more truly searching effect on the consciences and intellects of those who heard him. In it he takes at once the highest ground. He denies altogether that «words» are mere sounds which only represent thought. Since Revelation had entered the world, and the word of God had been given to man, words have become objective powers either for good or for evil. They are something beyond the thoughts of those who utter them; forces which are intended to control, and do control, our lives, and embody our meditations in action. They are «edged tools» which we may not play with, on pain of being injured by them as much as helped. Truth itself has become a «Word»; and if we do not lay hold on it so as to be helped by it to a higher life, it will lay hold on us and judge us and condemn all our superficial uses or abuses of thoughts and purposes higher than ourselves. He shows us how hypocrisy consists just as much in making professions which are perfectly true, and even truly meant by us, but which do not correspond to our actions, as in making professions which do not represent our interior mind at all. «Words have a meaning whether we mean that meaning or not; and they are imputed to us in their real meaning, when our not meaning it is our own fault.» Then he goes on to give a curiously searching analysis of the hollow and conventional use which men make of great words, from the mere wish to satisfy the expectations of others, and perhaps from a sort of pride in being able to show that they can enter into the general drift of thoughts which are beyond them, though they do not really even try to make them the standard of their own practice. He points out how glibly we shuffle our words so as to make a fair impression on our teachers and superiors, without ever realizing that we are demonstrating the shallowness of our own lives by the very use of phrases intended to persuade others that we are not shallow. The reader will find two passages in these collected sermons—one from the Oxford sermon on 'Unreal Words,' the other from one of the 'Sermons addressed to Mixed Congregations'—that are an illustration of Newman's pungency of style, the most striking evidence of what I have called «the depth, the subtlety, and the delicacy» of Newman's studies «in the strange power and the stranger waywardness of the human conscience and affections.» Both of them might be used equally well for the purpose of illustrating the keenness of his irony. Yet the most serious drift of each is the insight it shows into the power of the human conscience, and the waywardness and sophistries of human self-deceit.

Passing to the vividness and vivacity of Newman's imagination when he endeavors either to restore the Past, or to realize for us with adequate force the full meaning of thoughts which pass almost

like shadows over the mind, when they ought to engrave themselves deeply upon it, may be cited the wonderful picture which he has given us in 'Callista'—his tale of Christian martyrdom—of what happened in the north of Africa during the Decian persecution of the third century. The passage in which he describes the plague of locusts is, even alone, a sufficient proof of the singular power of his vision in realizing to his readers what he himself had never seen. And I give it without further comment, because it speaks sufficiently for itself. But, impressive as that is, it goes a very little way towards illustrating Newman's great, though discontinuous, imaginative power. It was a much more difficult feat to throw himself as he did into the mind of a Greek girl, devoted, with all the ardor of a lively and eager race, to the beautiful traditions and aspirations of her own people, and to show the unrest of her heart, as well as the craving of her mind for something deeper and more lasting than any stray fragments of the more spiritual Greek philosophy. He makes us see the mode in which Christianity at once attracts and repels her, and the throes of her whole nature when she has to choose between a terrible and painful death, and the abandonment of a faith which promised her not only a brighter and better life beyond the grave, but a full satisfaction for that famine of the heart of which she had been conscious throughout all the various changes and chances of her fitful, impetuous, and not unspotted life. I know nothing much more pathetic, nothing which better reveals Newman's insight into the yearnings and hopes and moody misgivings of a heart groping after a faith in God and yet unable to attain it,—partly from intellectual perplexities, partly from disappointment at the apparent inadequacy of the higher faith to regenerate fully the natures of those who had adopted it,—than Callista's reproaches to the young Christian who had merely fallen in love with her, when she was looking to find a heart more devoted to his God than to any human passion. I give the passage to which I refer, in order to show how truly Newman could read the mind of one weary of the flattery of men, and profoundly disheartened by finding that even in the faith which she had thought to be founded in Divine truth, there was not mastery enough over the heart to wean it from the poorest earthly passion, and fix it on an object worthy of true adoration.

For another, though a very different, illustration of the same kind of power, I may refer to a passage in 'Loss and Gain': the story of a conversion to Rome, in which Newman describes the reception of his Roman Catholic convert by his mother,—the widow of an Anglican clergyman,—when he comes to take leave of her before formally submitting himself to the Church of Rome. The mixture of soreness of feeling,—the distress with which the mother realizes that

his father's faith does not seem good enough for the son,—and of tenderness for the son himself, is drawn with a master hand. Newman did not often venture into the region of fiction; but when he did, he showed how much of the poet there was in him by painting a woman even better than he painted a man. The curiously mixed feelings of this scene of leave-taking have never received adequate recognition. Imbedded as it is in a story which is hardly a story,—a mere exposition of the steps by which the craving for a final authority on religious questions at last leads a humble and self-distrustful mind to submit itself to the guidance of the Church which claims an ultimate infallibility in all matters of morality and doctrine,—very few have come across it, and those who have, have not succeeded in making it known to the world at large. The tenderness and pathos of that passage seem to me almost as great as that of the preceding one. Newman's most intimate college friend used sometimes after his marriage, we are told, to forget whether he was speaking to his wife or to Newman, and to call his wife Newman and to call Newman "Elizabeth,"—a mistake very significant of the pathetic tenderness of Newman's manner with those dear to him, and of the depth of his feelings. Another very touching illustration of Newman's tenderness will be found in the poem on the gulf between the living and the dead, however dear to each other, the last twelve lines of which were added after the death of his dear friend, Richard Hurrell Froude.

Of the raciness of his humor, many of the 'Lectures on Anglican Difficulties' bear the most effectual evidence; but the passage which has the greatest reputation in connection with this quality is that in which, just after the panic on the subject of what was then called "the Papal aggression," in 1850, Newman ridiculed in the most telling manner the screams of indignation and dread with which the restoration of the episcopal constitution to the Roman Catholic Church in England had been received. I doubt whether a real invasion of England by the landing of a foreign army on our soil would have been spoken of with half the horror which this very harmless, and indeed perfectly inoffensive, restoration of Roman Catholic bishoprics to England inspired. It was evident enough that the panic was more the panic with which the appearance of a ghost fills the heart of a timid person, than the panic with which the imminence of a physical danger impresses us. Against physical dangers the English show their pluck, but against spiritual dangers they only show their weakest side; and the great panic of 1850 was certainly the most remarkable outburst of meaningless dismay which in a tolerably long life I can remember. The result has, I think, proved that the actual restoration of the Roman Catholic episcopacy did more to remove the

ghostly horror with which the English people were seized in anticipation of that event, than any sort of reasoning could have done. We have learned now what Roman Catholic bishops are, and on the whole we have found them by no means terrible; indeed, often very excellent allies against irreligion, and in social emergencies very earnest friends. But when in 1850, Newman in his lectures on 'Catholicism in England' described with such genuine glee the "bobs, bobs royal, and triple bob majors" with which the English Church had rung down the iniquitous Papal aggression, there was absolutely no caricature in his lively description. If Newman had not been a theologian, he would probably have been known chiefly as a considerable humorist. Some of his pictures of the high-and-dry Oxford dons in 'Loss and Gain' are full of this kind of humor.

I have said nothing, of course, of Newman as a theologian,—a capacity hardly appropriate to a book on the world's best literature. I have always thought that he regarded the Christian religion as resting far too exclusively on the delegated authority of the Church, and far too little on the immediate relation of the soul to Christ. But that is not a subject which it would be either convenient or desirable to enter upon here. Say what you will of the conclusions to which Newman comes on this great subject, no one can deny that he discusses the whole controversy with a calmness and an acuteness which is of the greatest use even to those whom his arguments entirely fail to convince. But my object has been chiefly to show how great an impression he has made on English literature; an impression which will, I believe, not dwindle, but increase, as the world becomes more and more familiar with the literary aspects of his writings.

Richard Holt Hutton

THE TRANSITION

From the 'Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ: Being a History of My Religious Opinions'

I HAD one final advance of mind to accomplish, and one final step to take. That further advance of mind was to be able honestly to say that I was *certain* of the conclusions at which I had already arrived. That further step, imperative when such certitude was attained, was my *submission* to the Catholic Church.

This submission did not take place till two full years after the resignation of my living in September 1843; nor could I

have made it at an earlier date, without doubt and apprehension; that is, with any true conviction of mind or certitude.

In the interval, of which it remains to speak,—viz., between the autumns of 1843 and 1845,—I was in lay communion with the Church of England: attending its services as usual, and abstaining altogether from intercourse with Catholics, from their places of worship, and from those religious rites and usages, such as the Invocation of Saints, which are characteristics of their creed. I did all this on principle; for I never could understand how a man could be of two religions at once.

What I have to say about myself between these two autumns I shall almost confine to this one point,—the difficulty I was in as to the best mode of revealing the state of my mind to my friends and others, and how I managed to reveal it.

Up to January 1842 I had not disclosed my state of unsettlement to more than three persons. . . To two of them, intimate and familiar companions, in the autumn of 1839; to the third—an old friend too, whom I have also named above—I suppose when I was in great distress of mind upon the affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric. In May 1843 I made it known, as has been seen, to the friend by whose advice I wished, as far as possible, to be guided. To mention it on set purpose to any one, unless indeed I was asking advice, I should have felt to be a crime. If there is anything that was abhorrent to me, it was the scattering doubts, and unsettling consciences without necessity. A strong presentiment that my existing opinions would ultimately give way, and that the grounds of them were unsound, was not a sufficient warrant for disclosing the state of my mind. I had no guarantee yet, that that presentiment would be realized. Supposing I were crossing ice, which came right in my way, which I had good reasons for considering sound, and which I saw numbers before me crossing in safety, and supposing a stranger from the bank, in a voice of authority and in an earnest tone, warned me that it was dangerous, and then was silent,—I think I should be startled, and should look about me anxiously, but I think too that I should go on, till I had better grounds for doubt; and such was my state, I believe, till the end of 1842. Then again, when my dissatisfaction became greater, it was hard at first to determine the point of time when it was too strong to suppress with propriety. Certitude of course is a point, but doubt is a progress: I was not near certitude yet. Certitude is a reflex action; it is

to know that one knows. Of that I believe I was not possessed, till close upon my reception into the Catholic Church. Again, a practical, effective doubt is a point too; but who can easily ascertain it for himself? Who can determine when it is that the scales in the balance of opinion begin to turn, and what was a greater probability in behalf of a belief becomes a positive doubt against it?

In considering this question in its bearing upon my conduct in 1843, my own simple answer to my great difficulty had been, *Do* what your present state of opinion requires in the light of duty, and let that *doing* tell; speak by *acts*. This I had done; my first *act* of the year had been in February. After three months' deliberation I had published my retractation of the violent charges which I had made against Rome: I could not be wrong in doing so much as this; but I did no more at the time: I did not retract my Anglican teaching. My second *act* had been in September in the same year: after much sorrowful lingering and hesitation, I had resigned my Living. I tried indeed, before I did so, to keep Littlemore for myself, even though it was still to remain an integral part of St. Mary's. I had given to it a Church and a sort of Parsonage; I had made it a Parish, and I loved it: I thought in 1843 that perhaps I need not forfeit my existing relations towards it. I could indeed submit to become the curate at will of another; but I hoped an arrangement was possible by which, while I had the curacy, I might have been my own master in serving it. I had hoped an exception might have been made in my favor, under the circumstances; but I did not gain my request. Perhaps I was asking what was impracticable, and it is well for me that it was so.

These had been my two acts of the year, and I said, "I cannot be wrong in making them; let that follow which must follow in the thoughts of the world about me, when they see what I do." And as time went on, they fully answered my purpose. What I felt it a simple duty to do, did create a general suspicion about me, without such responsibility as would be involved in my initiating any direct act for the sake of creating it. Then, when friends wrote me on the subject, I either did not deny or I confessed my state of mind, according to the character and need of their letters. Sometimes in the case of intimate friends, whom I should otherwise have been leaving in ignorance of what others knew on every side of them, I invited the question.

And here comes in another point for explanation. While I was fighting in Oxford for the Anglican Church, then indeed I was very glad to make converts; and though I never broke away from that rule of my mind (as I may call it) of which I have already spoken, of finding disciples rather than seeking them, yet that I made advances to others in a special way, I have no doubt; this came to an end, however, as soon as I fell into misgivings as to the true ground to be taken in the controversy. For then, when I gave up my place in the Movement, I ceased from any such proceedings; and my utmost endeavor was to tranquillize such persons, especially those who belonged to the new school, as were unsettled in their religious views, and as I judged, hasty in their conclusions. This went on till 1843; but at that date, as soon as I turned my face Romeward, I gave up, as far as ever was possible, the thought of, in any respect and in any shape, acting upon others. Then I myself was simply my own concern. How could I in any sense direct others, who had to be guided in so momentous a matter myself? How could I be considered in a position, even to say a word to them, one way or the other? How could I presume to unsettle them as I was unsettled, when I had no means of bringing them out of such unsettlement? And if they were unsettled already, how could I point to them a place of refuge, when I was not sure that I should choose it for myself? My only line, my only duty, was to keep simply to my own case. I recollected Pascal's words, "Je mourrai seul" [I will die alone]. I deliberately put out of my thoughts all other works and claims, and said nothing to any one, unless I was obliged.

But this brought upon me a great trouble. In the newspapers there were continual reports about my intentions; I did not answer them: presently strangers or friends wrote, begging to be allowed to answer them; and if I still kept to my resolution and said nothing, then I was thought to be mysterious, and a prejudice was excited against me. But what was far worse, there were a number of tender, eager hearts, of whom I knew nothing at all, who were watching me, wishing to think as I thought, and to do as I did, if they could but find it out; who in consequence were distressed that in so solemn a matter they could not see what was coming, and who heard reports about me this way or that, on a first day and on a second; and felt the weariness of waiting, and the sickness of delayed hope, and did

not understand that I was as perplexed as they were, and being of more sensitive complexion of mind than myself, they were made ill by the suspense. And they too, of course, for the time thought me mysterious and inexplicable. I ask their pardon as far as I was really unkind to them. . . .

I left Oxford for good on Monday, February 23d, 1846. On the Saturday and Sunday before, I was in my house at Littlemore simply by myself, as I had been for the first day or two when I had originally taken possession of it. I slept on Sunday night at my dear friend's, Mr. Johnson's, at the Observatory. Various friends came to see the last of me: Mr. Copeland, Mr. Church, Mr. Buckle, Mr. Pattison, and Mr. Lewis. Dr. Pusey too came up to take leave of me; and I called on Dr. Ogle, one of my very oldest friends, for he was my private tutor when I was an undergraduate. In him I took leave of my first college, Trinity, which was so dear to me, and which held on its foundation so many who had been kind to me both when I was a boy, and all through my Oxford life. Trinity had never been unkind to me. There used to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there; and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University.

On the morning of the 23d I left the Observatory. I have never seen Oxford since, excepting its spires as they are seen from the railway.

From the time that I became a Catholic, of course I have no further history of my religious opinions to narrate. In saying this, I do not mean to say that my mind has been idle, or that I have given up thinking on theological subjects; but that I have had no variations to record, and have had no anxiety of heart whatever. I have been in perfect peace and contentment; I never have had one doubt. I was not conscious to myself, on my conversion, of any change, intellectual or moral, wrought in my mind. I was not conscious of firmer faith in the fundamental truths of Revelation, or of more self-command; I had not more fervor: but it was like coming into port after a rough sea; and my happiness on that score remains to this day without interruption.

Nor had I any trouble about receiving those additional articles which are not found in the Anglican Creed. Some of them I believed already, but not any one of them was a trial to me

I made a profession of them upon my reception with the greatest ease, and I have the same ease in believing them now. I am far of course from denying that every article of the Christian Creed, whether as held by Catholics or by Protestants, is beset with intellectual difficulties; and it is simple fact, that for myself I cannot answer those difficulties. Many persons are very sensitive of the difficulties of Religion: I am as sensitive of them as any one; but I have never been able to see a connection between apprehending those difficulties, however keenly, and multiplying them to any extent, and on the other hand doubting the doctrines to which they are attached. Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt, as I understand the subject; difficulty and doubt are incommensurate. There of course may be many difficulties in the evidence; but I am speaking of difficulties intrinsic to the doctrines themselves, or to their relations with each other. A man may be annoyed that he cannot work out a mathematical problem, of which the answer is or is not given to him, without doubting that it admits of an answer, or that a certain particular answer is the true one. Of all points of faith, the being of God is, to my own apprehension, encompassed with most difficulty, and yet borne in upon our minds with most power.

THE LOCUSTS

From 'Callista'

They moved right on like soldiers in their ranks, stopping at nothing and straggling for nothing; they carried a broad furrow or wheal all across the country, black and loathsome, while it was as green and smiling on each side of them and in front as it had been before they came. Before them, in the language of the prophets, was a paradise, and behind them a desert. They are daunted by nothing; they surmount walls and hedges, and enter inclosed gardens or inhabited houses. A rare and experimental vineyard has been planted in a sheltered grove. The high winds of Africa will not commonly allow the light trellis or the slim pole; but here the lofty poplar of Campania has been possible, on which the vine plant mounts so many yards into the air, that the poor grape-gatherers bargain for a funeral pile and a tomb as one of the conditions of their engagement. The locusts have done what the winds and lightning could not

do, and the whole promise of the vintage, leaves and all, is gone, and the slender stems are left bare. There is another yard, less uncommon, but still tended with more than common care; each plant is kept within due bounds by a circular trench around it, and by upright canes on which it is to trail; in an hour the solicitude and long toil of the vine-dresser are lost, and his pride humbled. There is a smiling farm; another sort of vine of remarkable character is found against the farmhouse. This vine springs from one root, and has clothed and matted with its many branches the four walls. The whole of it is covered thick with long clusters, which another month will ripen. On every grape and leaf there is a locust. Into the dry caves and pits, carefully strewed with straw, the harvest-men have (safely, as they thought just now) been lodging the far-famed African wheat. One grain or root shoots up into ten, twenty, fifty, eighty, nay, three or four hundred stalks; sometimes the stalks have two ears apiece, and these shoot off into a number of lesser ones. These stores are intended for the Roman populace, but the locusts have been beforehand with them. The small patches of ground belonging to the poor peasants up and down the country, for raising the turnips, garlic, barley, watermelons, on which they live, are the prey of these glutton invaders as much as the choicest vines and olives. Nor have they any reverence for the villa of the civic decurion or the Roman official. The neatly arranged kitchen garden, with its cherries, plums, peaches, and apricots, is a waste; as the slaves sit round, in the kitchen in the first court, at their coarse evening meal, the room is filled with the invading force, and news comes to them that the enemy has fallen upon the apples and pears in the basement, and is at the same time plundering and sacking the preserves of quince and pomegranate, and reveling in the jars of precious oil of Cyprus and Mendes in the store-rooms. They come up to the walls of Sicca, and are flung against them into the ditch. Not a moment's hesitation or delay: they recover their footing, they climb up the wood or stucco, they surmount the parapet, or they have entered in at the windows, filling the apartments and the most private and luxurious chambers; not one or two, like stragglers at forage or rioters after a victory, but in order of battle, and with the array of an army. Choice plants or flowers about the *impluvia* and *xysti*, for ornament or refreshment,—myrtles, oranges, pomegranates, the rose and the carnation,—have disappeared. They

dim the bright marbles of the walls and the gilding of the ceilings. They enter the triclinium in the midst of the banquet; they crawl over the viands and spoil what they do not devour. Unrelaxed by success and by enjoyment, onward they go; a secret mysterious instinct keeps them together, as if they had a king over them. They move along the floor in so strange an order that they seem to be a tessellated pavement themselves, and to be the artificial embellishment of the place; so true are their lines, and so perfect is the pattern they describe. Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cook-shops, to the confectioners, to the druggists: nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink, there are they, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest.

CALLISTA AND AGELLIUS

From 'Callista'

For an instant tears seemed about to start from Callista's eyes, but she repressed the emotion, if it was such, and answered with impetuosity:—"Your Master!—who is your Master' what know I of your Master? what have you ever told me of your Master? I suppose it is an esoteric doctrine which I am not worthy to know; but so it is: here you have been again and again, and talked freely of many things, yet I am in as much darkness about your Master as if I had never seen you. I know he died; I know too that Christians say he lives. In some fortunate island, I suppose; for when I have asked, you have got rid of the subject as best you could. You have talked about your law and your various duties, and what you consider right, and what is forbidden, and of some of the old writers of your sect, and of the Jews before them; but if, as you imply, my wants and aspirations are the same as yours, what have you done towards satisfying them? what have you done for that Master towards whom you now propose to lead me? No!" she continued, starting up: "you have watched those wants and aspirations for yourself, not for him; you have taken interest in them, you have cherished them, as if you were the author, you the object of them. You profess to believe in One True God, and to reject every other; and now you are implying that the Hand,

the Shadow of that God, is on my mind and heart. Who is this God? where? how? in what? O Agellius, you have stood in the way of him, ready to speak of yourself, using him as a means to an end."

"O Callista," said Agellius in an agitated voice, when he could speak, "do my ears hear aright? do you really wish to be taught who the true God is?"

"No; mistake me not," she cried passionately: "I have no such wish. I could not be of your religion. Ye gods! how have I been deceived! I thought every Christian was like Chione. I thought there could not be a cold Christian. Chione spoke as if a Christian's first thoughts were good-will to others; as if his state were of such blessedness, that his dearest heart's wish was to bring others into it. Here is a man, who, so far from feeling himself blest, thinks I can bless him; comes to me,—me, Callista, an herb of the field, a poor weed, exposed to every wind of heaven, and shriveling before the fierce sun,—to me he comes to repose his heart upon. But as for any blessedness he has to show me, why, since he does not feel any himself, no wonder he has none to give away. I thought a Christian was superior to time and place; but all is hollow. Alas, alas! I am young in life to feel the force of that saying with which sages go out of it, 'Vanity and hollowness!' Agellius, when I first heard you were a Christian, how my heart beat! I thought of her who was gone; and at first I thought I saw her in you, as if there had been some magical sympathy between you and her; and I hoped that from you I might have learned more of that strange strength which my nature needs, and which she told me she possessed. Your words, your manner, your looks, were altogether different from others who came near me. But so it was: you came, and you went, and came again; I thought it reserve, I thought it timidity, I thought it the caution of a persecuted sect: but oh my disappointment, when first I saw in you indications that you were thinking of me only as others think, and felt towards me as others may feel, that you were aiming at me, not at your God; that you had much to tell of yourself, but nothing of him! Time was I might have been led to worship you, Agellius: you have hindered it by worshiping *me*."

MOTHER AND SON

From 'Loss and Gain'

CHARLES leapt from the gig with a beating heart, and ran up to his mother's room. She was sitting by the fire at her work when he entered; she held out her hand coldly to him, and he sat down. Nothing was said for a little while; then, without leaving off her occupation, she said, "Well, Charles, and so you are leaving us. Where and how do you propose to employ yourself when you have entered upon your new life?"

Charles answered that he had not yet turned his mind to the consideration of anything but the great step on which everything else depended.

There was another silence; then she said, "You won't find anywhere such friends as you have had at home, Charles." Presently she continued, "You have had everything in your favor, Charles: you have been blessed with talents, advantages of education, easy circumstances; many a deserving young man has to scramble on as he can."

Charles answered that he was deeply sensible how much he owed in temporal matters to Providence, and that it was only at His bidding that he was giving them up.

"We all looked up to you, Charles; perhaps we made too much of you: well, God be with you; you have taken your line."

Poor Charles said that no one could conceive what it cost him to give up what was so very dear to him, what was part of himself; there was nothing on earth which he prized like his home.

"Then why do you leave us?" she said quickly: "you must have your way; you do it, I suppose, because you like it."

"Oh really, my dear mother," cried he, "if you saw my heart! You know in Scripture how people were obliged in the Apostles' times to give up all for Christ."

"We are heathens, then," she replied; "thank you, Charles, I am obliged to you for this:" and she dashed away a tear from her eye.

Charles was almost beside himself: he did not know what to say; he stood up and leaned his elbow on the mantelpiece, supporting his head on his hand.

"Well, Charles," she continued, still going on with her work, "perhaps the day will come—" her voice faltered; "your dear father—" she put down her work.

«It is useless misery,» said Charles: «why should I stay? Good-by for the present, my dearest mother. I leave you in good hands, not kinder, but better than mine; you lose me, you gain another. Farewell for the present: we will meet when you will, when you call; it will be a happy meeting.»

He threw himself on his knees, and laid his cheek on her lap: she could no longer resist him; she hung over him and began to smooth down his hair as she had done when he was a child. At length scalding tears began to fall heavily upon his face and neck; he bore them for a while, then started up, kissed her cheek impetuously, and rushed out of the room. In a few seconds he had seen and had torn himself from his sisters, and was in his gig again by the side of his phlegmatic driver, dancing slowly up and down on his way to Collumpton.

THE SEPARATION OF FRIENDS

From 'Lyra Apostolica'

Do not their souls who 'neath the Altar wait
Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
By Eden's angel flame,
But that earth knows not yet the dead has won
That crown which was his aim.
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
About his silent bier,
A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
And Hope and sacred Fear.
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
Hope raised her chalice high,
And the twin sisters still his shade attend,
Viewed in the mourner's eye.
So day by day for him from earth ascends,
As dew in summer even,
The speechless intercession of his friends
Toward the azure heaven.
Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.

And other secrets too he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain:
It were not good; a little doubt below,
And all will soon be plain.

THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD

(At Sea, June 16th, 1833)

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home
Lead thou me on!
Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

AFTER DEATH

From 'The Dream of Gerontius'

I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed:
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,—
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse

Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream: yes, some one softly said,
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room:
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite"; and they knelt in prayer—
I seem to hear him still, but thin and low
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have naught else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence, which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange: I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning, on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet— is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?

Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expanded world?

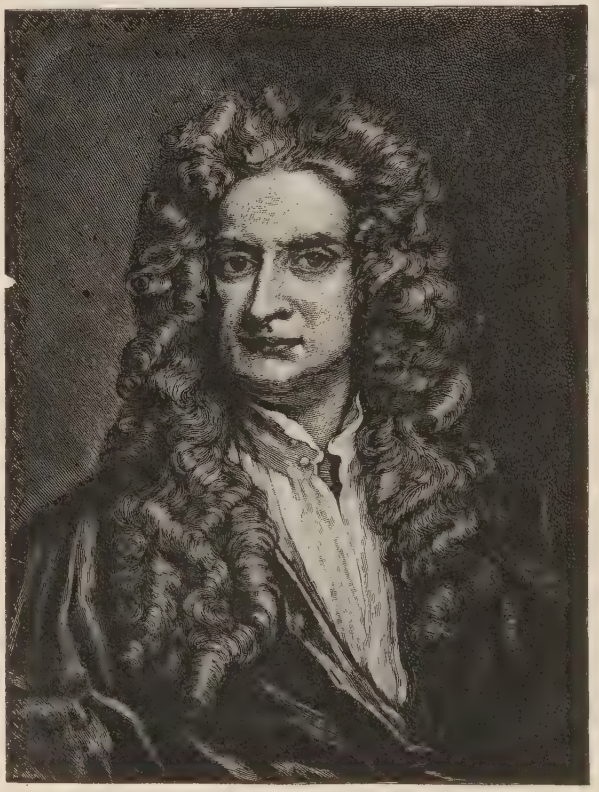
Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp
Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home;
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON

(1642 (O.S.)–1727)

IT HAS been said that the history of Sir Isaac Newton is also the history of science; yet the character of his life and work does not entirely exclude him from the category of men of letters. While his great book the 'Principia' is written in Latin and treats of mathematics, its tremendous scope and magnificent revelations entitle it to be placed without incongruity among those works which, like 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Divine Comedy,' have widened men's outlook into the universe. Milton and Dante dealt with the spiritual order of creation, Sir Isaac Newton with the material; yet to those who perceive an almost mystical significance in numbers,—to whom mathematics are, in a sense, gateways to the unseen,—the author of the 'Principia' and of the 'Treatise on Optics' will seem scarcely less a teacher than the poets.

The life of Sir Isaac Newton, in its harmony, in the smoothness of its course, in the perfection of its development, seems singularly expressive of the science to which it was dedicated. From the time when as a village boy he made water-wheels and kite-lanterns for his companions, to the hour when full of years and honors he passed away, the life of Newton was a series of orderly progresses towards a fixed goal.

He was born in Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642. His father, who had died before his birth, had been lord and farmer of the little manor of Woolsthorpe. Newton's mother designed that he should perform the same office, removing him from Grantham School for this purpose when he was about fifteen years old. Newton soon showed that the yeoman's life was not congenial to him. He would read a book under a hedge, or construct a water-wheel for the meadow brook, while the sheep strayed and the cattle were treading down the corn. He was therefore sent back to the school, where he had already earned a reputation for industry. If the legend be true, his first stimulus to study was a well-directed kick in the stomach delivered by the boy next above him in class. It was characteristic of his gentle nature that the only path of revenge open to him was through his superior intellect. From Grantham School, Newton went to Trinity College, Cambridge, in the year 1660. His mathematical genius soon manifested itself. About the year 1663 he

invented the formula known as the Binomial Theorem, by which he afterwards established his method of fluxions. He had been admitted to Cambridge as a subsizar. He became a scholar in 1664, and in 1665 he took his degree as Bachelor of Arts. In 1667 he was made Junior Fellow, and in 1668 he took his Master of Arts degree, and was appointed to a Senior Fellowship. In 1669 he became Lucasian professor of mathematics. In the eight years between Newton's admission to the University and his promotion to this chair, the germs of his great discoveries had come into existence. During his long after life they were but brought to a perfect development. The keystone of the 'Principia,' the principle of Universal Gravitation,—that every particle of matter is attracted by or gravitates to every other particle of matter with a force inversely proportional to the squares of their distances,—this principle had suggested itself to Newton as early as 1666; but the great work in which it was embodied was not presented to the Royal Society until 1687. The 'Treatise on Optics' was based on Newton's Cambridge experiments with the prism and with the telescope, which had led to his being made a member of the Royal Society in 1672. He was obliged to contend with the most noted scientists of his time for the principle of this book,—that light is not homogeneous but consists of rays, some of which are more refrangible than others. His triumph was as much a matter of course as the workings of natural law. His contemporaries accepted his conclusions when they realized that he was more deeply in the secret of the universe than any man had ever been.

The honors accorded to him were numerous. In 1688 he was elected by his university to the Convention Parliament. In 1696 he was made Warden, and in 1699 Master of the Mint. In 1701 he was again returned to Parliament. He was made president of the Royal Society in 1703. In 1705 he was knighted by Queen Anne. Upon his death in 1727, he was buried in Westminster Abbey in the state befitting his princely endowments.

The words of Newton shortly before his death, that he seemed to himself «like a boy playing on the sea-shore, diverting himself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before him,» are significant of his habitual humility and reverence. His soul was childlike in the presence of mysteries to which he held one key. His bequests to posterity are not only his stupendous discoveries, but the example of the scientific temper of mind which is positive rather than negative, and which seeks a spiritual order behind the veil of matter.

LETTER TO FRANCIS ASTOR IN 1669

SINCE in your letter you give me so much liberty of spending my judgment about what may be to your advantage in traveling, I shall do it more freely than perhaps otherwise would have been decent. First, then, I will lay down some general rules, most of which, I believe, you have considered already: but if any of them be new to you, they may excuse the rest; if none at all, yet is my punishment more in writing than yours in reading.

When you come into any fresh company:—1. Observe their humors. 2. Suit your own carriage thereto, by which insinuation you will make their converse more free and open. 3. Let your discourse be more in queries and doubtings than peremptory assertions or disputings; it being the design of travelers to learn, not to teach. Besides it will persuade your acquaintance that you have the greater esteem of them, and so make them more ready to communicate what they know to you; whereas nothing sooner occasions disrespect and quarrels than peremptoriness. You will find little or no advantage in seeming wiser or much more ignorant than your company. 4. Seldom discommend anything though never so bad, or do it but moderately, lest you be unexpectedly forced to an unhandsome retraction. It is safer to commend anything more than it deserves, than to discommend a thing so much as it deserves; for commendations meet not so often with oppositions, or at least are not usually so ill resented by men that think otherwise, as discommendations: and you will insinuate into men's favor by nothing sooner than seeming to approve and commend what they like; but beware of doing it by comparison. 5. If you be affronted, it is better, in a foreign country, to pass it by in silence and with a jest, though with some dishonor, than to endeavor revenge: for in the first case, your credit's ne'er the worse when you return into England, or come into other company that have not heard of the quarrel; but in the second case, you may bear the marks of the quarrel while you live, if you outlive it at all. But if you find yourself unavoidably engaged, 'tis best I think, if you can command your passion and language, to keep them pretty evenly at some certain moderate pitch; not much heightening them to exasperate your adversary, or provoke his friends, nor letting them grow overmuch dejected to make him insult. In a word, if you can

keep reason above passion, that and watchfulness will be your best defendants. To which purpose you may consider, that though such excuses as this — He provoked me so much I could not forbear — may pass among friends, yet amongst strangers they are insignificant, and only argue a traveler's weakness.

To these I may add some general heads for inquiries or observations, such as at present I can think on. As,—1. To observe the policies, wealth, and State affairs of nations, so far as a solitary traveler may conveniently do. 2. Their impositions upon all sorts of people, trades, or commodities, that are remarkable. 3. Their laws and customs, how far they differ from ours 4. Their trades and arts, wherein they excel or come short of us in England. 5. Such fortifications as you shall meet with, their fashion, strength, and advantages for defense, and other such military affairs as are considerable. 6. The power and respect belonging to their degrees of nobility or magistracy. 7. It will not be time misspent to make a catalogue of the names and excellencies of those men that are most wise, learned, or esteemed in any nation. 8. Observe the mechanism and manner of guiding ships. 9. Observe the products of nature in several places, especially in mines, with the circumstances of mining and of extracting metals or minerals out of their ore, and of refining them; and if you meet with any transmutations out of their own species into another (as out of iron into copper, out of any metal into quicksilver, out of one salt into another, or into an insipid body, etc.), those above all will be worth your noting, being the most luciferous, and many times lucriferous experiments too, in philosophy. 10. The prices of diet and other things. 11. And the staple commodities of places.

These generals (such as at present I could think of), if they will serve for nothing else, yet they may assist you in drawing up a model to regulate your travels by. As for particulars, these that follow are all that I can now think of;—viz., 1. Whether at Schemnitium in Hungary (where there are mines of gold, copper, iron, vitriol, antimony, etc.) they change iron into copper by dissolving it in a vitriolate water, which they find in cavities of rocks in the mines, and then melting the slimy solution in a strong fire, which in the cooling proves copper. The like is said to be done in other places which I cannot now remember; perhaps too it may be done in Italy. For about twenty or thirty years agone there was a certain vitriol came from thence (called

Roman vitriol), but of a nobler virtue than that which is now called by that name; which vitriol is not now to be gotten, because perhaps they make a greater gain by some such trick as turning iron into copper with it than by selling it. 2. Whether in Hungary, Sclavonia, Bohemia, near the town Eila, or at the mountains of Bohemia near Silesia, there be rivers whose waters are impregnated with gold; perhaps, the gold being dissolved by some corrosive water like *aqua regis*, and the solution carried along with the stream that runs through the mines. And whether the practice of laying mercury in the rivers, till it be tinged with gold, and then straining the mercury through leather, that the gold may stay behind, be a secret yet, or openly practiced. 3. There is newly contrived, in Holland, a mill to grind glasses plane withal, and I think polishing them too; perhaps it will be worth the while to see it. 4. There is in Holland one Borry, who some years since was imprisoned by the Pope, to have extorted from him secrets (as I am told) of great worth, both as to medicine and profit; but he escaped into Holland, where they have granted him a guard. I think he usually goes clothed in green. Pray inquire what you can of him, and whether his ingenuity be any profit to the Dutch. You may inform yourself whether the Dutch have any tricks to keep their ships from being all worm-eaten in their voyages to the Indies; whether pendulum clocks do any service in finding out the longitude, etc.

I am very weary, and shall not stay to part with a long compliment; only I wish you a good journey, and God be with you.

FROM 'MATHEMATICAL PRINCIPLES'

Book iii. of the 'Principia'

THIS most beautiful system of the sun, planets, and comets could only proceed from the counsel and dominion of an intelligent and powerful Being. And if the fixed stars are the centres of other like systems, these, being formed by the like wise counsel, must be all subject to the dominion of One; especially since the light of the fixed stars is of the same nature with the light of the sun, and from every system light passes into all the other systems: and lest the systems of the fixed stars should, by their gravity, fall on each other mutually, he hath placed those systems at immense distances one from another.

This Being governs all things, not as the soul of the world, but as Lord over all; and on account of his dominion he is wont to be called *Lord God*, ὁ αὐτοκράτωρ, or *Universal* Ruler: for *God* is a relative word, and has a respect to servants; and *Deity* is the dominion of God not over his own body, as those imagine who fancy God to be the soul of the world, but over servants. The Supreme God is a Being eternal, infinite, absolutely perfect: but a being, however perfect, without dominion, cannot be said to be Lord God; for we say, my God, your God, the God of *Israel*, the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords: but we do not say, my Eternal, your Eternal, the Eternal of *Israel*, the Eternal of Gods; we do not say, my Infinite, or my Perfect: these are titles which have no respect to servants. The word *God* usually signifies *Lord;* but every lord is not a God. It is the dominion of a spiritual being which constitutes a God: a true, supreme, or imaginary dominion makes a true, supreme, or imaginary God. And from his true dominion it follows that the true God is a living, intelligent, and powerful Being; and from his other perfections, that he is supreme, or most perfect. He is eternal and infinite, omnipotent and omniscient; that is, his duration reaches from eternity to eternity; his presence from infinity to infinity; he governs all things, and knows all things that are or can be done. He is not eternity or infinity, but eternal and infinite: he is not duration or space, but he endures and is present. He endures for ever, and is everywhere present; and by existing always and everywhere, he constitutes duration and space. Since every particle of space is *always*, and every indivisible moment of duration is *everywhere*, certainly the Maker and Lord of all things cannot be *never* and *nowhere*. Every soul that has perception is, though in different times and in different organs of sense and motion, still the same indivisible person. There are given successive parts in duration, coexistent parts in space, but neither the one nor the other in the person of a man, or his thinking principle; and much less can they be found in the thinking substance of God. Every man, so far as he is a thing that has perception, is one and the same man during his whole life, in all and each of his organs of sense. God is the same God, always and everywhere. He is omnipresent not *virtually* only, but also *substantially;* for virtue cannot subsist without substance. In him are all things contained and moved; yet neither affects the other: God suffers nothing from the motion of bodies

bodies find no resistance from the omnipresence of God. It is allowed by all that the Supreme God exists necessarily; and by the same necessity he exists *always* and *everywhere*. Whence also he is all similar,—all eye, all ear, all brain, all arm, all power to perceive, to understand, and to act; but in a manner not at all human, in a manner not at all corporeal, in a manner utterly unknown to us. As a blind man has no idea of colors, so have we no idea of the manner by which the all-wise God perceives and understands all things. He is utterly void of all body and bodily figure, and can therefore neither be seen, nor heard, nor touched; nor ought he to be worshiped under the representation of any corporeal thing. We have ideas of his attributes, but what the real substance of anything is we know not. In bodies, we see only their figures and colors, we hear only the sounds, we touch only their outward surfaces, we smell only the smells, and taste the savors; but their inward substances are not to be known either by our senses, or by any reflex act of our minds: much less, then, have we any idea of the substance of God. We know him only by his most wise and excellent contrivances of things, and final causes: we admire him for his perfections; but we reverence and adore him on account of his dominion: for we adore him as his servants; and a God without dominion, providence, and final causes, is nothing else but Fate and Nature. Blind metaphysical necessity, which is certainly the same always and everywhere, could produce no variety of things. All that diversity of natural things which we find suited to different times and places could arise from nothing but the ideas and will of a Being necessarily existing. But by way of allegory, God is said to see, to speak, to laugh, to love, to hate, to desire, to give, to receive, to rejoice, to be angry, to fight, to frame, to work, to build; for all our notions of God are taken from the ways of mankind by a certain similitude, which, though not perfect, has some likeness however. And thus much concerning God: to discourse of whom from the appearances of things does certainly belong to Natural Philosophy.

Hitherto we have explained the phenomena of the heavens and of our sea by the power of gravity, but have not yet assigned the cause of this power. This is certain, that it must proceed from a cause that penetrates to the very centres of the sun and planets, without suffering the least diminution of its force; that operates not according to the quantity of the surfaces of the

particles upon which it acts (as mechanical causes use to do), but according to the quantity of the solid matter which they contain, and propagates its virtue on all sides to immense distances, decreasing always in the duplicate proportion of the distances. Gravitation towards the sun is made up out of the gravitations towards the several particles of which the body of the sun is composed: and in receding from the sun decreases accurately in the duplicate proportion of the distances as far as the orb of Saturn, as evidently appears from the quiescence of the aphelions of the planets; nay, and even to the remotest aphelions of the comets, if those aphelions are also quiescent. But hitherto I have not been able to discover the cause of those properties of gravity from phænomena, and I frame no hypotheses: for whatever is not deduced from the phænomena is to be called an hypothesis; and hypotheses, whether metaphysical or physical, whether of occult qualities or mechanical, have no place in experimental philosophy. In this philosophy particular propositions are inferred from the phænomena, and afterwards rendered general by induction. Thus it was that the impenetrability, the mobility, and the impulsive force of bodies, and the laws of motion and of gravitation, were discovered. And to us it is enough that gravity does really exist, and act according to the laws which we have explained, and abundantly serves to account for all the motions of the celestial bodies, and of our sea.

And now we might add something concerning a certain most subtle Spirit which pervades and lies hid in all gross bodies: by the force and action of which Spirit the particles of bodies mutually attract one another at near distances, and cohere, if contiguous; and electric bodies operate to greater distances, as well repelling as attracting the neighboring corpuscles; and light is emitted, reflected, refracted, inflected, and heats bodies; and all sensation is excited, and the members of animal bodies move at the command of the will,—namely, by the vibrations of this Spirit, mutually propagated along the solid filaments of the nerves, from the outward organs of sense to the brain, and from the brain into the muscles. But these are things that cannot be explained in few words, nor are we furnished with that sufficiency of experiments which is required to an accurate determination and demonstration of the laws by which this electric and elastic Spirit operates.

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THE NIBELUNGENLIED

(Twelfth Century)

BY CHARLES HARVEY GENUNG

The ancient epic poetry of the German race was the outcome of the vast migration of the peoples that wrecked the Roman Empire and laid the foundations of modern European civilization. That tremendous cataclysm out of which a new world slowly rose was accompanied by impressive events, profound emotions, and deeds of lofty heroism, which deeply stirred the imagination of a poetic people. It is by an inborn impulse that man seeks to give to his emotions, and to the events that call them forth, poetic expression and permanence. And thus the excited fancy began at once to play about the prominent figures and striking moments of that magnificent drama, and a rich hoard of legendary lore was stored up for future generations. With the material actually furnished by history, the gods and myths of a remoter age were naïvely blended. As the traditions grew old and were seen through the haze of years, successive generations shaped anew their ancestral heritage. All that is best in the epic traditions of the migration, winnowed by the centuries and refined by the ideals of a more polished age, is to be found in the Nibelungenlied. It is the voice of a vigorous and high-hearted people, speaking in the proud consciousness of its own substantial worth. Here beside the cruelties of a rude and martial time are also the rugged virtues which Tacitus praised. Faithfulness, loyalty, integrity, are the ornaments of the primitive Teutonic character. Its adaptability and receptivity are also manifest. In contact with the higher civilization of Rome and the teachings of Christianity, the Germans assimilated the benefits of both with their own national traits. The Nibelungenlied marks the culmination of the great process which had made Rome a German empire, and had transformed the invading hordes into a highly civilized people. Not only by reason of its splendid poetic and dramatic power, but also as a monument in the history of the human race, the Nibelungenlied takes rank among the great national epics of the world's literature.

If a comparison between the Iliad and the Nibelungenlied as poems would be a futile piece of literary conjuring,—Goethe called it a "pernicious endeavor,"—in a large historical sense they present

some interesting points of resemblance. The invulnerability of Siegfried except where the linden leaf had fallen upon his shoulder, and the invulnerability of Achilles except in the heel, have a curious similarity,—from which, however, no sure inference can be drawn. The real points of resemblance lie only in the sources and circumstances out of which the poems arose. The creative power of Homer is incomparably superior to that of the Nibelungen poet; but the obscure events in the dim dawn of history, of which the legendary materials used by the poets were the imaginative product, were in both cases connected with a great migration, in which a young and powerful people overcame an older and finer one, to receive in turn the benefits of contact with the civilization it had overthrown. Both poets had inherited a vast treasury of legends whose historical origin was already faded, and with these they blended the myths of an age still more remote; but the manners and customs and geography are those of their own time, without pretense of antiquarian accuracy. In the Nibelungenlied the conflict between two civilizations is not the theme; there are no fine contrasts such as Homer has drawn between the rude camp life of the Greek warriors and the polished social organization of the citizens of Troy: but the whole poem is in itself a witness of the ancient contact and now almost complete amalgamation between the virtues, customs, and beliefs of an old heathen race, and the softer manners of a cultured, Christianized people. Each poem stands at the beginning of its literature, and each bears evidence that it is the culmination of a long series of efforts in which the poetic genius of the people had been working upon its legendary material, until in the hands of a great artist this material finally took its monumental and lasting form. Each poem, moreover, marks the highest point reached by the folk-poetry of the respective races; with these works art had entered into literature, and thenceforth the simple songs that flowed from the lips of untaught singers lost their former dignity. After Homer, though at a long interval, came the classic age of Greek letters; after the Nibelungenlied, the Minnesingers and the glories of the Hohenstaufen time. It is furthermore interesting to observe how in more recent literary history the two currents of influence represented by the Iliad and by the Nibelungenlied have been brought into contrast. The classicism of French literature in the age of Louis XIV. was a harking back to the form and style of the ancient Greeks, and these French models dominated German literature in the eighteenth century. The revolt of Romanticism against this domination was a harking back to the mediæval and purely Germanic form and style exemplified in the Nibelungenlied. Thirteen centuries after Attila had carried terror to the gates of Rome, the poetry which had its rise in those great invasions was

made the basis of a patriotic national revival, and upon it the Romanticists proceeded to create the literature of a new time. Thus it became the mission of the Nibelungenlied, after lying for more than two centuries utterly forgotten, to strengthen anew the hearts of a late generation, which lay prostrate before Napoleon, and to remind the German people of their ancient greatness. It acted as a national liberator. Not only was this epic monument their own, but the heroes whom it celebrates were their ancestors, and in their veins still flowed the blood of the warriors who had vanquished the legions of Rome.

For two centuries and a half the Nibelungenlied lay totally neglected and forgotten. This fact is a witness to the demoralizing nature of the struggles through which Germany was forced to pass during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1500 she stood in the vanguard of the nations; in 1650 she was but the shadow of a once mighty people, now completely exhausted physically and intellectually. Incessant wars, with famine in their wake, had in thirty years reduced a population of sixteen millions to four, and had cowed and brutalized the survivors. All continuity with the fine traditions of the past was broken. In the olden time the legends of the Nibelungen were widely known. Echoes of them are heard even in the Anglo-Saxon 'Beówulf.' In the centuries after the Lied had taken the form in which we know it, its popularity was universal. But the rise of the highly elaborated court poetry had already begun to undermine the taste for the elder epic. The gradual petrifaction of the Minnesang into the Meistersang contributed to the same end, and the revival of learning in the brilliant Humanistic movement hastened the process. The intellectual upheaval known as the Reformation, although out of line with the Humanistic Renascence, also helped to subvert the old Germanic traditions, in which so many healthy heathen elements held a still persistent place. The last person who seems to have taken any interest in the Nibelungenlied was the Emperor Maximilian, who had a manuscript of it made. In the sixteenth century there is no mention of the poem, except by a few obscure historians who used it superficially and unintelligently as a historical document. Lazius, the Austrian scholar, quotes several strophes in his 'History of the Migrations.' In the seventeenth century, amid the devastations of the Thirty Years' War, it had passed so entirely from human ken that Opitz, the literary dictator of his threadbare time, had no other knowledge of it than what he had derived from Lazius; and as late as 1752 Gottsched, the literary leader of an equally threadbare period, seems not to have known that such a poem had ever existed. Just four years later the Nibelungenlied was "discovered." Inspired by Bodmer's Old German studies, a Swiss physician found at the castle

of Hohenems a manuscript of the poem which is now regarded as the oldest form in which the work has come down to us. It contains the famous 'Klage' or lamentation for the fallen heroes; and in 1757 Bodmer published the second part under the title of 'Kriemhild's Revenge.' But the work aroused no interest even among those most interested in the folk-lore and poetry of their native land. Neither Herder nor Lessing nor Klopstock recognized the national epic; Wieland too remained untouched, although when the work came out he was in daily intercourse with Bodmer. Indeed, Bodmer himself was not aware that he was dealing with a great poem, but regarded it rather as an antiquarian curiosity. The first complete edition of the Nibelungenlied appeared in 1782. Professor Myller of Berlin included it in his collection of 'Poems of the Twelfth, Thirteenth, and Fourteenth Centuries.' The fact that such a collection had found subscribers at all is evidence that some languid interest in these early ages had begun to manifest itself; but it was still an interest of curiosity rather than one of appreciation. A letter addressed to Myller by Frederick the Great will best illustrate the attitude of many cultivated readers of that time. Myller had sent a copy of his work to the King, who, writing from Potsdam in 1784, said:—"Most learned and faithful subject, dear sir: You think a great deal too much of those poems of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries which you have had printed, and which you consider of so much value for the enrichment of the German language. In my opinion they are not worth a gunshot, and did not deserve to be dragged out of the dust of oblivion. In my own library I should not tolerate such wretched stuff, but throw it away at once. The copy that has been sent to me may therefore await its fate in the great library there [Berlin]. Much demand for it cannot be promised by your otherwise gracious king, Frederick." Goethe also received a copy of Myller's work, but it was unbound, and he did not read it; only the warning of the mermaidens to Hagen, which happened to lie on top of one of the loose signatures, attracted his attention for a moment. In after years, however, when in conversation with Eckermann he defined the classic as health and the romantic as disease, he added: "For that reason the Nibelungenlied is classic like Homer, for both are healthy and strong." In another place he wrote: "The acquaintance with this poem marks a new stage in the history of the nation's culture." To this larger appreciation of the importance of the Nibelungenlied in the history of civilization it was still a far cry when Myller issued his first edition; and only after the humiliation of the defeat at Jena in 1806 did the eyes of Germany turn once more to the glories of her heroic age, and to their embodiment in the national epic.

The stimulus to the true appreciation and scientific study of the Nibelungenlied came from the circle of the Romanticists. In 1802 and 1803 A. W. von Schlegel delivered a course of lectures in Berlin in which he treated of the poem in detail. These lectures were not published; but among the hearers was Von der Hagen, who caught the enthusiasm of the lecturer, and began a translation of the Lied which was published in 1807. In 1810 he issued the first critical edition of the original text. He was followed by Lachmann, whose labors in this field were epoch-making. The Nibelungen craze had broken forth in earnest, and with it came the whole unrefreshing controversy over the origins of the poem and the relative antiquity of the manuscripts. It is not to the purpose to review this strife of scholars in detail. Lachmann approached the question from a preconceived view-point which had been furnished him by Wolf's 'Prolegomena to Homer.' He differentiated in the Nibelungenlied twenty independent Lieder, all of which had been more or less modified by subsequent transcribers and interpolators. These songs, he maintained, had then been put together by one reviser or arranger, and thus was produced the composite poem which we have. Of the twenty-eight or more manuscripts of which we have knowledge, only three come into consideration; the others are transcriptions. The St. Gallen manuscript, known to scholars as B, and the Hohenems manuscript (C), which Bodmer had used, Lachmann declared to be later revisions; while the oldest form of the poem was to be found in a third manuscript, also discovered at Hohenems, which he denominated A. It was this one that Myller had used for the first part of his edition, though following Bodmer's C in the second part. All these tenets were held sacred for thirty years by the adherents of Lachmann. In 1854, however, arose one Holtzmann, who ably defended the essential unity of the poem and confuted Lachmann's reasoning concerning the manuscripts. He declared that C was the oldest; but assumed that the original form was no longer extant, and even went so far as to name its author, Konrad, the secretary of the Bishop Pilgrim of Passau, who is mentioned in the poem. Germany now had not only her Homeric question but her Nibelungen question also. The controversy reached a fierce stage, and the learned uproar tended to discredit the entire matter in the eyes of the lay observer. In 1862 Pfeiffer added new fuel. It is a well-known fact that down to the middle of the thirteenth century it was an unwritten but well-observed law among German singers that the inventor of a new strophe became its exclusive owner. The Nibelungen strophe is that used by the oldest of the Minnesingers, Kürenberg, who flourished in the thirteenth century; him, accordingly, Pfeiffer designated as the author of the original poem. To-day it is the prevailing view that

the Nibelungenlied is the work of one poet who in the present stage of our knowledge cannot be named, and that the Hohenems manuscript (C) is probably the oldest form in which it has been preserved. This is the view which the poet Uhland, seeing with clearer vision than his brother philologists, long ago maintained; and we may now be permitted to regard the poem as the product of a single genius shaping the legends of his land.

The Nibelungenlied was called a song because it was intended to be sung; it is an epic because it is a descriptive narrative of momentous events; it is also dramatic because there is a logical development in Kriemhild's character, an inevitable interaction of motives, and an irresistible and gradually accelerated movement towards the catastrophe. No outline of a work so "gigantic," to use Goethe's phrase, can give an adequate idea of its impressiveness. The poem, which is written in Middle High German, consists of two parts: the first contains nineteen Adventures, the second twenty. The first part is joyous with wooings and weddings, with festal preparations and brilliant expeditions, until the quarrel of the queens begins the tragedy which ends in the death of Siegfried. The second part is devoted to Kriemhild's revenge, which results in the annihilation of all her people. It is sombre, ominous, tragic. But from the beginning, and often in the midst of the festivities, the poet sounds the warning note that forebodes this tragic conclusion. The poem opens with a description of fair Kriemhild and the situation at the Burgundian court. Kriemhild is telling her mother of a dream she has had: a falcon which she had trained was torn to death by two fierce eagles. Siegfried's death is thus foreshadowed. In the second adventure Siegfried is introduced. He has heard of Kriemhild's beauty, and is determined to win her. Reluctantly his parents prepare an elaborate wardrobe,—a necessary preliminary to every journey, which is several times described in the poem with affectionate detail. Siegfried is cordially received by the Burgundians, whom he assists in a war against the Saxons. He grows popular, and all seek to do him honor. Kriemhild's shy growing interest in the handsome stranger is delicately indicated. For a whole year he does not reveal his purpose; not until Gunther is seized with a desire to win and wed Brunhild, the strong maiden of the north. This is a perilous enterprise, for every wooer must meet her in various trials of strength, and if unsuccessful lose his life. Siegfried promises to aid Gunther if in return he shall receive Kriemhild for his wife. They undertake the journey to Issland; and Siegfried, rendered invisible by his cloud-cloak, enables Gunther to overcome Brunhild. He then procures thirty thousand of his own Nibelungers as a royal retinue, and at Worms there are soon two bridal couples. Siegfried and Kriemhild

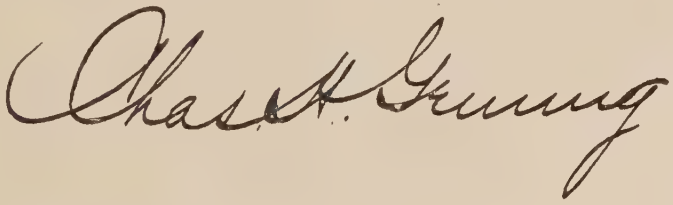
are radiantly happy, but Gunther's difficulties are not yet ended. Siegfried's supernatural power is again required to subdue the fierce northern maiden to her husband's will. The symbolic ring and girdle which Siegfried wrests from Brunhild he gives to Kriemhild. The tragedy is now in train. At the portals of the cathedral of Worms arises an unfortunate quarrel between the two high-hearted queens. Each asserts the superiority of her own husband, and claims precedence. In an unguarded moment of wrath Kriemhild reveals to her rival who it was that subdued her, and she displays the girdle and ring. The clouds begin to gather over the scene. The days of innocent merry-making are past, and Siegfried, the impersonation of sunny serenity and human happiness, is doomed. Hagen, the sombre figure who moves grim-visaged through the poem, faithful to no one but to his king, learns from Kriemhild the secret of Siegfried's vulnerable spot. At Brunhild's instigation, but with his own covetous purposes, he treacherously murders Siegfried. At the solemn funeral Siegfried's wounds, opening in Hagen's presence, reveal the murderer to Kriemhild. The Nibelungen hoard is brought to Worms and buried in the Rhine. Only Gunther and Hagen know the spot. Henceforth the Burgundians are called also the Nibelungers. So follows for Kriemhild, after her brief happiness, thirteen years of sorrow and mourning. The first part ends in the midst of gloom. In the second part Attila sends his knight Rudiger to sue for Kriemhild's hand. She with her purposes concealed becomes his wife, and the scene is transferred to the Hungarian court. Thirteen years more pass, and Kriemhild lives in honor at Attila's side; but «her homebred wrongs again she brooded o'er.» She invites her brothers on the Rhine to attend a great festival at her husband's court. In spite of Hagen's gloomy forebodings, the Burgundians go to Hungary, and in their progress thither ominous signs announce the coming woe. Hagen is warned by the wise mermaidens, but resolutely he proceeds. The entire army is ferried over the Danube, which none but the king's chaplain is destined to recross. The events now move with tragic rapidity. Hagen knows his fate and defies it, sitting in Kriemhild's presence with Siegfried's sword across his knee. Death follows death, and in the general slaughter the bodies are thrown out of the windows, the hall is set on fire, and the Nibelungers are destroyed to the last man. Kriemhild herself cuts off Hagen's head with Siegfried's sword Balmung, and with him is lost forever the secret of the fatal hoard. Incensed at this cruel act, the famous Hildebrand, Dietrich's man, slays Kriemhild, and so perish utterly the Burgundians of the Rhine.

Such is the briefly outlined story of the Nibelungers' fall. It is a song of the wrath of Kriemhild. She is the centre of interest, and upon her character the poet has bestowed his most loving care. She

appeared as the gentle, carefully guarded maid, timidly telling her mother of a dream. Siegfried gave her life new value, and love exalted her powers; proudly she walked by his side a stately queen. With his death joy departed from her life; her tenderness was hardened into a passion for revenge, and to this end she dedicated the whole strength of her character. Thenceforth she moves a threatening figure towards the great catastrophe. Siegfried's character is less complex; he is radiant, joyous, triumphant. Next to these two, Hagen, Dietrich, and Rudiger are the figures to which the most interest attaches. Hagen is the embodiment of grim fatalistic fidelity; Dietrich, large-souled and noble, preserves all the fine characteristics with which he was invested by the epic cycle of which he is the centre; Rudiger is a knight of the chivalric age, and is probably a creation of the Nibelungen poet. He is the most lovable and modern of all the group. The conflict between his duty to the Nibelungers, imposed upon him by the sacred rights of hospitality which he has given and received, and his duty to his king and Kriemhild, is a touch wholly modern. Over all the tragedy hovers mysteriously the power of the hoard, but these reminiscences of the mythical happenings of long ago serve only to create an ominous atmosphere: the course of events could not have been otherwise, for the motives are all human.

The origins of the Nibelungenlied are purely Germanic. The mythical and historical elements are clearly distinguishable. The former have faded into the background and given place to human interests; ethical motives have superseded the mythological. The curse of the hoard, Siegfried's sword and cloud-cloak, and all the marvels of that elder time, come to us in faint echoes, like the surge of a far-off ocean heard in the shells of the sea. These echoes are of the 'Elder Edda'; but they are of Germanic origin, for the Eddic myths were not indigenous to the North. The strange old heathen traditions had not altogether lost their vitality, however; for although the fundamental ideas of the Nibelungenlied are on a plane of exalted morality, it is essentially a heathen code that obtains. Nowhere is there a trace of any supreme power controlling the destinies of men. The Christian Church is purely external, and belongs to the scenery and ceremonial. Siegfried and Brunhild have brought with them from the 'Eddas' some part of their inheritance from a wonder-working age, but they are human beings; Brunhild has lost her impressiveness and grandeur, Siegfried has gained in sympathetic qualities. In the older sources the Burgundian kings come to their death not through their sister, there named Gudrun, but through Attila, who covets their treasure, and upon whom in turn, according to ancient German usage, Gudrun wreaks blood-vengeance. From historical sources we have Etzel (Attila), Dietrich of Bern (Theodoric of Verona), and Gunther (Gundicar), who with all his Burgundian people was killed in battle

with the Huns in the year 437. The Nibelungen poet has of course dealt freely with his materials, for he was a poet and not a chronicler. The fatal encounter with the Huns doubtless took place on the left bank of the Rhine and not on the shores of the Danube. It was probably not Attila who led the Huns, but his brother Bleda, who appears in the Lied as Bloedel. Dietrich is taken from another cycle of epics, of which Theodoric the Great, King of the Visigoths and of Italy, was the centre, and he belonged to a later generation than Attila. Gunther's brother Giselher also has some dim historical existence, and the already mentioned Bishop Pilgrim of Passau can be traced to a real personage. All other attempts to establish a historical basis for the characters and events of the poem have little plausibility. But the skill with which all these elements are united in an organic whole shows that epic narrative had passed out of the realm of folk poetry into the hands of the conscious plastic artist. It is a noble monument erected by a sturdy people upon the threshold of modern history, and was worthy to become a rallying-point for their patriotic posterity.



FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED (FALL OF THE NIBELUNGERS)

Translation of William Nanson Lettsom

KRIEMHILD

IN STORIES of our fathers, high marvels we are told
Of champions well approved in perils manifold.
Of feasts and merry meetings, of weeping and of wail,
And deeds of gallant daring I'll tell you in my tale.

In Burgundy there flourished a maid so fair to see,
That in all the world together a fairer could not be. [strife
This maiden's name was Kriemhild; through her in dismal
Full many a prowest warrior thereafter lost his life.

Many a fearless champion, as such well became,
Wooed the lovely lady; she from none had blame.
Matchless was her person, matchless was her mind:
This one maiden's virtue graced all womankind.

Three puissant Kings her guarded with all the care they might:
Gunther and eke Gernot, each a redoubted knight,
And Giselher the youthful, a chosen champion he;
This lady was their sister, well loved of all the three.

They were high of lineage, thereto mild of mood,
But in field and foray champions fierce and rude.
They ruled a mighty kingdom, Burgundy by name;
They wrought in Etzel's country deeds of deathless fame.

At Worms was their proud dwelling, the fair Rhine flowing by;
There had they suit and service from haughtiest chivalry
For broad lands and lordships, and glorious was their state,
Till wretchedly they perished by two noble ladies' hate. . . .

A dream was dreamt by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay,
How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day,
Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told,
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold:
«The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate;
God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight.»

«A mate for me? what sayest thou, dearest mother mine?
Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.
I'll live and die a maiden, and end as I began,
Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer woe for man.»

«Nay,» said her anxious mother, «renounce not marriage so;
Would'st thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below,
Man's love alone can give it. Thou'rt fair as eye can see:
A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be.»

«No more,» the maiden answered, «no more, dear mother, say:
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never.»

So in her lofty virtues, fancy-free and gay,
Lived the noble maiden many a happy day,
Nor one more than another found favor in her sight;
Still at the last she wedded a far-renownèd knight.

He was the selfsame falcon she in her dream had seen,
Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen
On her nearest kinsmen who him to death had done!
That single death atoning died many a mother's son.

SIEGFRIED AND KRIEMHILD

From a Painting by Julius von Schnorr

Siegfried

In Netherland then flourished a prince of lofty kind
(Whose father was called Siegmund, his mother Siegelind),
In a sumptuous castle down by the Rhine's fair side;
Men did call it Xanten: 'twas famous far and wide.

I tell you of this warrior, how fair he was to see;
From shame and from dishonor lived he ever free.
Forthwith fierce and famous waxed the mighty man.
Ah! what height of worship in this world he wan!

Siegfried men did call him, that same champion good;
Many a kingdom sought he in his manly mood,
And through strength of body in many a land rode he.
Ah! what men of valor he found in Burgundy!

Before this noble champion grew up to man's estate,
His hand had mighty wonders achieved in war's debate,
Whereof the voice of rumor will ever sing and say,
Though much must pass in silence in this our later day.

In his freshest season, in his youthful days,
One might full many a marvel tell in Siegfried's praise:
What lofty honors graced him, and how fair his fame;
How he charmed to love him many a noble dame.

As did well befit him, he was bred with care,
And his own lofty nature gave him virtues rare;
From him his father's country grace and honor drew,
To see him proved in all things so noble and so true.

He now, grown up to youthhood, at court his duty paid:
The people saw him gladly; many a wife and many a maid
Wished he would often thither, and bide for ever there;
They viewed him all with favor, whereof he well was ware.

The child by his fond parents was decked with weeds of pride,
And but with guards about him they seldom let him ride.
Uptrained was he by sages, who what was honor knew,
So might he win full lightly broad lands and liegemen too.

Now had he strength and stature that weapons well he bore;
Whatever thereto needed, he had of it full store.
He began fair ladies to his love to woo,
And they inclined to Siegfried with faith and honor true.

. . . . . .

(HAGAN'S ACCOUNT OF SIEGFRIED)

As ALL alone and aidless he was riding once at will,
As I have heard reported, he found beside a hill
With Niblung's hoarded treasure full many a man of might;
Strange seemed they to the champion, till he came to know them right.

They had brought the treasure, as just then befell,
Forth from a yawning cavern: now hear a wonder tell,
How those fierce Nibelungers the treasure would divide;
The noble Siegfried eyed them, and wondered as he eyed.

He nearer came and nearer, close watching still the clan
Till they got sight of him too, when one of them began,
"Here comes the stalwart Siegfried, the chief of Netherland."
A strange adventure met he with that Nibelungers' band.

Him well received the brethren Shilbung and Nibelung.
With one accord they begged him, those noble princes young,
To part the hoard betwixt them; and ever pressing bent
The hero's wavering purpose till he yielded full consent.

He saw of gems such plenty, drawn from that dark abode,
That not a hundred wagons could bear the costly load,
Still more of gold so ruddy from the Nibelungers' land:
All this was to be parted by noble Siegfried's hand.

So Niblung's sword they gave him to recompense his pain;
But ill was done the service, which they had sought so fain,
And he so hard had granted: Siegfried, the hero good,
Failed the long task to finish; this stirred their angry mood.

The treasure undivided he needs must let remain,
When the two kings indignant set on him with their train;
But Siegfried gripped sharp Balmung (so hight their father's sword),
And took from them their country and the beaming precious hoard.

For friends had they twelve champions, each, as avers my tale,
A strong and sturdy giant; but what could all avail?
All twelve to death successive smote Siegfried's mastering hand,
And vanquished chiefs seven hundred of the Nibelungers' land

With that good weapon Balmung; by sudden fear dismayed
Both of the forceful swordsman and of the sword he swayed,

Unnumbered youthful heroes to Siegfried bent that hour,—
Themselves, their lands, their castles submitting to his power.

Those two fierce kings together he there deprived of life;
Then waged with puissant Albric a stern and dubious strife,—
Who thought to take full vengeance for both his masters slain,
But found his might and manhood with Siegfried's matched in vain.

The mighty dwarf successless strove with the mightier man;
Like to wild mountain lions to th' hollow hill they ran;
He ravished there the cloud-cloak from struggling Albric's hold,
And then became the master of th' hoarded gems and gold.

Whoever dared resist him, all by his sword lay slain.
Then bade he bring the treasure back to the cave again,
Whence the men of Niblung the same before had stirred;
On Albric last the office of keeper he conferred.

He took an oath to serve him, as his liegeman true,
In all that to a master from his man is due.
Such deeds (said he of Trony) has conquering Siegfried done;
Be sure such mighty puissance, knight has never won.

Yet more I know of Siegfried, that well your ear may hold:
A poison-spitting dragon he slew with courage bold,
And in the blood then bathed him; this turned to horn his skin.
And now no weapons harm him, as often proved has been.

How Siegfried First Saw Kriemhild

Now went she forth, the loveliest, as forth the morning goes
From misty clouds outbeaming; then all his weary woes
Left him, in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one.

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright;
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, milder light.
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising outglitters every star
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.
Well might at such a vision many a bold heart beat high.

Rich chamberlains before them marched on in order due;
Around th' high-mettled champions close and closer drew,

Each pressing each, and struggling to see the matchless maid.
Then inly was Sir Siegfried both well and ill apaid.

Within himself thus thought he: «How could I thus misdeem
That I should dare to woo thee? sure 'twas an idle dream!
Yet, rather than forsake thee, far better were I dead.»
Thus thinking, thus impassioned, waxed he ever white and red.

So stood the son of Sieglind in matchless grace arrayed,
As though upon a parchment in glowing hues portrayed
By some good master's cunning; all owned, and could no less,
Eye had not seen a pattern of such fair manliness.

Those who the dames attended bade all around make way;
Straight did the gentle warriors, as such became, obey.
There many a knight, enraptured, saw many a dame in place
Shine forth in bright perfection of courtliness and grace.

Then the bold Burgundian, Sir Gernot, spoke his thought:—
«Him who in hour of peril his aid so frankly brought,
Requite, dear brother Gunther, as fits both him and you,
Before this fair assembly; th' advice I give, I ne'er shall rue.

«Bid Siegfried come to Kriemhild; let each the other meet:
'Twill sure be to our profit, if she the warrior greet.
'Twill make him ours for ever, this man of matchless might,
If she but give him greeting, who never greeted knight.»

Then went King Gunther's kinsmen, a high-born haughty band
And found and fair saluted the knight of Netherland:—
«The king to court invites you, such favor have you won;
His sister there will greet you: this to honor you is done.»

Glad man was then Sir Siegfried at this unlooked-for gain;
His heart was full of pleasure without alloy of pain,
To see and meet so friendly fair Uta's fairer child.
Then greeted she the warrior maidenly and mild.

There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,
His cheek as fire all glowing; then said she modestly,
«Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good!»
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair;
Love's strong constraint together impelled th' enamored pair;
Their longing eyes encountered, their glances every one
Bound knight and maid for ever; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,
I do not know for certain, but well can understand
'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this:
Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer nor in bloom of May
Knew he such heartfelt pleasure as on this happy day,
When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,
His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, «Would this had happed to me,
To be with lovely Kriemhild as Siegfried now I see,
Or closer e'en than Siegfried: well were I then, I ween.»
Never yet was champion who so deserved a queen.

Whate'er the king or country of the guests assembled there,
All could look on nothing save on that gentle pair.
Now 'twas allowed that Kriemhild the peerless knight should kiss.
Ne'er in the world had drained he so full a draught of bliss. . . .

She now the minster entered; her followed many a dame;
There so her stately beauty her rich attire became,
That drooped each high aspiring, born but at once to die.
Sure was that maid created to ravish every eye.

Scarce could wait Sir Siegfried till the mass was sung.
Well might he thank his fortune that, all those knights among,
To him inclined the maiden whom still in heart he bore,
While he to her, as fitted, returned as much or more.

When now before the minster after the mass she stood,
Again to come beside her was called the champion good.
Then first by that sweet maiden thanks to the knight were given,
That he before his comrades so warrior-like had striven.

«God you reward, Sir Siegfried!» said the noble child,
«For all your high deservings in honor's bead-roll filed,
The which I know from all men have won you fame and grace.»
Sir Siegfried, love-bewildered, looked Kriemhild in the face.

«Ever,» said he, «your brethren I'll serve as best I may,
Nor once, while I have being, will head on pillow lay,
Till I have done to please them whate'er they bid me do;
And this, my lady Kriemhild, is all for love of you.»

How the Two Queens Reviled One Another

One day at th' hour of vespers a loud alarum rose
From certain lusty champions that for their pastime chose
To prove themselves at tilting in the castle court;
Then many a knight and lady ran thither to see the sport.

There were the proud queens sitting together, as befell,
Each on a good knight thinking that either loved full well.
Then thus began fair Kriemhild, "My husband's of such might,
That surely o'er these kingdoms he ought to rule by right."

Then answered lady Brunhild, "Nay, how can that be shown?
Were there none other living but thou and he alone,
Then might, no doubt, the kingdoms be ruled by him and thee;
But long as Gunther's living, that sure can never be."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "See'st thou how proud he stands,
How proud he stalks,—conspicuous among those warrior bands,
As doth the moon far-beaming the glimmering stars outshine?
Sure have I cause to pride me when such a knight is mine."

Thereto replied Queen Brunhild, "How brave soe'er he be,
How stout soe'er or stately, one greater is than he:
Gunther, thy noble brother, a higher place may claim,
Of knights and kings the foremost in merit and in fame."

Thereto rejoined fair Kriemhild, "So worthy is my mate,
All praise that I can give him can ne'er be termed too great.
In all he does how matchless! In honor too how clear!
Believ'st thou this, Queen Brunhild? At least he's Gunther's peer."—

"Thou shouldst not so perversely, Kriemhild, my meaning take.
What I said, assure thee, with ample cause I spake.
I heard them both allow it, then when both first I saw,
And the stout king in battle compelled me to his law.

"E'en then, when my affection he so knightly wan,
'Twas fairly owned by Siegfried that he was Gunther's man.
Myself I heard him own it, and such I hold him still."
"Forsooth," replied fair Kriemhild, "they must have used me ill.

"How could my noble brethren their power have so applied,
As to make me, their sister, a lowly vassal's bride?

For manners' sake then, Brunhild, this idle talk give o'er,
And by our common friendship, let me hear no more.»

«Give o'er will I never,» the queen replied again:
«Shall I renounce the service of all the knightly train
That hold of him, our vassal, and are our vassals too?»
Into sudden anger at this fair Kriemhild flew:

«Ay! but thou must renounce it, for never will he grace
Thee with his vassal service: he fills a higher place
Than e'en my brother Gunther, noble though be his strain.
Henceforth thou shouldst be wiser, nor hold such talk again.

«I wonder too, since Siegfried thy vassal is by right,
Since both of us thou rulest with so much power and might,
Why to thee his service so long he has denied.
Nay! I can brook no longer thy insolence and pride.»

«Thyself too high thou bearest,» Brunhild answer made:
«Fain would I see this instant whether to thee be paid
Public respect and honor such as waits on me.»
Then both the dames with anger lowering you might see.

«So shall it be,» said Kriemhild: «to meet thee I'm prepared
Since thou my noble husband a vassal hast declared,
By the men of both our consorts to-day it shall be seen,
That I the church dare enter before King Gunther's queen.

«To-day by proof thou'lt witness what lofty birth is mine,
And that my noble husband worthier is than thine;
Nor for this with presumption shall I be taxed, I trow:
To-day thou'lt see moreover thy lowly vassal go

«To court before the warriors here in Burgundy.
Assure thee, thou'lt behold me honored more royally
Than the proudest princess that ever here wore crown.»
The dames their spite attested with many a scowl and frown.

«Since thou wilt be no vassal,» Brunhild rejoined again,
«Then thou with thy women must apart remain
From my dames and damsels, as to the church we go.»
Thereto Kriemhild answered, «Trust me it shall be so.

«Array ye now, my maidens,» said Siegfried's haughty dame:
«You must not let your mistress here be put to shame;
That you have gorgeous raiment make plain to every eye.
What she has just asserted, she soon shall fain deny.»

They needed not much bidding: all sought out their best;
Matrons alike and maidens each donned a glittering vest.
Queen Brunhild with her meiny was now upon her way.
By this was decked fair Kriemhild in royal rich array,

With three-and-forty maidens, whom she to Rhine had brought;
Bright stuffs were their apparel, in far Arabia wrought.
So towards the minster marched the maidens fair;
All the men of Siegfried were waiting for them there.

Strange thought it each beholder, what there by all was seen,
How with their trains far-sundered passed either noble queen,
Not walking both together as was their wont before;
Full many a prowest warrior thereafter rued it sore.

Now before the minster the wife of Gunther stood;
Meanwhile by way of pastime many a warrior good
Held light and pleasant converse with many a smiling dame;
When up the lovely Kriemhild with her radiant meiny came.

All that the noblest maiden had ever donned before
Was as wind to the splendor her dazzling ladies wore.
So rich her own apparel in gold and precious things,
She alone might outglitter the wives of thirty kings.

Howe'er he might be willing, yet none could dare deny
That such resplendent vesture never met mortal eye
As on that fair retinue then sparkled to the sun.
Except to anger Brunhild, Kriemhild had not so done.

Both met before the minster in all the people's sight;
There at once the hostess let out her deadly spite.
Bitterly and proudly she bade fair Kriemhild stand:
"No vassaless precedeth the lady of the land."

Out then spake fair Kriemhild (full of wrath was she),
"Couldst thou still be silent, better 'twere for thee.
Thou'st made thy beauteous body a dishonored thing.
How can a vassal's leman be consort of a king?"

"Whom here call'st thou leman?" said the queen again.
"So call I thee," said Kriemhild: "thy maidenly disdain
Yielded first to Siegfried, my husband, Siegmund's son;
Ay! 'twas not my brother that first thy favors won.

"Why, where were then thy senses? sure 'twas a crafty train
To take a lowly lover, to ease a vassal's pain!

Complaints from thee," said Kriemhild, "methinks are much amiss."
"Verily," said Brunhild, "Gunther shall hear of this."

"And why should that disturb me? thy pride hath thee betrayed.
Why didst thou me, thy equal, with vassalship upbraid?
Know this for sure and certain (to speak it gives me pain),
Never can I meet thee in cordial love again."

Then bitterly wept Brunhild: Kriemhild no longer stayed;
Straight with all her followers before the queen she made
Her way into the minster; then deadly hate 'gan rise;
And starting tears o'erclouded the shine of brightest eyes.

For all the solemn service, for all the chanted song,
Still it seemed to Brunhild they lingered all too long.
Both on her mind and body a load like lead there lay.
Many a high-born hero for her sorrow was to pay.

Brunhild stopped with her ladies without the minster door.
Thought she, "This wordy woman shall tell me something more
Of her charge against me spread so loud and rife.
If he has but so boasted, let him look to his life!"

Now came the noble Kriemhild begirt with many a knight;
Then spake the noble Brunhild, "Stop and do me right.
You've voiced me for a wanton: prove it ere you go.
You and your foul speeches have wrought me pain and woe."

Then spake the lady Kriemhild, "'Twere wiser to forbear:
E'en with the gold I'll prove it that on my hand I wear;
'Twas this that Siegfried brought me from where by you he lay."
Never lived Queen Brunhild so sorrowful a day.

Said she, "That ring was stolen from me who held it dear,
And mischievously hidden has since been many a year.
But now I've met with something by which the thief to guess."
Both the dames were frenzied with passion masterless.

"Thief?" made answer Kriemhild, "I will not brook the name.
Thou wouldst have kept silence, hadst thou a sense of shame.
By the girdle here about me prove full well I can
That I am ne'er a liar; Siegfried was indeed thy man."

'Twas of silk of Nineveh the girdle that she brought,
With precious stones well garnished; a better ne'er was wrought:
When Brunhild but beheld it, her tears she could not hold.
The tale must needs to Gunther and all his men be told.

How Siegfried Parted from Kriemhild

Gunther and Hagan, the warriors fierce and bold,
To execute their treason, resolved to scour the wold,
The bear, the boar, the wild bull, by hill or dale or fen,
To hunt with keen-edged javelins: what fitter sport for valiant men?

In lordly pomp rode with them Siegfried the champion strong.
Good store of costly viands they brought with them along.
Anon by a cool runnel he lost his guiltless life.
'Twas so devised by Brunhild, King Gunther's moody wife.

But first he sought the chamber where he his lady found.
He and his friend already had on the sumpters bound
Their gorgeous hunting raiment; they o'er the Rhine would go.
Never before was Kriemhild sunk so deep in woe.

On her mouth of roses he kissed his lady dear:
«God grant me, dame, returning in health to see thee here;
So may those eyes see me too: meanwhile be blithe and gay
Among the gentle kinsmen; I must hence away.»

Then thought she on the secret (the truth she durst not tell)
How she had told it Hagan; then the poor lady fell
To wailing and lamenting that ever she was born.
Then wept she without measure, sobbing and sorrow-worn.

She thus bespake her husband: «Give up that chase of thine.
I dreamt last night of evil,—how two fierce forest swine
Over the heath pursued thee; the flowers turned bloody red.
I cannot help thus weeping: I'm chilled with mortal dread.

«I fear some secret treason, and cannot lose thee hence,
Lest malice should be borne thee for misconceived offense.
Stay, my beloved Siegfried, take not my words amiss,—
'Tis the true love I bear thee that bids me counsel this.»—

«Back shall I be shortly, my own beloved mate;
Not a soul in Rhineland know I who bears me hate:
I'm well with all thy kinsmen; they're all my firm allies:
Nor have I from any e'er deservèd otherwise.»—

«Nay! do not, dearest Siegfried! 'tis e'en thy death I dread.
Last night I dreamt two mountains fell thundering on thy head,
And I no more beheld thee: if thou from me wilt go,
My heart will sure be breaking with bitterness of woe.»

Round her peerless body his clasping arms he threw;
Lovingly he kissed her, that faithful wife and true;
Then took his leave, and parted: in a moment all was o'er;—
Living, alas poor lady! she saw him nevermore.

How Siegfried was Slain

The noble knight Sir Siegfried with thirst was sore oppress;
So earlier rose from table, and could no longer rest,
But straight would to the mountain the running brook to find,—
And so advanced the treason his faithless foes designed.

Meanwhile were slowly lifted on many a groaning wain
The beasts in that wild forest by Siegfried's manhood slain.
Each witness gave him honor, and loud his praises spoke.
Alas, that with him Hagan his faith so foully broke!

Now when to the broad linden they all would take their way,
Thus spake the fraudful Hagan, "Full oft have I heard say,
That none a match in swiftness for Kriemhild's lord can be,
Whene'er to race he pleases: would he grant us this to see?"

Then spake the Netherlander, Siegfried, with open heart:—
"Well then! let's make the trial! Together we will start
From hence to yonder runnel; let us at once begin:
And he shall pass for winner who shall be seen to win."

"Agreed!" said treacherous Hagan, "let us each other try."
Thereto rejoined stout Siegfried, "And if you pass me by,
Down at your feet I'll lay me humbled on the grass."
When these words heard Gunther, what joy could his surpass?

Then said the fearless champion, "And this I tell you more:
I'll carry all the equipment that in the chase I wore,—
My spear, my shield, my vesture,—leave will I nothing out."
His sword then and his quiver he girt him quick about.

King Gunther and Sir Hagan to strip were nothing slow;
Both for the race stood ready in shirts as white as snow.
Long bounds, like two wild panthers, o'er the grass they took,
But seen was noble Siegfried before them at the brook.

Whate'er he did, the warrior high o'er his fellows soared.
Now laid he down his quiver, and quick ungirt his sword;
Against the spreading linden he leaned his mighty spear:
So by the brook stood waiting the chief without a peer.

In every lofty virtue none with Sir Siegfried vied:
Down he laid his buckler by the water's side;
For all the thirst that parched him, one drop he never drank
Till the king had finished: he had full evil thank.

Cool was the little runnel, and sparkled clear as glass;
O'er the rill King Gunther knelt down upon the grass;
When he his draught had taken he rose and stepped aside.
Full fain alike would Siegfried his thirst have satisfied.

Dear paid he for his courtesy: his bow, his matchless blade,
His weapons all, Sir Hagan far from their lord conveyed,
Then back sprung to the linden to seize his ashen spear,
And to find out the token surveyed his vesture near;

Then, as to drink Sir Siegfried down kneeling there he found,
He pierced him through the croslet, that sudden from the wound
Forth the life-blood spouted e'en o'er his murderer's weed.
Never more will warrior dare so foul a deed.

Between his shoulders sticking he left the deadly spear.
Never before Sir Hagan so fled for ghastly fear,
As from the matchless champion whom he had butchered there.
Soon as was Sir Siegfried of the mortal wound aware,

Up he from the runnel started as he were wood;
Out from betwixt his shoulders his own huge boar-spear stood!
He thought to find his quiver or his broadsword true;
The traitor for his treason had then received his due:

But ah! the deadly wounded nor sword nor quiver found:
His shield alone beside him lay there upon the ground;
This from the bank he lifted, and straight at Hagan ran:
Him could not then by fleetness escape King Gunther's man.

E'en to the death though wounded, he hurled it with such power,
That the whirling buckler scattered wide a shower
Of the most precious jewels, then straight in shivers broke:
Full gladly had the warrior ta'en vengeance with that stroke.

E'en as it was, his manhood fierce Hagan leveled low;
Loud all around the meadow rang with the wondrous blow:
Had he in hand good Balmung, the murderer he had slain.
His wound was sore upon him; he writhed in mortal pain.

His lively color faded; a cloud came o'er his sight:
He could stand no longer; melted all his might.

In his paling visage the mark of death he bore.
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell;
From the wound fresh gushing his heart's blood fast did well.
Then thus amidst his tortures, e'en with his failing breath,
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded:—"Ay! cowards false as hell!
To you I still was faithful; I served you long and well:
But what boots all? for guerdon, treason and death I've won;
By your friends, vile traitors! foully have you done.

Whoever shall hereafter from your loins be born
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due;—
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true."

Thither ran all the warriors where in his blood he lay;
To many of that party sure 'twas a joyless day;
Whoe'er were true and faithful, they sorrowed for his fall,—
So much the peerless champion had merited of all.

With them the false king Gunther bewept his timeless end.
Then spake the deadly wounded, "Little it boots your friend
Yourself to plot his murder, and then the deed deplore:
Such is a shameful sorrow; better at once 'twere o'er."

Then spake the low'ring Hagan, "I know not why you moan.
Our cares all and suspicions are now for ever flown.
Who now are left, against us who'll dare to make defense?
Well's me, for all this weeping, that I have rid him hence."

"Small cause hast thou," said Siegfried, "to glory in my fate.
Had I weened thy friendship cloaked such murderous hate,
From such as thou full lightly could I have kept my life.
Now grieve I but for Kriemhild, my dear, my widowed wife.

"Now may God take pity, that e'er I had a son,
Who this reproach must suffer from deed so foully done,
That by his murderous kinsmen his father thus was slain.
Had I but time to finish, of this I well might plain.

"Surely so base a murder the world did never see,"
Said he, and turned to Gunther, "as you have done on me.
I saved your life and honor from shame and danger fell,
And thus am I requited by you I served so well."

Then further spake the dying, and speaking sighed full deep:—
"O king! if thou a promise with any one wilt keep,
Let me in this last moment thy grace and favor find
For my dear love and lady, the wife I leave behind.

"Remember, she's thy sister: yield her a sister's right;
Guard her with faith and honor, as thou'rt a king and knight.
My father and my followers for me they long must wait,
Comrade ne'er found from comrade so sorrowful a fate."

In his mortal anguish he writhed him to and fro,
And then said, deadly groaning, "This foul and murderous blow
Deep will ye rue hereafter; this for sure truth retain,
That in slaying Siegfried you yourselves have slain."

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field.
Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield
E'en to the foe whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head.
At last prone in the meadow lay mighty Siegfried dead.

How the Margrave Rudeger Bewailed his Divided Duty

"Woe's me the heaven-abandoned, that I have lived to this!
Farewell to all my honors! woe for my first amiss!
My truth—my God-given innocence—must they be both forgot?
Woe's me, O God in heaven! that death relieves me not!

"Which part soe'er I foster, and whichsoe'er I shun,
In either case forsaken is good, and evil done;
But should I side with neither, all would the waverer blame.
Ah! would He deign to guide me, from whom my being came!"

Still went they on imploring, the king and eke his wife;
Whence many a valiant warrior soon came to lose his life
By the strong hand of Rudeger, and he too lastly fell.
So all his tale of sorrow you now shall hear me tell.

He nothing thence expected but loss and mortal teen;
Fain had he given denial alike to king and queen.
Much feared the gentle margrave, if in the stern debate
He slew but one Burgundian, the world would bear him hate.

With that, unto King Etzel thus spake the warrior bold:—
"Sir King! take back, I pray you, all that of you I hold,
My fiefs, both lands and castles; let none with me remain.
To distant realms, a wanderer, I'll foot it forth again.

«Thus stripped of all possessions I'll leave at once your land.
Rather my wife and daughter I'll take in either hand,
Than faithless and dishonored in hateful strife lie dead.
Ah! to my own destruction I've ta'en your gold so red.»

Thereto replied King Etzel, «Who then will succor me?
My land as well as liegemen, all will I give to thee,
If thou'lt revenge me, Rudeger, and smite my foemen down.
High shalt thou rule with Etzel, and share his kingly crown.»

Then spake the blameless margrave, «How shall I begin?
To my house I bade them, as guests I took them in,
Set meat and drink before them, they at my table fed,
And my best gifts I gave them;—how can I strike them dead?

«The folk ween in their folly that out of fear I shrink.
No! no! on former favors, on ancient bonds I think.
I served the noble princes, I served their followers too,
And knit with them the friendship I now so deeply rue.

«I to the youthful Giselher my daughter gave of late:
In all the world the maiden could find no fitter mate,—
True, faithful, brave, well-nurtured, rich, and of high degree;
Young prince yet saw I never so virtue-fraught as he.»

Then thus bespake him Kriemhild: «Right noble Rudeger,
Take pity on our anguish! thou see'st us kneeling here,
The king and me, before thee: both clasp thy honored knees.
Sure never host yet feasted such fatal guests as these.»

With that, the noble margrave thus to the queen 'gan say:—
«Sure must the life of Rudeger for all the kindness pay,
That you to me, my lady, and my lord the king have done,—
For this I'm doomed to perish, and that ere set of sun.

«Full well I know, this morning my castles and my land
Both will to you fall vacant by stroke of foeman's hand;
And so my wife and daughter I to your grace commend,
And all at Bechelaren, each trusty homeless friend.»

«Now God,» replied King Etzel, «reward thee, Rudeger!»
He and his queen together resumed their lively cheer.
«From us shall all thy people receive whate'er they need;
Thou too, I trust, this morning thyself wilt fairly speed.»

So body and soul to hazard put the blameless man.
Meanwhile the wife of Etzel sorely to weep began.

Said he, "My word I gave you, I'll keep it well to-day.
Woe for my friends, whom Rudeger in his own despite must slay."

With that, straight from King Etzel he went with many a sigh.
Soon his band of heroes found he mustered nigh.
Said he, "Up now, my warriors! don all your armor bright;
I 'gainst the bold Burgundians must to my sorrow fight." . . .

To those within he shouted, "Look not for succor hence;
Ye valiant Nibelungers! now stand on your defense.
I'd fain have been your comrade: your foe I now must be.
We once were friends together: now from that bond I'm free."

The hard-beset Burgundians to hear his words were woe;
Was not a man among them but sorrowed, high and low,
That thus a friend and comrade would 'gainst them mingle blows,
When they so much already had suffered from their foes.

"Now God forbid," said Gunther, "that such a knight as you
To the faith wherein we trusted should ever prove untrue,
And turn upon his comrades in such an hour as this;—
Ne'er can I think that Rudeger can do so much amiss."

"I can't go back," said Rudeger; "the deadly die is cast:
I must with you do battle; to that my word is past.
So each of you defend him as he loves his life.
I must perform my promise,—so wills King Etzel's wife."

Said Gunther, "This renouncement comes all too late to-day;
May God, right noble Rudeger, you for the favors pay
Which you so oft have done us, if e'en unto the end
To those who ever loved you you show yourself a friend.

"Ever shall we be your servants for all you've deigned to give—
Both I and my good kinsmen—if by your aid we live.
Your precious gifts, fair tokens of love and friendship dear,
Given when you brought us hither,—now think of them, good Rudeger!"

"How fain that would I grant you!" the noble knight replied;
"Would that my gifts for ever might in your hands abide!
I'd fain in all assist you that life concerns or fame,
But that I fear, so doing, to get reproach and shame."

"Think not of that, good Rudeger," said Gernot, "in such need.
Sure host ne'er guests entreated so well in word or deed,

As you did us, your comrades, when late with you we stayed.
If hence alive you bring us, 'twill be in full repaid."

"Now would to God, Sir Gernot," said Rudeger, ill bestead,
"That you were safe in Rhineland, and I with honor dead!
Now must I fight against you to serve your sister's ends:
Sure never yet were strangers entreated worse by friends."

"Sir Rudeger," answered Gernot, "God's blessing wait on you
For all your gorgeous presents! Your death I sore should rue,
Should that pure virtue perish, which ill the world can spare.
Your sword, which late you gave me, here by my side I wear.

"It never once has failed me in all this bloody fray;
Lifeless beneath its edges many a good champion lay.
Most perfect is its temper; 'tis sharp and strong as bright:
Knight sure a gift so goodly will give no more to knight.

"Yet, should you not go backward, but turn our foe to-day,
If of the friends around me in hostile mood you slay,
With your own sword, good Rudeger, I needs must take your life,
Though you (Heaven knows!) I pity, and your good and noble
wife."

"Ah, would to heaven, Sir Gernot, that it might e'en be so!
That e'en as you would wish it this matter all might go,
And your good friends 'scape harmless from this abhorrèd strife!
Then sure should trust in Gernot my daughter and my wife."

With that the bold Burgundian, fair Uta's youngest, cried,
"Why do you thus, Sir Rudeger? My friends here by my side
All love you, e'en as I do: why kindle strife so wild?
'Tis ill so soon to widow your late-betrothèd child.

"Should you now and your followers wage war upon me here,
How cruel and unfriendly 'twill to the world appear!
For more than on all others on you I still relied,
And took, through such affiance, your daughter for my bride."

"Fair king! thy troth remember," the blameless knight 'gan say,
"Should God be pleased in safety to send thee hence away:
Let not the maiden suffer for aught that I do ill;
By your own princely virtue vouchsafe her favor still."

"That will I do and gladly," the youthful knight replied:
"But should my high-born kinsmen who here within abide,

Once die by thee, no longer could I thy friend be styled;
My constant love 'twould sever from thee and from thy child."

"Then God have mercy on us!" the valiant margrave said.
At once their shields they lifted, and forward fiercely sped
In the hall of Kriemhild to force the stranger crowd.
Thereat down from the stair-head Sir Hagan shouted loud:—

"Tarry yet a little, right noble Rudeger!
I and my lords a moment would yet with you confer;
Thereto hard need compels us, and danger gathering nigh:
What boot were it for Etzel though here forlorn we die?

"I'm now," pursued Sir Hagan, "beset with grievous care:
The shield that lady Gotelind gave me late to bear
Is hewn and all-to broken by many a Hunnish brand.
I brought it fair and friendly hither to Etzel's land.

"Ah! that to me this favor Heaven would be pleased to yield,
That I might to defend me bear so well-proved a shield,
As that, right noble Rudeger, before thee now displayed!
No more should I in battle need then the hauberk's aid."—

"Fain with the same I'd serve thee to th' height of thy desire,
But that I fear such proffer might waken Kriemhild's ire.
Still, take it to thee, Hagan, and wield it well in hand.
Ah! might'st thou bring it with thee to thy Burgundian land!"

While thus with words so courteous so fair a gift he sped,
The eyes of many a champion with scalding tears were red.
'Twas the last gift, that buckler, e'er given to comrade dear
By the lord of Bechelaren, the blameless Rudeger:

However stern was Hagan, and of unyielding mood,
Still at the gift he melted, which one so great and good
Gave in his last few moments, e'en on the eve of fight;
And with the stubborn warrior mourned many a noble knight.

"Now God in heaven, good Rudeger, thy recompenser be!
Your like on earth, I'm certain, we never more shall see,
Who gifts so good and gorgeous to homeless wanderers give.
May God protect your virtue, that it may ever live!

"Alas! this bloody business!" Sir Hagan then went on,
"We have had to bear much sorrow, and more shall have anon.
Must friend with friend do battle, nor Heaven the conflict part?"
The noble margrave answered, "That wounds my inmost heart."

«Now for thy gift I'll quit thee, right noble Rudeger!
Whate'er may chance between thee and my bold comrades here,
My hand shall touch thee never amidst the heady fight,
Not e'en if thou shouldst slaughter every Burgundian knight.»

For that to him bowed courteous the blameless Rudeger.
Then all around were weeping for grief and doleful drear,
Since none th' approaching mischief had hope to turn aside.
The father of all virtue in that good margrave died.

How Kriemhild Slew Hagan and was Herself Slain

To the cell of Hagan eagerly she went;
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what fell intent!
«Wilt thou but return me what thou from me hast ta'en,
Back thou mayst go living to Burgundy again.»

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, «You throw away your prayer,
High-descended lady: I took an oath whilere,
That while my lords were living, or of them only one,
I'd ne'er point out the treasure: thus 'twill be given to none.»

Well knew the subtle Hagan she ne'er would let him 'scape.
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so foul a shape?
He feared that soon as ever the queen his life had ta'en,
She then would send her brother to Rhineland back again.

«I'll make an end, and quickly,» Kriemhild fiercely spake.
Her brother's life straight bade she in his dungeon take.
Off his head was smitten; she bore it by the hair
To the lord of Trony: such sight he well could spare.

Awhile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his master's head;
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the warrior said:—
«E'en to thy wish this business thou to an end hast brought,—
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever thought.

«Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is dead;
Young Giselher and eke Gernot alike with him are sped:
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend! to thee.»

Said she, «Ill hast thou quitted a debt so deadly scored:
At least in my possession I'll keep my Siegfried's sword;
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw him go.
For him woe wrung my bosom, that passed all other woe.»

Forth from the sheath she drew it,—that could not he prevent;
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's stern intent.
High with both hands she heaved it, and off his head did smite.
That was seen of King Etzel; he shuddered at the sight.

«Ah!» cried the prince impassioned, «harrow and welaway!
That the hand of a woman the noblest knight should slay
That e'er struck stroke in battle, or ever buckler bore!
Albeit I was his foeman, needs must I sorrow sore.»

Then said the aged Hildebrand, «Let not her boast of gain,
In that by her contrivance this noble chief was slain;
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin on me light,
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's murdered knight.»

Hildebrand the aged fierce on Kriemhild sprung;
To the death he smote her as his sword he swung.
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did wreak:
What could then avail her her fearful thrilling shriek?

There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen and for vassals each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and drearihead.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.
Pain in the steps of Pleasure treads ever here below.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befell,
Save that there was weeping for friends beloved so well;
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting all.
So here I end my story. This is THE NIBELUNGERS' FALL.

NIEBUHR.

BARTHOLD GEORG NIEBUHR

(1776–1831)

THE history of belles-lettres could very well be written without the inclusion of Niebuhr's name. He has not left any important masterpiece of artistic form, nor appreciably enriched the imagination of mankind. Indeed, we might rather consider ourselves to have been impoverished, on that happier side of life, by the investigator who forbade us to regard Æneas, Romulus, and Numa, or even the Tarquins and the Horatii, as in any sense realities. Yet certainly the development of a wiser historical method, the study of human institutions, the higher education generally, will always owe him a mighty debt. He was, in the truest sense of a word commoner in its Teutonic than in its Anglo-Saxon form, «epochemachend»—epoch-making. Until his time, students had merely read Livy and Dionysius, accepting all save the super-human elements of early Roman story, or merely doubting and caviling over this and that detail. Niebuhr was the first who relegated the whole mass of traditional tales in Livy's first five books to the realm of the imagination, and showed how the historic institutions of later Rome must be studied for the light they, and they alone, could throw upon their own origin in the age previous to authentic record. Even for the ablest application of this critical method we no longer turn to Niebuhr's fragmentary publications, but rather to the more picturesque and vivid pages of his successor, Mommsen. Yet it may well be questioned whether he who uses the tool deserves higher credit than he who forges it; the man in whom the school culminates rather than its founder. Certainly no one could recognize more loyally than Mommsen himself the man whose lectures on Roman history were the most brilliant work done in the newly founded University of Berlin in 1810 and the next following years.

The story of Niebuhr's life is delightfully told, chiefly by himself, in his 'Life and Letters,' edited by the Chevalier Bunsen. It is full of singular contradictions. Though the son of a famous traveler, he complains that he was brought up in seclusion, fed on words instead of knowing things. But indeed a certain querulousness is a constant weakness of this noble nature. He was certainly a prodigy of learning. When he was barely of age his father reckons up twenty languages which the youth had mastered. His memory seems to have

been both accurate and unlimited in its scope. Along with it went a power of combination and brilliant deduction still more unusual.

Though Niebuhr was a Dane, his education was apparently more than half German. His last student-year, 1798–9, was passed at Edinburgh. To his English and Scotch experience he felt that he owed his insight into business affairs. Perhaps in that epoch of upheaval an ambitious young scholar could hardly keep out of political life. Certainly Niebuhr made his first career as a man of affairs. More difficult still to understand is his acceptance of a call from Denmark to Prussia. He arrived just in time to share the disasters of the Napoleonic invasion in 1806. He was perhaps Stein's most trusted assistant in preparing for the revival of Prussia.

Niebuhr was unable to settle down as a university scholar. His hold on political affairs was indeed never wholly relaxed, and six years after the university was opened he bade farewell to Berlin, being sent as Prussian ambassador to the Pope. Returning to Germany in 1823, Niebuhr passed the last years of his life quietly as a professor, student, and author, at Bonn.

His death was felt to be premature. His varied and crowded life up to his fiftieth year had seemed like a long education, and a gathering of materials for the great constructive work which he might have accomplished. No modern scholar, perhaps, has had so firm a grasp on the records and isolated facts of ancient life. None, surely, ever had firmer confidence in his own ability to redraw the great picture of that life in truthful outlines. Yet his name lives chiefly as the creator of a method, and his disciples' books are more indispensable to us than his own. Perhaps this is after all a cheerful epitaph on a great teacher; and all later students of history, of institutions, of antiquity, are in varying degree his pupils. Lanciani, who would revive our faith even in Romulus, owes to Niebuhr little less than Mommsen, who hardly mentions Livy or Livy's heroes in his chapters on early Rome.

Besides the excellent 'Life and Letters' by Bunsen (Harpers, 1852), Niebuhr's works on ancient history are accessible in English, partly in authentic form, partly in very fragmentary shape pieced out from note-books. The most adequate impression will be gained from his 'History of Rome,' Vols. i., ii., iii., as translated by Hare and Thirlwall, London, 1851.

PLAN FOR A COMPLETE HISTORY OF ROME

From the Introduction to the 'History of Rome.' Translation of Hare and Thirlwall

I HAVE undertaken to relate the history of Rome. I shall begin in the night of remote antiquity, where the most laborious researches can scarcely discern a few of the chief members of ancient Italy, by the dim light of late and dubious traditions; and I wish to come down to those times when, all that we have seen spring up and grow old in the long course of centuries being buried in ruins or in the grave, a second night envelops it in almost equal obscurity.

This history in its chief outlines is universally known; and by very many, at least in part, immediately from the classical works of Roman authors, so far as their remains supply us with a representation of several of the most brilliant and memorable periods of republican and imperial Rome. If the whole of these works were extant,—if we possessed a continuous narrative in the histories of Livy and Tacitus, extending, with the exception of the last years of Augustus, from the origin of the city down to Nerva,—it would be presumptuous and idle to engage in relating the same events with those historians: presumptuous, because the beauty of their style must ever lie beyond our reach; and idle, because, over and above the historical instruction conveyed, it would be impossible to have a companion through life better fitted to fashion the mind in youth, and to preserve it in after age from the manifold barbarizing influences of our circumstances and relations, than such a copious history of eight hundred and fifty years written by the Romans for themselves. We should only want to correct the misrepresentations during the earlier ages, and to sever the poetical ingredients from what is historically sure and well grounded; and without presumptuously appearing to vie with the old masters, we might draw a simple sketch of the constitution, and of the changes it underwent at particular times, where Livy leaves us without information, or misleads us. But as those works are only preserved in fragments; as they are silent concerning periods perhaps still more prominent in the importance of their events than those which we see living in their pages; as the histories of those periods by moderns are unsatisfactory, and often full of error,—I have deemed it expedient to promote the knowledge of Roman history

by devoting a course of lectures to it. A doubt might be entertained whether it were better to give a connected narrative, or merely to treat of the portions where we are left without the two historians. I have determined in favor of the former plan, trusting that I shall not lead any of my hearers to fancy he may dispense with studying the classical historians of Rome when he has gained a notion of the events which they portray, and hoping that I may render the study easier and more instructive.

Much of what the Roman historians have set down in the annals of their nation must be left out by a modern from that mass of events wherein their history far surpasses that of every other people. Under this necessity of passing over many things, and of laying down a rule for my curtailments, I shall make no mention of such persons and events as have left their names a dead letter behind them, without any intrinsic greatness or important external results; although a complete knowledge of every particular is indispensable to a scholar, and though many a dry waste locks up sources which sooner or later he may succeed in drawing forth. On the other hand, I shall endeavor to examine the history, especially during the first five centuries, not under the guidance of dim feelings, but of searching criticism. Nor shall I merely deliver the results, which could only give birth to blind opinions, but the researches themselves at full length. I shall strive to lay open the groundworks of the ancient Roman nation and State, which have been built over and masked, and about which the old writers preserved to us are often utterly mistaken; to execute justice in awarding praise and blame, love and hatred, where party spirit has given birth to misrepresentations, and thereby to false judgments, after upward of two thousand years; to represent the spreading of the empire, the growth of the constitution, the state of the administration, of manners, and of civility, according as from time to time we are able to survey them. I shall exhibit the characters of the men who were mighty in their generation for good or for evil, or who at least rose above their fellows. I shall relate the history of the wars with accuracy, wherever they do not offer a mere recurring uniformity; and so far as our information will allow, shall draw a faithful and distinct portrait of the nations that gradually came within the widening sphere of the Roman power. Moreover, I shall consider the state of literature at its principal epochs, taking notice of the lost as well as the extant writers.

EARLY EDUCATION: WORDS AND THINGS

From a Letter to Jacobi, November 21st, 1811, in the 'Life and Letters' by Chevalier Bunsen

I was born with an inward discord, the existence of which I can trace back to my earliest childhood; though it was afterward much aggravated by an education ill adapted to my nature, or rather by a mixture of such an education with no education at all. I did not conceal this from you in former days. Had I to choose my own endowments for another life on earth, I would not wish to possess greater facility in taking up impressions from the external world, in retaining and combining them into new forms within an inward world of imagination, full of the most various and animated movement, nor a memory more accurate or more at command (a faculty inseparable from the former), than nature has granted me. Much advantage might have been derived from these gifts in childhood; perhaps in some pursuits they might have insured me every success; nay, this result would have arisen spontaneously, had I not been subjected to a kind of education which could only have been useful to a mind of precisely the opposite description.

Our great seclusion from the world, in a quiet little provincial town, the prohibition from our earliest years to pass beyond the house and garden, accustomed me to gather the materials for the insatiable requirements of my childish fancy, not from life and nature, but from books, engravings, and conversation. Thus, my imagination laid no hold on the realities around me, but absorbed into her dominions all that I read,—and I read without limit and without aim,—while the actual world was impenetrable to my gaze; so that I became almost incapable of apprehending anything which had not already been apprehended by another—of forming a mental picture of anything which had not before been shaped into a distinct conception by another. It is true that in this second-hand world I was very learned, and could even, at a very early age, pronounce opinions like a grown-up person; but the truth in me and around me was veiled from my eyes—the genuine truth of objective reason. Even when I grew older, and studied antiquity with intense interest, the chief use I made of my knowledge for a long time was to give fresh variety and brilliancy to my world of dreams. From the delicacy of my health, and my mother's anxiety about it, I was so

much confined to the house that I was like a caged bird, and lost all natural spirit and liveliness, and the true life of childhood, the observations and ideas of which must form the basis of those peculiar to a more developed age, just as the early use of the body is the basis of its after training. No one ever thought of asking what I was doing, and how I did it; and it was not until my thirteenth year that I received any regular instruction. My friends were satisfied with seeing that I was diligently employed, and that though I had at first no teaching, I was equal to boys of my age in things for which they had had regular masters, and soon surpassed them when I had the same advantages; while moreover I was as well acquainted with a thousand matters to be learned from books as a grown-up man. Yet after a time I began to grow uneasy. I became aware that notwithstanding my empire in the air, my life in the actual world was poor and powerless; that the perception of realities alone possesses truth and worth; that on it are founded all imaginative productions which have any value at all; and that there is nothing truly worthy of respect but that depth of mind which makes a man master of truth in its first principle. As soon as I had to enter on the sciences, properly so called, I found myself in a difficulty; and unfortunately I took once more the easiest path, and left on one side whatever cost me some trouble to acquire. I was often on the verge of a mental revolution, but it never actually took place; now and then, indeed, I planted my foot on the firm ground, and when that happened I made some progress.

When I first became acquainted with you, I was happy, and I was perhaps on the way to do what is more difficult than to gain knowledge without help from others,—to restore what was distorted in me to its right place. But at a later period, when I left my quiet and healthful position for a superficial world, which held me with a strong grasp and confused and deadened my mind, where I was dragged along a path which I had no wish to tread, and which led me further and further from that for which I hopelessly longed; where I was forced to endure applause and praise, at a time when my want of knowledge on essential points, and the superfluous matter with which I had loaded my memory on others, my unsettled, disconnected ideas without true basis, my undisciplined powers without adequately firm habits of work, particularly of self-improvement, rendered me a horror to myself,—I was as unhappy as you saw me to be.

However, my eyes were opened to much that had hitherto escaped me, and I was to some degree forced into the actual external world, by my travels beyond the sea and my residence among a nation distinguished by sober thought and resolute activity; where I was obliged to occupy myself with the objects of practical life, and saw this life ennobled by the perfection to which it was carried, and the invariable adaptation of the means to the end. I then starved out the imaginative side of my nature, and placed myself, as it were, under a course of mental diet, according to which I lived for a long time in absolute dependence on the actual world around me. But this did not bring me into the right path of my true inward activity and development. I felt that I was now, on the other hand, poorer than ever as regarded what had always possessed the strongest attraction for me, though I seemed to be excluded from it by an insurmountable barrier. For years I was immersed, as far as my occupations were concerned, in the most prosaic workaday life, with the pain and torment of feeling that I grew more used to it every day; of feeling that I was shut out of Paradise, but that the bread I gained by tilling the earth in the sweat of my brow was not at all distasteful to me,—nay, that perhaps if Paradise were reopened to me, I should feel some longing for the spade.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE IMAGINATION

From an Undated Letter in the 'Life and Letters' by Chevalier Bunsen

I ENVY you the recollections of your Italian journey. It is a hard thought to me, that I shall never see the land that was the theatre of deeds with which I may perhaps claim a closer acquaintance than any of my contemporaries. I have studied the Roman history with all the effort of which my mind has been capable in its happiest moments, and believe that I may assume that acquaintance without vanity. This history will also, if I write, form the subject of most of my works. . . .

The sight of the works of art, particularly the paintings, would have delighted me as it did you. Statues have little effect upon me; my sight is too weak, and cannot be strengthened by glasses for a surface of one color, as it can for pictures. Then too a picture, when I have once seen it, becomes my property;

I never lose it out of my imagination. Music is in general positively disagreeable to me, because I cannot unite it in one point, and everything fragmentary oppresses my mind. Hence also I am no mathematician, but a historian; for from the single features preserved I can form a complete picture, and know where groups are wanting, and how to supply them. I think this is the case with you also; and I wish you would, like me, apply your reflections on past events to fix the images on the canvas, and then employ your imagination, working only with true historical tints, to give them coloring. Take ancient history as your subject: it is an inexhaustible one, and no one would believe how much that appears to be lost, might be restored with the clearest evidence. Modern history *ne vaut pas le diable* [is utterly worthless]. Above all, read Livy again and again. I prefer him infinitely to Tacitus, and am glad to find that Voss is of the same opinion. There is no other author who exercises such a gentle despotism over the eyes and ears of his readers, as Livy among the Romans and Thucydides among the Greeks. Quinctilian calls Livy's fullness "sweet as milk," and his eloquence "indescribable"; in my judgment, too, it equals and often even surpasses that of Cicero. The latter . . . possessed infinite acuteness, intellect, wit; . . . but he attempted a richness of style for which he lacked that heavenly repose of the intellect, which Livy like Homer must have possessed, and among the moderns, Fénelon and Garve in no common degree. Very different was Demosthenes, who was always concise like Thucydides. And to rise to conciseness and vigor of style is the highest that we moderns can well attain; for we cannot write from our whole soul: and hence we cannot expect another perfect epic poem. The quicker beats the life-pulse of the world, the more each one is compelled to move in epicycles, the less can calm, mighty repose of the spirit be ours. I am writing to you as if I were actually living in this better world; and nothing is further from the truth.

NOTE.—For fuller treatment of these topics we refer the reader to Niebuhr's letters, and especially to the epistle to a young philologist, 'Life and Letters,' pages 423–430.

NIZĀMÌ

(1141–1203)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

NIZĀMÌ's name as a Persian poet is one that is not so well known in the Occident as the name of Firdausī, Hāfiz, or Sa'dī; but Nizāmī is one of the foremost classic writers of Persian literature, and there is authority for regarding his genius as second only to Firdausī in the romantic epic style. He was a native of western Persia, and was born in the year 1141. He is generally spoken of as Nizāmī of Ganjah, and that seems to have been his home during most of his life, and he died there in his sixty-third year (A. D. 1203). Nizāmī was brought up in an atmosphere of religious asceticism, but his life was brightened by the illumination which came with the divine poetic gift; his talents won him court favor, but his choice was retirement and quiet meditation, and there was a certain halo of sanctity about his person.

It is interesting to the literary student to think of this epic romanticist as writing in Persia at a time when the strain of the romantic epopee was just beginning to be heard among the minstrels of Provence and Normandy, and the music of its notes was awakening English ears. And yet Nizāmī's first poetic production, the 'Makhzan-al-asrār,' or 'Storehouse of Mysteries,' was rather a work of religious didacticism than of romance, and its title shows the Sūfī tinge of mystic speculation. Nizāmī's heart and true poetic bent, however, became evident shortly afterwards in the charming story in verse of the romantic love of 'Khusrau and Shīrīn,' which is one of the most imaginative tales in literature, and it established Nizāmī's claim to renown at the age of forty. The subject is the old Sassanian tradition of King Khusrau's love for the fair Armenian princess Shīrīn, who is alike beloved by the gifted young sculptor Farhād; the latter accomplishes an almost superhuman feat of chiseling through mountains at the royal bidding, in hopes of winning the fair one's hand, but meets his death in fulfilling the task imposed by his kingly rival. In Nizāmī's second romantic poem, 'Lailā and Majnūn,' we grieve at the sorrows of two lovers whose devotion stands in the Orient for the love of Eloisa and Abelard, Petrarch and Laura, Isabella and Lorenzo; while likenesses to Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' have been

suggested. The tragic fate of Lailā and Majnūn, the children of two rival Bedouin tribes, is a love tale of pre-Islamic times; for Nizāmī's subjects were never chosen from truly orthodox Mohammedan themes. His 'Seven Portraits' (Haft Paikar) is a series of romantic love stories of the seven favorite wives of King Bahrām Gōr, and leads back again to Sassanian days. The 'Iskandar Nāmah,' or 'Alexander Book,' is a combination of romantic fiction and of philosophy in epic style, which makes the work one of special interest in connection with the romances which form a cycle, in various literatures, about the name of Alexander the Great. The five works above mentioned are gathered into a collection known as the 'Five Treasures' (Panj Ganj), and in addition to these Nizāmī also produced a 'Dīvān,' or collection of short poems; so that his literary fertility is seen to be considerable.

The selections which are here presented are drawn from Atkinson's 'Lailā and Majnūn,' London, 1836, and from S. Robinson's 'Persian Poetry for English Readers' (privately printed, Glasgow, 1883). Those who are interested will find further bibliographical references in Ethé's contribution in Geiger's 'Grundriss der Iranischen Philologie,' Vol. ii., page 243.

A. V. Williams Jackson

FROM NIZAMI'S 'LAILA AND MAJNŪN'

[Lailā and Majnūn are children of rival tribes.]

SHAIKHS of each tribe have children there, and each
Studies whate'er the bearded sage can teach.
Thence his attainments Kais [Majnūn] assiduous drew,
And scattered pearls from lips of ruby hue:
And there, of different tribe and gentle mien,
A lovely maid of tender years was seen;
Her mental powers an early bloom displayed;
Her peaceful form in simple garb arrayed;
Bright as the morn her cypress shape, and eyes
Dark as the stag's, were viewed with fond surprise:
And when her cheek this Arab moon revealed,
A thousand hearts were won; no pride, no shield,
Could check her beauty's power, resistless grown,
Given to enthrall and charm — but chiefly one.

Her richly flowing locks were black as night,
And Lailā she was called—that heart's delight:
One single glance the nerves to frenzy wrought,
One single glance bewildered every thought;
And when o'er Kais [Majnūn] affection's blushing rose
Diffused its sweetness, from him fled repose:
Tumultuous passion danced upon his brow;
He sought to woo her, but he knew not how.
He gazed upon her cheek, and as he gazed,
Love's flaming taper more intensely blazed.

Soon mutual pleasure warmed each other's heart;
Love conquered both—they never dreamt to part:
And while the rest were poring o'er their books,
They pensive mused, and read each other's looks;
While other schoolmates for distinction strove,
And thought of fame, they only thought of love;
While others various climes in books explored,
Both idly sat—adorer and adored.
Science for them had now no charms to boast;
Learning for them had all its virtues lost;
Their only taste was love, and love's sweet ties,
And writing ghazels to each other's eyes.

Yes, love triumphant came, engrossing all
The fond luxuriant thoughts of youth and maid;
And whilst subdued in that delicious thrall,
Smiles and bright tears upon their features played.
Then in soft converse did they pass the hours,
Their passion, like the season, fresh and fair;
Their opening path seemed decked with balmiest flowers,
Their melting words as soft as summer air.
Immersed in love so deep,
They hoped suspicion would be lulled asleep,
And none be conscious of their amorous state;
They hoped that none with prying eye,
And gossip tongue invidiously,
Might to the busy world its truth relate.
And thus possessed, they anxious thought
Their passion would be kept unknown;
Wishing to seem what they were not,
Though all observed their hearts were one.

[The lovers are separated.]

Lailā had, with her kindred, been removed
Among the Nijid mountains, where
She cherished still the thoughts of him she loved,
And her affection thus more deeply proved
Amid that wild retreat. Kais [Majnūn] sought her there;
Sought her in rosy bower and silent glade,
Where the tall palm-trees flung refreshing shade.
He called upon her name again;
Again he called,—alas! in vain;
His voice unheard, though raised on every side;
Echo alone to his lament replied;
And Lailā! Lailā! rang around,
As if enamored of that magic sound.
Dejected and forlorn, fast falling dew
Glistened upon his cheeks of pallid hue;
Through grove and frowning glen he lonely strayed,
And with his griefs the rocks were vocal made.
Beautiful Lailā! had she gone for ever?
Could he that thought support? oh, never, never!
Whilst deep emotion agonized his breast.

[Still Lailā thinks only of her beloved Majnūn.]

The gloomy veil of night withdrawn,
How sweetly looks the silvery dawn;
Rich blossoms laugh on every tree,
Like men of fortunate destiny,
Or the shining face of revelry.
The crimson tulip and golden rose
Their sweets to all the world disclose.
I mark the glittering pearly wave
The fountain's banks of emerald lave;
The birds in every arbor sing,
And the very raven hails the spring;
The partridge and the ring-dove raise
Their joyous notes of songs of praise;
But bulbuls, through the mountain-vale,
Like Majnūn, chant a mournful tale.

The season of the rose has led
Lailā to her favorite bower;
Her cheeks the softest vermil-red,
Her eyes the modest sumbul flower.

She has left her father's painted hall,
She has left the terrace where she kept
Her secret watch till evening fall,
And where she oft till midnight wept.

A golden fillet sparkling round
Her brow, her raven tresses bound;
And as she o'er the greensward tripped
A train of damsels ruby-lipped,
Blooming like flowers of Samarkand,
Obedient bowed to her command.
She glittered like a moon among
The beauties of the starry throng,
With lovely forms as Houris bright,
Or Peris glancing in the light;
And now they reach an emerald spot,
Beside a cool sequestered grot,
And soft recline beneath the shade,
By a delicious rose-bower made:
There, in soft converse, sport, and play,
The hours unnoted glide away;
But Lailā to the bulbul tells
What secret grief her bosom swells,
And fancies, through the rustling leaves
She from the garden-breeze receives
The breathings of her own true love,
Fond as the cooings of the dove.

. . . . .

«O faithful friend, and lover true,
Still distant from thy Lailā's view;
Still absent, still beyond her power
To bring thee to her fragrant bower:
O noble youth, still thou art mine,
And Lailā, Lailā, still is thine!»

[Majnūn, frenzied and distracted, vainly seeks his Lailā, whom her father has betrothed against her will to a man she can but hate. The unhappy girl is long imprisoned in a closely guarded tower, until unexpectedly one night the word is brought of the death of her enforced and loathed husband. The situation is depicted in an Oriental manner.]

How beautifully blue
The firmament! how bright
The moon is sailing through
The vast expanse to-night!

And at this lovely hour,
The lonely Lailā weeps
Within her prison tower,
And her sad record keeps.

How many days, how many years,
Her sorrows she has borne!
A lingering age of sighs and tears,—
A night that has no morn;
Yet in that guarded tower she lays her head,
Shut like a gem within its stony bed.
And who the warder of that place of sighs?
Her husband! he the dragon-watch supplies.

What words are those which meet her anxious ear?
Unusual sounds, unusual sights appear;
Lamps flickering round, and wailings sad and low,
Seem to proclaim some sudden burst of woe.
Beneath her casements rings a wild lament;
Death-notes disturb the night; the air is rent
With clamorous voices; every hope is fled:
He breathes no longer—Ibn Salim is dead!
The fever's rage had nipped him in his bloom;
He sank unloved, unpitied, to the tomb.
And Lailā marks the moon: a cloud
Had stained its lucid face;
The mournful token of a shroud,
End of the humble and the proud,
The grave their resting-place.
And now to her the tale is told,
Her husband's hand and heart are cold.
And must she mourn the death of one
Whom she had loathed to look upon?
In customary garb arrayed,
Disheveled tresses, streaming eyes,
The heart remaining in disguise,—
She seemed, distraction in her mien,
To feel her loss, if loss had been;
But all the burning tears she shed
Were for her own Majnūn, and not the dead!

[In after life the two lovers meet but for a moment of enchanting rapture, and an instant for interchanging mutual vows of devotion; when the woe-worn Majnūn and the unhappy Lailā are separated forever, to be united only in death. Legend tells us how Lailā's faithful page beheld a glorious vision of the beatified lovers joined in Paradise.]

The minstrel's legend chronicle
Which on their woes delights to dwell,
Their matchless purity and faith,
And how their dust was mixed in death,
Tells how the sorrow-stricken Zeyd
Saw, in a dream, the beauteous bride,
With Majnūn seated side by side.
In meditation deep one night,
The other world flushed on his sight
With endless vistas of delight—
The world of spirits; as he lay,
Angels appeared in bright array,
Circles of glory round them gleaming,
Their eyes with holy rapture beaming;
He saw the ever verdant bowers,
With golden fruit and blooming flowers;
The bulbul heard, their sweets among,
Warbling his rich mellifluous song;
The ring-dove's murmuring, and the swell
Of melody from harp and shell;
He saw within a rosy glade,
Beneath a palm's extensive shade,
A throne, amazing to behold,
Studded with glittering gems and gold;
Celestial carpets near it spread
Close where a lucid streamlet strayed:
Upon that throne, in blissful state,
The long-divided lovers sate,
Resplendent with seraphic light;
They held a cup, with diamonds bright;
Their lips by turns, with nectar wet,
In pure ambrosial kisses met;
Sometimes to each their thoughts revealing,
Each clasping each with tenderest feeling.

The dreamer who this vision saw
Demanded, with becoming awe,
What sacred names the happy pair
In Irem-bowers were wont to bear.
A voice replied:—"That sparkling moon
Is Lailā still—her friend, Majnūn;
Deprived in your frail world of bliss,
They reap their great reward in this!"

Translation of James Atkinson.

CHARLES NODIER

(1780–1844)

DURING the French Revolution, the Society of the Friends of the Constitution, an offshoot of the Paris Jacobins, sprang up at Besançon. M. Nodier, ex-mayor, and during the Terror a sad but inexorable public accuser, was one of its leaders. His son Charles, who was born at Besançon, April 28th, 1780, used to accompany his father to the meetings of the society, of which he became a member; and when he was twelve years old made his seniors an eloquent address full of republican principles. These he always retained, whether grumbling wittily at king, consul, or emperor, as was his way. His studies of political events in the 'Souvenirs' are more entertaining than reliable. He was not an active politician; but his youthful expression of opinion, by embroiling him with the authorities, influenced his whole career.

CHARLES NODIER

About 1802 a satiric ode, 'Napoléone,' prompted by the proscription of the consulate, attracted attention. To rescue others from suspicion, Nodier boldly admitted its authorship. What followed is difficult to determine, as he and his friends bewail his sufferings, and others pronounce them a fabrication. He spent several years in exile, wandering through the Vosges mountains. During this time he made the friendship of Benjamin Constant, and also saw much of Madame de Staël, who may have inspired his love of German literature. German mysticism appealed strongly to his fanciful spirit, as did the rich folklore of Germany. Imaginative, a lover of nature, his early works—'Les Meditations du Cloître,' 'Le Peintre de Salzburg,' 'Le Solitaire des Vosges,' 'Stella, ou les Proscrits'—express a quite Byronic self-indulgence in woe, with a tinge of Rousseau-like sentimentality.

His 'Dictionnaire des Onomatopées Françaises' (1808) was an ingenious effort to establish the origin of languages from imitation of natural sounds. This many-sided Charles Nodier was perhaps primarily a scientist. He looked at life with microscopic eyes, and loved minute investigation. As a boy in his native town, his much older

friend Chantras had aroused his interest in natural history; and his first work was a 'Dissertation upon the Functions of Antennæ in Insects.' He is said to have discovered the organ of hearing in insects. Now, just the fascination he found in a butterfly's wing or a beetle's nippers, he found too in the study of language. To find and fit the exact word gave him exquisite pleasure. Of all things he detested easy banality; and whatever he wrote had a piquant novelty of phrase which never seemed forced. This sweet-natured lover of fairies was familiar with the classics and foreign literature, erudite in the structure and usage of his mother tongue. In the mastery of words, which makes his style as "flexible as water," he is a classicist. "Boileau would have admired him," says a critic; and in his respect for form he belongs to the old régime. But he was modern too. His sympathies were not only for world-wide, world-old experience. His fancy wandered off into side tracks; and sought the bizarre, the exceptional, the mysterious. He admitted the personal element in art; wanted to express himself, Charles Nodier; and thus is a forerunner of romanticism. It is a pity that his successors forgot his lesson of moderation in inartistic excesses; for literary instinct kept his own venturesome spontaneity always within the domain of good taste.

The slender white-browed man with his piercing eyes, his childlike enthusiasms, worked his way gradually to fame. In 1823 he was appointed librarian at the library of the Arsénal in Paris; where for more than twenty years, until his death in 1844, his salon was "a little Tuileries for young writers and the new school." Here Victor Hugo, Lamartine, Dumas *fils*, De Musset, De Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, and many another young man with fame before him, listened respectfully to the Academician, the critic and teller of tales. Sainte-Beuve describes his lovable presence, his fascinating converse in which witty irony was so veiled with tact as never to wound. One day a young friend brought him a manuscript in which he had consciously tried to imitate the master's style. "My dear boy," said Nodier, "what you have brought me cannot be very good, for at first I thought it must be mine."

Nodier was a poet. He loved what he calls "the Muse of the Ideal, the elegant sumptuous daughter of Asia, who long ago took refuge under the fogs of Great Britain." His small volume of lyric verse, published in 1827, has a melody and suggestive freakish grace which make one wish it larger.

His stories are his best-known work, and in fiction his gifts are many. There is a lofty sentiment in his more introspective sketches which suggests Lamartine. In some moods he delights in elfland dream goblins, kindly fays—as in 'Trilby, le Lutin d'Argaile,' 'La

Fée aux Miettes,' 'Trésor des Fèves et Fleur des Pois,' 'Les Quatre Talismans.' Sometimes he is akin to Hoffmann in his expression of psychologic mystery, in his eery enchantment. Of this, 'Smana, or the Demons of Night' is a good example. He is a mocker too; and in stories like 'Les Marionettes,' 'The King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles,' he satirizes with sparkling irony both himself and the world.

THE GOLDEN DREAM

The Kardouon

As all the world knows, the Kardouon is the prettiest, the cleverest, and the most courteous of lizards. The Kardouon dresses in gold like a great lord, but he is shy and modest; and from his solitary secluded life people think him a scholar. The Kardouon has never done ill to any one, and every one loves the Kardouon. The young girls are proud when, as they pass, he gazes upon them with love and joy, erecting his neck of iridescent blue and ruby between the fissures of an old wall, or sparkling in the sunshine with countless reflections from the marvelous tissue in which he is clad.

They say to each other: "It was I, not you, whom he looked at to-day. He thought me the prettiest, and I'll be his love."

The Kardouon thinks nothing of the kind. He is looking about for good roots to feast his comrades, and to enjoy with them at his leisure on a sparkling stone in the full noontide heat.

One day the Kardouon found in the desert a treasure composed of bright new coins, so pretty and polished that they seemed to have just bounded out with a groan from under the measure. A fugitive king had left them there so that he could go faster.

"Goodness of God!" said the Kardouon. "Here, if I'm not much mistaken, is a precious provision just right for the winter. It's nothing less than slices of that fresh sugary carrot which always revives my spirits when solitude wearies me, and the most appetizing I ever have seen."

And the Kardouon glided toward the treasure — not directly, for that is not his way, but winding about prudently; now with head raised, nose in the air, his whole body in a straight line, his tail vertical like a stake; then pausing undecided, inclining first one eye then the other toward the ground, to listen with

each of his fine Kardouon s ears; then lifting his gaze, examining right and left, listening to everything, seeing everything, gradually reassuring himself; darting forward like a brave Kardouon; then drawing back, palpitating with terror, like a poor Kardouon far from his hole, who feels himself pursued; and then happy and proud, arching his back, rounding his shoulders, rolling the folds of his rich caparison, lifting the gilded scales of his coat of mail, growing green, undulating, flying forward, flinging to the winds the dust under his feet, and lashing it with his tail. Unquestionably he was the handsomest of Kardouons.

When he had reached the treasure, he pierced it with his glance, grew rigid as a piece of wood, drew himself up on his two front feet and fell upon the first piece of gold which met his teeth.

He broke one of them.

The Kardouon dashed ten feet backward, returned more thoughtfully, and bit more modestly.

"They're abominably dry," he said. "Oh! when Kardouons collect such a store of sliced carrots for their posterity, they make a great mistake not to put them in a damp spot where they would retain their nourishing quality! It must be admitted," he added to himself, "that the Kardouon species is not very advanced. As for me, thank heaven, I dined the other day, and don't need whatever wretched meal I can find, like a common Kardouon. I'll carry this provender under the great tree of the desert, among the grasses moist with the dew of heaven and the freshness of springs. I will sleep beside it on the soft fine sand, which the earliest dawn will warm; and when a clumsy bee, dizzy from the blossom where she has spent the night, buzzing about like a mad thing, awakens me with her humming, I will begin the most regal repast ever made by a Kardouon."

The Kardouon I am describing was a Kardouon of execution. What he said he did, which is much. By evening the whole treasure, transported piece by piece, was getting uselessly refreshed on a fine carpet of long silky moss, which bent beneath its weight. Overhead an enormous tree stretched boughs luxuriant with leaves and flowers, and seemed to invite passers-by to enjoy a pleasant slumber in its shade.

And the tired Kardouon went peacefully to sleep, dreaming of fresh roots.

This is the Kardouon's story.

Xailoun

The next day Xailoun, the poor wood-cutter, came to this same spot, enticed by the melodious gurgle of running water, and by the fresh and laughing rustle of the leaves. He was still far from the forest, and as usual in no hurry to reach it, and this restful place flattered his natural indolence.

As few knew Xailoun during his lifetime, I will say that he was one of the disgraced children of nature, who seem born merely to exist. As he was dull in mind and deformed in body — although a good simple creature incapable of doing, of thinking, or even of understanding, evil — his family had always looked upon him as a subject of sadness and vexation. Constant humiliations had early inspired Xailoun with a taste for solitude; and this, and the fact that other professions were forbidden by his weakness of mind, were the reasons why he had been made a wood-cutter. In the town he was known only as silly Xailoun. Indeed, the children followed him through the streets with mischievous laughter, calling: "Room, room, for honest Xailoun. Xailoun, the best-natured wood-cutter who ever held hatchet! Behold him on his way to the glades of the wood to talk science with his cousin the Kardouon. Ah! noble Xailoun!"

And his brothers, blushing in proud shame, retreated as he passed.

But Xailoun did not seem to notice them, and he laughed with the children.

Now it is not natural for any man to judge ill of his own intelligence; and Xailoun used to think that the chief cause of this daily disdain and derision was the poverty of his clothes. He had decided that the Kardouon, who in the sunlight is the most beautiful of all the dwellers of earth, was the most favored of all God's creatures; and he secretly promised himself, if he should ever attain his intimate friendship, to deck himself in some cast-off bit of the Kardouon's costume, and stroll proudly about the country to fascinate the eyes of the good folk.

"Moreover," he added, when he had reflected as much as his Xailoun's judgment permitted, "the Kardouon is my cousin, they say; and I feel it is true, from the sympathy which attracts me toward this honorable personage. Since my brothers disdain me, the Kardouon is my nearest of kin; and I want to live with him if he welcomes me, even if I am good for nothing more than to

spread a bed of dried leaves for him every night, and to tuck him in while he sleeps, and to warm his room with a bright and cheerful fire when the weather is bad. The Kardouon may grow old before I do; for he was nimble and beautiful when I was still very young, and when my mother used to point and say, 'See, there is the Kardouon.' I know, thank God, how to render little services to an invalid, and how to divert him with pleasant trifles. It's too bad he's so haughty!"

In truth, the Kardouon did not usually respond cordially to Xailoun's advances, but vanished in the sand like a flash at his approach; and did not pause until safe behind a stone or hillock, to turn on him sidewise two sparkling eyes, which might have made carbuncles envious.

Then clasping his hands, Xailoun would say respectfully, "Alas, cousin! why do you run away from your friend and comrade? I ask only to follow and to serve you instead of my brothers, for whom I would willingly die, but who are less kind and charming than you. If you chance to need a good servant, do not repel, as they do, your faithful Xailoun."

But the Kardouon always went away; and Xailoun returned to his mother, weeping because his cousin the Kardouon would not speak to him.

This day his mother had driven him off, pushing him by the shoulders and striking him in her anger.

"Clear out, good-for-nothing!" she said to him. "Go back to your cousin the Kardouon, for you don't deserve any other kin."

As usual, Xailoun had obeyed; and he was looking for his cousin the Kardouon.

"Oh! oh!" he said, as he reached the tree with the great green boughs, "here's something new. My cousin the Kardouon has gone to sleep in the shade here, where the streams meet. When he wakes, will be a good chance to talk business. But what the deuce is he guarding, and what does he mean to do with all those funny bits of yellow lead? Brighten up his clothes, perhaps. He may be thinking of marriage. Faith, the Kardouon shops have their cheats too; for that metal looks coarse, and one bit of my cousin's old coat is a thousand times better. However, I'll see what he says if he's more talkative than usual: for I can rest here; and as I'm a light sleeper, I am sure to wake as soon as he does."

Just as Xailoun was lying down, he had an idea.

"It's a cool night," he said, "and my cousin the Kardouon is not used like me to sleeping along springs and in forests. The morning air is not healthy."

Xailoun took off his coat and spread it lightly over the Kardouon, careful not to wake him. The Kardouon did not wake.

Then Xailoun slept profoundly, dreaming of friendship with the Kardouon.

This is Xailoun's story.

The Fakir Abhoc

The next day there came to this same spot the fakir Abhoc, who had feigned to start on a pilgrimage, but who was really hunting some windfall.

As he approached to rest at the spring he caught sight of the treasure, embraced it in a glance, and quickly reckoned its value on his fingers.

"Unlooked-for luck!" he cried, "which the merciful omnipotent Lord at last vouchsafes my society, after so many years of trial; and which, to render its conquest the easier, he has deigned to place under the simple guard of an innocent lizard and of a poor imbecile boy!"

I must tell you that the fakir Abhoc knew both Xailoun and the Kardouon perfectly by sight.

"Heaven be praised in all things," he added, sitting down a few steps away. "Good-by to the fakir's robe, to the long fasts, to the hard mortifying of the flesh. I mean to change my country and manner of life; and in the first kingdom that takes my fancy, I'll buy some good province, which will yield a fat revenue. Once established in my palace, I will give myself up to enjoyment, among flowers and perfumes, in the midst of pretty slaves, who will rock my spirits gently with their melodious music, while I toss off exquisite wines from the largest of my golden cups. I am growing old, and good wine gladdens the heart of age. But this treasure is heavy, and it would ill become a great territorial lord like myself, with a multitude of servants and countless militia, to turn porter, even if no one saw me. A prince must respect himself if he would win the respect of his people. Besides, this peasant seems to have been sent here expressly to serve me. He is strong as an ox, and

can easily carry my gold to the next village; and once there, I will give him my monkish suit and some common money, such as poor people use.»

After this fine soliloquy, the fakir Abhoc, sure that his treasure was in no danger from either the Kardouon or poor Xailoun, who knew its value as little, yielded willingly to sleep, dreaming proudly of his harem, peopled with the rarest beauties of the Orient, and of his Schiraz wine, foaming in golden cups.

This is the fakir Abhoc's story.

Doctor Abhac

The next day there came to the same place, Dr. Abhac, a man versed in all law, who had lost his way while meditating an ambiguous text of which the jurists had already given one hundred and thirty-two different interpretations. He was about to seize the one hundred and thirty-third when the sight of the treasure made him forget it entirely, and transported his thought to the ticklish subject of invention, property, and treasure. It was blotted from his memory so completely that he would not have found it again in a hundred years. It is a great loss.

«It appears,» said Dr. Abhac, «as though the Kardouon had discovered the treasure, and I'll guaranty that he will not plead his right of priority to claim his legal portion of the division. Therefore the said Kardouon is excluded from the consideration. As for the treasure and its ownership, I maintain that this is a waste spot, common property of all and any, over which neither State nor individual has rights. A fortunate feature of the actual facts is this junction of running waters, marking, if I am not mistaken, the disputed boundary between two warlike peoples; and long and bloody wars being likely to arise from the possible conflict of two jurisdictions. Therefore I would accomplish an innocent, legitimate, even provident act, if I were to carry the treasure elsewhere, or take what I can. As for these two adventurers, of whom one seems a poor woodcutter and the other a wretched fakir, folks of neither name nor weight, they have probably come here to sleep in order to make an amiable division to-morrow; since they are unacquainted with both text and commentary, and probably esteem themselves equal in force. But they cannot extricate themselves without a lawsuit, upon that I'll stake my reputation. But as I am growing sleepy from the

great perturbation of mind resulting from this business, I will take formal possession by putting some of these pieces in my turban in order to prove publicly and decisively in court, if the case is there evoked, the priority of my claims; since he who possesses the thing by desire of ownership, tradition of ownership, and first possession, is presumably owner, according to the law."

And Dr. Abhac fortified his turban with so many pieces of proof that he spent a good part of the day, poor man, dragging it to the spot where the shadow of the protecting boughs was dying in the low rays of sun. Again and again he returned to add new witnesses, until he finally decided to fill his turban and risk sleeping bareheaded in the evening dew.

"I need not be anxious about waking," he said, leaning his freshly shaven crown on the stuffed turban, which served as a pillow. "These people will begin to dispute by dawn, and will be glad enough to find a lawyer at hand, so I will be assured of my part and parcel."

After which Dr. Abhac slumbered magisterially, dreaming of gold and of legal procedures.

This is the story of Dr. Abhac.

The King of the Sands

The next day toward sunset there came to the same spot a famous bandit, whose name history has not preserved; but who was the terror of the caravans throughout the country, and who, from the heavy tributes he exacted, was called the King of the Sands. He had never before come so far into the desert, for this route was little frequented by travelers; and the sight of the spring and the shady boughs so rejoiced his heart, not often awake to the beauties of nature, that he decided to stop for a moment.

"Not a bad idea of mine," he murmured between his teeth when he saw the treasure. "The Kardouon, following the immemorial custom of lizards and dragons, is guarding this heap of gold with which he has no concern, and these three poor parasites have come here together to divide it. If I try to take charge of this booty while they are asleep I shall surely awaken the Kardouon, who is always on the alert, and he will arouse these scamps, and I'll have to deal with the lizard, the woodcutter, the fakir, and the lawyer, who all want the prize, and are able to

fight for it. Prudence admonishes me to feign sleep beside them until the shadows have fallen; and later, I'll profit by the darkness to kill them one after another with a good blow of my dagger. This is such a lonely spot that to-morrow I can easily carry off all this wealth; and I'll not hurry away until I have breakfasted off this Kardouon, whose flesh, my father used to say, is very delicate.»

And he went to sleep in his turn, dreaming of pillage, assassinations, and broiled Kardouons.

This is the story of the King of the Sands, who was a robber, and so named to distinguish him from the others.

The Sage Lockman

The next day there came to the same spot Lockman the Sage, poet and philosopher; Lockman, lover of men, preceptor of peoples, and counselor of kings; Lockman, who often sought remotest solitudes to meditate upon God and nature.

And Lockman walked slowly, enfeebled by age; for that day he had reached the three-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

Lockman paused at the spectacle under the tree of the desert, and reflected a moment.

«The picture offered my eyes by Divine bounty,» at last he exclaimed, «contains ineffable instruction, O sublime Creator of all things; and as I contemplate, my soul is overwhelmed with admiration for the lessons resulting from your works, and with compassion for the senseless beings who ignore you.

«Here is a treasure, as men say, which may often have given its owner repose of mind and soul.

«Here is the Kardouon, who has found these gold pieces, and guided only by the feeble instinct you have given him, has mistaken them for slices of sun-dried roots.

«Here is poor Xailoun, whose eyes were dazzled by the Kardouon's splendor, because his mind could not reach you through the shadows which envelop him like an infant's swaddling-clothes, and fails to adore in this glorious apparel the omnipotent hand which thus clad the humblest of creatures.

«Here is the fakir Abhoc, who has trusted in the natural timidity of the Kardouon and the imbecility of Xailoun, in order to possess himself of all this wealth, and to render his old age opulent.

« Here is Dr. Abhac, who has reckoned on the debate sure to arise upon the division of these deceitful vanities, that he may institute himself mediator and decree himself a double share.

« Here is the King of the Sands, the last comer, revolving fatal ideas and projects of death, in the usual manner of those deplorable men abandoned to earthly passion. Perhaps he promised himself to murder the others during the night, as seems likely from the violence with which his hand grasps his dagger.

«And all five are sleeping forever under the deadly shade of the Upas, whose fatal seeds have been hurled here by some angry gust from the depths of Javan forests.»

When he had spoken thus, Lockman bowed down, and worshiped God.

And when he had risen, he passed his hand through his beard and went on: —

« The respect due the dead forbids us to leave their bodies a prey to wild beasts. The living judge the living, but the dead belong to God.»

And he loosened the pruning-knife from Xailoun's belt, with which to dig three graves.

In the first grave he placed the fakir Abhoc.

In the second grave he placed Doctor Abhac.

In the third grave he buried the King of the Sands.

«As for thee, Xailoun,» he soliloquized, « I will bear thee beyond the deadly influence of the tree poison, so that thy friends, if there be any on earth since the Kardouon's death, can weep without danger at the spot of thy repose. And I will do this also, my brother, because thou didst spread thy mantle over the sleeping Kardouon to preserve him from cold.»

Then Lockman carried Xailoun far away, and dug him a grave in a little ravine full of blossoms, bathed by springs of the desert, under trees whose fronds floating in the wind spread about them only freshness and fragrance.

And when this was done, Lockman passed his hand through his beard a second time, and after reflection, went to fetch the Kardouon which lay dead under the poison-tree of Java.

Then Lockman dug a fifth grave for the Kardouon, beyond Xailoun's on a slope better exposed to the sun, whose dawning rays arouse the gayety of lizards.

« God guard me from separating in death those who have loved in life,» said Lockman.

And when he had thus spoken, Lockman passed his hand through his beard a third time, and after reflecting went back to the foot of the Upas tree.

There he dug a very deep grave, and buried the treasure.

"This precaution may save the life of a man or a Kardouon," he said with an inward smile.

Then Lockman, greatly fatigued, went on his way to rest beside Xailoun's grave.

And he was quite exhausted when he reached it, and falling on the earth commended his soul to God, and died.

This is the story of Lockman the Sage.

The 'Angel

The next day there came one of the spirits of God which you have seen only in dreams.

He floated, rose, sometimes seemed lost in the eternal azure, then descended again, balanced himself at heights which thought cannot measure, on large blue wings like a giant butterfly.

As he approached, he waved his golden curls and let himself rock on the currents of air, throwing out his ivory arms and abandoning his head to all the little clouds of heaven.

Then he alighted on the slender boughs without bending a leaf or a blossom, and then he flew with caressing wings around the new-made grave of Xailoun.

"What!" he cried, "is Xailoun dead? Xailoun, whom heaven awaits for his innocence and simplicity?"

And from his large blue wings he dropped a little feather, which suddenly took root and grew into the most beautiful plume ever seen over a royal coffin. This he did to mark the spot.

Then he saw the poet asleep in death as in a joyful dream, his features laughing with peace and happiness.

"My Lockman too," said the Angel, "desired to grow young again to resemble us, although he had passed only a few seasons among men,—who, alas! have not had time to profit by his lessons. Yes, come, my brother, come with me; awake from death to follow me. Come to eternal day, come to God."

At the same time he placed a kiss of resurrection on Lockman's brow, raised him lightly from his bed of moss, and hurried

him into a heaven so deep that the eyes of eagles could not follow them.

This is the Angel's story.

The End of the Golden Dream

What I have just told happened infinite ages ago, and the name of the sage Lockman has lingered ever since in the memory of men.

And ever since, the Upas tree has stretched out the branches whose shadow means death between the waters which flow eternally.

This is the story of the World.

WILLIAM EDWARD NORRIS

(1847–)

WILLIAM E. NORRIS's first novel, 'Heaps of Money' (London, 1877), was published in the Cornhill Magazine as a serial, when he was not quite thirty-one years of age. He was born in London in 1847, was educated at Eton, went on the Continent to study foreign languages as a preparation for diplomatic science, changed his plans, and in 1874 came to the bar, but never practiced, having already tasted the success of his first book. Since that time Mr. Norris has devoted himself to the profession of literature. His home is at Torquay, alternating during the winter between Algiers and the Riviera.

WILLIAM E. NORRIS

Mr. Norris seems to have come into the world like Minerva, full armed. 'Heaps of Money' has the maturity of view, the simplicity of diction, the quiet humor, and the minuteness of observation of a veteran in novel-writing. Its author showed that he had not only the power to reflect on life in its hypocrisies and petty social strivings, but he had the half-cynical air of a man of the world defending in tolerant fashion its sins and its shams. Instead of posing as preacher or reformer, the author took the more adroit way of seeming to sneer at himself and his craft, and in ironical self-assertion cleverly disarmed criticism.

He had seen perhaps that the time had gone by for sweeping indictments, and that not the Juvenalian scourge but the Horatian flick drove men to righteousness. Another characteristic of this first book was the air of calm leisure that pervaded its quiet sentences; but the reader, suspecting platitudes, soon found that the irony infused gave them a delicious flavor. Lord Keswick, pressed by his father to marry and extricate himself from his debts, urges plaintively that he is not a domestic man. «Am I a domestic man?» retorts his father. And to tell the truth, he certainly was not. The hypocrisy of Mr. Howard, the heroine's father, is amiably excused. «Some people, knowingly or unknowingly, are perpetually playing parts, from their

cradle to their death-bed. Very likely they can't help themselves, and ought only to be pitied for having an exaggerated idea of the fitness of things.»

'Heaps of Money' was followed in 1880 by 'Mademoiselle de Mersac,' a story played in Algiers, in which the author created two of the most finished portraits in modern fiction: St. Luc, the blasé cynical man of the world, who falls in love with the fresh young girl Jeanne de Mersac, and serves her with a devotion half paternal, half passionate, and wholly incomprehensible to her; and Jeanne herself, the incarnation of high-minded obstinacy and fierce maidenhood. The plot of 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is not new; but «the exquisite touch which renders ordinary characters and commonplace things interesting,» to quote Scott of Miss Austin, of whom Norris may well claim literary descent, is not denied him.

'Matrimony,' which was published the next year, abounds in delicate characterizations and in «character parts,» as they are called on the stage: the sage bore Mr. Flemyng, Admiral Bagshawe, and General Blair. Nothing is easier than to moralize in a certain fashion, and truisms about life commend themselves to the ordinary mind. Mr. Flemyng bristles with undisputed facts, retailed in conversations in which the reader is sufficiently disinterested to be an amused listener. Mr. Gervis in the same novel, if not as striking is as finely drawn a portrait as St. Luc,—a cultured cynic who poses as doing his kind deeds to spare himself the trouble of refusing.

In the long list of novels that succeed 'Matrimony,' Norris presents characters that are seldom planned on a higher scale than ourselves; and yet at his will they stimulate our imagination and our affection. As has been said of Thackeray's heroes, they have an ideal of human conduct, and an aspiration, which though far from conventional is yet noble and elevating. Women owe him a debt for his championship of maidenhood. His young girl is as wild and as free, to borrow Mr. Andrew Lang's simile, as Horace's «latis equa trima campis.» He does not take for granted that a fresh young creature, loving her parents and her brothers and sisters with all her heart, will at her first dance fall headlong in love with the first man who admires her. He endows her, on the contrary, with a girlish perversity, a high-spirited resistance to the intruding element, as her lover appears to her; and the plot often turns on the obstacles she persists in erecting between herself and the man she loves.

We travel with Mr. Norris on level roads: his gentlemen are gentlemen, even when they are villains; his heroes thoroughly good fellows, with a talent for epigram; his heroines sweet English roses, set about with little prickly thorns—till unexpectedly we come upon a scene instinct with tragedy and pathos. The latter he uses sparingly

and with judgment. There is no attempt to touch the feelings when Margaret Stanniforth, most charming of women though neither young nor beautiful, dies; and the short death scene in 'Mademoiselle de Mersac' is pathetic by the contrast between death and the abundant strength and youth of Jeanne. One is as much affected, perhaps, when M. de Fontvieille consigns Jeanne to Mr. Ashley, whose comic agony lest the Frenchman embrace him heightens the sadness of the simple old man's leave-taking; and again in a less known novel, 'My Friend Jim,' when the old worldling the Marquis of Staines revisits the Eton playing-fields, and spends the summer day in recollections of his boyhood.

In these scenes the effect is so spontaneous, so easily brought about, that a lesser artist would use his gift oftener. But Mr. Norris exercises a wise restraint on this dangerous ground. And if he is conservative in his emotions, of all his generation he is the most conservative in his traditions. His novels, as far as they portray the ideas of the end of the nineteenth century, might have been written a hundred years ago. The New Woman does not appear between the covers of his books; social and economic problems are ignored. Money and the want of it, caste and striving for it, occupy his characters. His sympathies are apparently entirely with Mrs. Rawdon Crawley when she exclaimed pathetically, "How good I could be on £5,000 a year!"

But the lover of Norris is not inclined to find fault with the company he keeps. For very variety, he enjoys the society of Norris's gentlepeople as a contrast to the sordid, the diseased, the poverty-stricken, that crowd the pages of contemporary novelists. With something of cynicism and something of pathos, Norris combines a healthy good-humor and a distaste for the withered side of life. His vigorous character Mrs. Winnington in 'No New Thing' knew the world, and was not so simple as to believe that any sincere and conscientious people except herself lived in it; but Kenyon's devotion to Margaret Stanniforth, and Margaret's love for and fidelity to her dead husband, refute all her evil thinking. Virtue rewarded, scapegraces apologized for, human nature regarded with tenderness and pity, are characteristics of Norris's predecessors rather than of writers of his own time; and for a pure, refined, and scholarly style unaffected sentiment, and quiet humor such as his, we must go back to his master, Thackeray.

FREDDY CROFT: AND THE LYNSHIRE BALL

From 'Matrimony'

THIS history is less the result of personal observation than of information received at various times and from divers trustworthy sources; and if, in writing it, I had to confine myself to the relation of such incidents as I could swear to in a court of justice, I should not only be obliged to cut out many scenes of a most interesting and pathetic nature, but some of the characters who will make their appearance in due course would have to be omitted altogether. As for this yeomanry ball, I saw little more of it than did Lord Courtney, whose august countenance was withdrawn from the assembly after a short quarter of an hour. The truth is, that my dancing days are over; and I was able to retire early, with the happy conviction that nobody would notice my absence.

Before midnight the greater part of the ladies and gentlemen present had done likewise; for it is not, or rather used not to be, considered the thing to linger over-long at these entertainments, which are intended rather for the amusement of the men than of their superiors. Lady Lynchester, a thin, washed-out looking person, who had never been heard to laugh in her life, rose from her seat at the end of the room as soon as her lord signaled to her that she was free to go; and the Beachborough contingent, ever scrupulous in the strict observance of etiquette, hastened to follow her ladyship's lead. The landowners from distant parts of the country, who had a long drive between themselves and home, collected their respective wives and daughters, and trooped off in a body; the departure of some stragglers, loitering near the doorway in hopes of seeing a little of the fun, being hastened by Lord Lynchester, who began to stalk about with his hands behind his back, wondering audibly what the deuce those people were sticking there for.

But when the last of these had disappeared, there still remained a few of what the noble and gallant Colonel called "the right sort,"—privileged persons, who were known to entertain no objection to a romp, and could be relied upon to tell no tales next day. Conspicuous among the latter was Miss Croft, "a downright jolly girl, with no stuck-up nonsense about her," to

use Lord Lynchester's words; "just like her brother, only more so, you know,"—a description so terse and accurate that no further space need be taken up in introducing her to the reader. Miss Lambert, although an outsider, was included in the circle of choice spirits, probably because she carried her credentials in her face; and there were three or four young ladies besides, whose names it is unnecessary to record.

During the early part of the evening, an unspoken convention had divided the ball-room into two halves, the officers and their friends sitting and dancing at the upper end of it, while the larger and humbler portion of the assemblage disported itself at the lower; but now this imaginary barrier was swept away, together with all irksome class distinctions, and the whole floor was at the disposition of the dancers. Now, when we dance in Lynshire, we do it with a will: not skimming languidly and dreamily over the polished surface, nor lurching heavily round and round on the same spot, like humming-tops tottering to their fall, as the fashion of some effeminate citizens is; but taking a firm grip of our partner's waist and hand, putting down our heads, and starting off at a pace as good as we can make it, helter-skelter, every man for himself, and devil take the hindmost. The consequences of this energetic method, when adopted by some seventy couples in a long and narrow room, may be easily imagined. Before the first waltz was at an end, many a stalwart yeoman had measured his length upon the well-waxed floor, and the elbows of more than one fair maiden were scratched and bruised. Every now and then a faint shriek rose from the midst of the *mêlée*, or a manly voice was heard to expostulate for a moment; but the predominant sound was that of laughter, and hard knocks seemed to be distributed pretty evenly all round, upon an amicable give-and-take principle. Fat little Wilkins the butcher, pounding blindly ahead, and sawing the air with outstretched arm, brought his fist down with a thump on the middle of Lord Lynchester's back, and instead of turning pale and trembling, as he would have done at any other time after such a mishap, bobbed off again as merrily as ever with a "Beg pardon, m' lord. Didn't see yer—haw, haw, haw!" For indeed the supper-room had been open for half an hour, and it is not on every day of the year that a man can drink the best of champagne and pay nothing for it.

"All right, Wilkins!" shouted Lord Lynchester after him; "I'll make it hot for you in a minute."

And presently, sure enough, his Lordship, having secured an efficient partner in Miss Croft, darted off in pursuit of the delinquent, and proceeded to waltz round and round him in an ever-contracting circle till he reduced him to such a state of giddiness that he was fain to lean against the wall and gasp. Then with a deft and rapid thrust in the ribs, which caused the luckless butcher to exclaim aloud, "O lord!" he returned to his starting-point, and throwing himself down upon a bench, gave way to a peal of merriment in which Miss Croft joined heartily.

Claud Gervis looked on at all this horse-play with rather wide-opened eyes. Was it in this manner that the aristocracy of Great Britain was accustomed to take its relaxation? he wondered. Of the manners and habits of his native land he was almost entirely ignorant. At Eton he had, of course, associated with many young sprigs of nobility; but rank is not recognized among boys, and Claud's impression of an English lord, which was that commonly current in foreign countries, had received confirmation from such specimens of the race as Lord Courtney and an occasional ambassador or minister plenipotentiary who had come in his way.

"What are you thinking of?" inquired his partner, that pretty Miss Flemyng of whom mention has already been made. "You look quite horrified."

"No, I am not horrified," the young man said; "but I am rather surprised, I admit. It is all so very different from what I expected. I did not think we English were ever so — so uproarious. Surely it is not usual at a ball to try and knock down as many people as one can."

"Well, hardly," answered Miss Flemying laughing. "But this is a yeomanry ball, you must remember; and besides, all the quiet, respectable people are supposed to be gone away."

"But Lady Croft is still here, and Miss Lambert — not to mention present company."

"Lady Croft is here because Florry won't go away; and Miss Lambert is here because she is Miss Lambert, I suppose; and I am here because I came with the Crofts. You need not say anything about it when papa comes to call upon you, by the way. He is like you — rather easily shocked."

"I am not easily shocked," returned Claud, resenting such an imputation with the natural fervor of a very young man.

"No? I thought you looked so. I am sure I should be shocked myself, if I had lived abroad all my life, and had made my first acquaintance with English society to-night. But you mustn't suppose that Lynshire always conducts itself like this. We can behave as nicely as any one else in London; only when we find ourselves all together in our own part of the world, we think we may put on our country manners. And we are all rather savages, as you see."

Miss Flemyng did not look at all like a savage. Claud, who was rather more observant of trifles than most men, had noticed that the dress she wore was assuredly not the handiwork of a provincial artist, and that her abundant brown locks were arranged in accordance with the latest mode. She moved and held herself in the indescribable style which only a woman of the world can acquire: her manner was perfectly easy and natural, and she seemed to be upon terms of the friendliest familiarity with the young men who spoke to her, from time to time, as she stood watching the dance; but she was not loud, like her friend Miss Croft, nor did she make use of the schoolboy's slang which formed so large a portion of that young lady's conversation. Her chief claim to beauty, setting aside those of a neat, well-proportioned little figure and a general air of finish, consisted in a pair of dark-gray eyes, which had been turned innocently upon Claud's more than once in the course of the evening, and had not failed to produce a certain impression upon him. He was glad to hear that Miss Flemyng lived within a few miles of Beachborough, for he thought he would decidedly like to see more of her.

"I am not going to dance any more," she said, after she and her partner had completed one perilous circuit of the room: "it's too hot and dusty and disagreeable. Do you think there is a balcony beyond that window, where the ferns are? If there is, we might go and sit there."

"I know there is," answered Claud, "because I was there earlier in the evening. And there is a particularly comfortable sofa there too, where we can sit and watch the sea; which after all is a much pleasanter thing to look at on a hot night than those fat yeomen."

And now an awkward incident took place, which shows how thoughtless it is of people to bounce unexpectedly into dark corners. Claud pushed open the half-closed French window to let Miss Flemyng pass, and following closely upon her heels—"Here is the sofa," said he.

There it was, sure enough; and there also were two persons seated upon it. Moreover, one of these persons happened to be in the very act of kissing the other. And then, as fate would have it, at that precise moment the moon emerged from behind a cloud, and threw a fine flood of silvery light upon the figures of Freddy Croft and Miss Lambert. The situation was a somewhat embarrassing one; and Claud did not mend matters by hastily whisking round and gazing out to the sea, with an utterly unsuccessful pretense of having seen nothing.

Miss Flemyng was less taken aback. She calmly surveyed the luckless couple for a second, which must have seemed to them an age; and then, stooping to pick up the train of her long dress, stepped quietly back into the ball-room.

She was laughing a little when her partner rejoined her.

"How too ridiculous!" she exclaimed. "I shall never forget poor Freddy's face. I hope you are discreet, and can keep a secret, Mr. Gervis."

"Of course I can," answered Claud. "I wish it had not happened, though. Croft will think it so stupid of me; and really it almost looked as if we had done it on purpose."

"Oh, he won't mind," said Miss Flemyng placidly. "Freddy is always kissing people, and always getting caught. I daresay Miss What's-her-name won't mind much either: she looks as if she was quite accustomed to that kind of thing."

"She may be engaged to be married to him, you know," remarked Claud, feeling bound to say a word for the unfortunate lady whom his awkwardness had compromised.

"Oh, I do hope not. Poor dear little fellow! I should be so very sorry if he were to fall into such a trap as that. He and I have known one another since we were children, and he generally tells me about all his love affairs; but I have been away, and have never seen that monstrosity of a girl till this evening. You don't think there is really any danger, do you?"

Without knowing why, Claud felt vaguely annoyed by the anxious ring of Miss Flemyng's voice. "I can't tell anything

about it," he answered rather shortly. "He seems to admire her very much, and they are always together."

"Well, I wish they were not together now; or at least that they were together anywhere except in the one cool place in the building," remarked Miss Flemyng with a laugh. "We shall have to take refuge on the staircase, I suppose."

To the staircase they accordingly betook themselves; and in that pleasant, untrammeled intercourse which is apt to arise between young men and women under such circumstances, and which, remote though it may be from serious love-making, is generally sweetened by some of the charms which attach to the unknown and the possible, Claud soon forgot all about Freddy Croft and his destinies. But when the last dance was over, and Claud was putting on his coat in the hall, his friend joined him with a face preternaturally long, and said in a solemn voice:—

"I say, Gervis, let me walk a bit of the way with you, will you? I want to speak to you."

"Come along," said Claud. "Will you have a cigar?"

"Oh no," Freddy answered, shaking his head lugubriously: "I don't want to smoke."

He kept silence until he and his companion had reached the outskirts of the town, and then began:—

"Do you know, Gervis, I have made an everlasting fool of myself."

"Ah! I can guess what you mean. I saw you doing it, didn't I?"

"I suppose you did. At least you saw me kissing the girl. But dear me, that was nothing, you know."

"Wasn't it?"

"I mean, of course, it was all right. I knew you and Nina Flemyng were safe enough; and really it was the sort of thing that might have happened to anybody. But by George, sir!" continued Freddy impressively, "do you know what that girl did as soon as you were gone?"

"Burst into tears?" suggested Claud.

"Not she! Began to laugh, and said that now we had been so neatly caught, the best thing we could do was 'to give out our engagement at once.' I thought she was chaffing at first; but she wasn't—deuce a bit! She was as serious as I am now."

"I can quite believe it."

"Well, but, my dear fellow," resumed Freddy impatiently, "don't you see what a horrid mess I am in? I never meant anything of that kind at all; and how was I to suppose that she did? I don't want to marry anybody; and Miss Lambert of all people! She's a very jolly girl, and a first-rate dancer, and all that; but as for spending the rest of one's life with her— Oh, I'm simply done for, and I shall go and drown myself in the harbor."

"I don't think I would decide upon doing that quite yet," remarked the other young man pensively.

"What *would* you do, if you were in my place?"

"I should run away, I think. Have you committed yourself to anything definite?"

"Oh no. In point of fact, I rather tried to laugh the whole thing off; but she wouldn't have that at any price. And the worst of it is, I'm afraid she has told her mother. The old girl gave me a very queer sort of look when I put her into her carriage, and said she would expect to see me to-morrow afternoon."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I? Oh, I said 'Good-night.'"

"That was vague enough, certainly," observed Claud laughing. "Well, I have an idea. I think I can get you out of this. Only you must promise me not to see Mrs. or Miss Lambert till you hear from me again. Most likely I shall be with you before the afternoon."

"My dear fellow, I won't stir out of my bedroom," answered the affrighted baronet earnestly. "I'll stay in bed, if you like. Oh, if only I escape this time, not another woman under sixty years of age do I speak to!"

MRS. WINNINGTON'S EAVESDROPPING

From 'No New Thing'

Mrs. Winnington was a person of the fine-lady type, common enough twenty years or so ago, but now rapidly becoming extinct. Of a commanding presence, and with the remains of considerable beauty, she was always dressed handsomely, and in bright, decided colors; she carried a gold-mounted double eye-glass, through which she was accustomed to survey inferior

mortals with amusing impertinence, while in speaking to them, her voice assumed a drawl so exaggerated as to render her valuable remarks almost unintelligible at times. These little graces of manner had doubtless come to her from a study of the best models, for she went a good deal into the fashionable world at that time; but in addition to these, she possessed a complacent density and an unfeigned self-confidence which were all her own, and which would probably have sufficed at any epoch, and under any circumstances, to render her at once as disagreeable and as contented a woman as could have been found under the sun.

Whether because she resented the slight put upon her by the Brunes, in that they had never seen fit to call at the Palace, or because she had an inkling that their pride surpassed her own vainglory, she made up her mind to snub them; and when Mrs. Winnington made up her mind to any course of action, it was usually carried through with a will. The plainness with which these worthy folks were given to understand that, in her opinion, they were no better than country bumpkins, and the mixture of patronage and insolence with which she bore herself towards them, were in their way inimitable. There are some people magnanimous enough, or indifferent enough, to smile at such small discourtesies; and probably the former owner of Longbourne was more amused than angry when he was informed that the house had been a positive pig-sty before it had been put in order, and that Mrs. Winnington really could not imagine how any one had found it possible to live in such a place. . . .

When she reached home she found the drawing-room and library untenanted; Margaret and Edith having, it was to be presumed, gone out for a walk. Now it was a habit of Mrs. Winnington's, whenever she found the house empty, to prowl all over it, peeping into blotting-books, opening drawers, occasionally going so far as to read letters that might be lying handy, and — as Mrs. Prosser, who hated her with a perfect hatred, would say — "poking and rummaging about as any under-housemaid that I caught at such tricks should be dismissed immediate, and no character given."

It is probable that Mrs. Winnington saw no harm at all in such pokings and rummagings. Her daughters, she would have said, had no secrets from her, or at all events ought not to have any. Nor had she any particular end to serve in entering other people's bedrooms. For some occult reason it gave her

pleasure to do so; and the present occasion being favorable for the gratifying of her tastes, she proceeded to profit by it. First she made a thorough examination of all the reception-rooms; then she went up-stairs, and spent some time in overhauling the contents of Margaret's wardrobe; and then she passed on to the room at that time occupied by Edith, which opened out of a long corridor where the family portraits had hung in the days when the owners of Longbourne had possessed a family to be thus commemorated. This corridor had a peculiarity. It terminated in a small gallery, resembling a theatre box or one of those pews which are still to be met with in a few old-fashioned churches, whence you looked down upon a curious apse-like chamber, tacked on to the house by a seventeenth-century Brune for some purpose unknown. It may have been intended to serve as a theatre, or possibly as a private chapel; of late years it had fallen into disuse, being a gloomy and ill-lighted apartment, and was seldom entered by anybody, except by the housemaids who swept it out from time to time. Some one, however, was in it now. Mrs. Winnington, with her hand on the lock of her daughter's door, was startled by the sound of voices arising from that quarter, and it was a matter of course that she should at once make her way along the passage as stealthily as might be, and peer over the edge of the gallery to see what might be going on below.

She arrived in time to witness a scene so startling that she very nearly put a dramatic finish to it then and there by falling headlong over the balustrade, which was a low one. Upon an ottoman, directly beneath her, her daughter Edith was sitting in a very pretty and graceful attitude: her elbow resting on her knee and her face hidden by her right hand, while her left was held by Walter Brune, who was kneeling at her feet. And this is what that audacious young reprobate was saying, in accents which rose towards the roof with perfect distinctness:—

"Now, my darling girl, you must not allow yourself to be so cowed by that awful old mother of yours. There! I beg your pardon: I didn't intend to speak disrespectfully of her, but it came out before I could stop myself. What I mean is, you mustn't let her bully you to that extent that you daren't call your soul your own. Stand up to her boldly, and depend upon it she'll knock under in the long run. When all's said and done, she can't eat you alive."

The feelings of the astounded listener overhead may be imagined.

"Ah, you don't understand," sighed Edith. "It is easy enough for a man to talk of standing up for himself; but you don't consider how different it is with us."

"But I do understand — I do consider," declared Walter, scrambling up to his feet. "I know it's awfully hard upon you, my dearest; but wouldn't it be harder still to marry some decrepit old lord to please your mother, and to be miserable and ashamed of yourself for the rest of your life?"

At this terrible picture Edith shuddered eloquently.

"So you see it's a choice of evils," continued the young man. "Some people, I know, would think it was a great misfortune for you that you should have come to care for a poor beggar like me; but I am not going to say that because I don't believe it is a real misfortune at all. How can it be a misfortune to love the man who loves you better than any one else in the world can possibly do, and who will always love you just the same as long as he lives?"

"Upon my word!" ejaculated Mrs. Winnington inaudibly.

"Of course," Walter went on, "we shall have troubles, and probably we shall have to wait a good many years; but we are young, and we can afford to wait, if we must. You won't mind waiting?"

"Oh, no: it is not the waiting that I shall mind," said Edith faintly.

"And we know that it won't be for ever, and that nothing can make either of us change. When one thinks of that, all the rest seems almost plain sailing. The first explosion will be the worst part of the business. I shall tell my father to-night."

"Oh, must you? So soon? What *will* he say?"

"He? Oh, he won't say much, dear old man. I dare say he won't exactly approve just at first; but when he sees that I am in earnest, he'll do what he can to help me. And then, you know, my dear, you'll have to tell your mother."

"Walter, I can't. I really *could not* do it. You have really no idea of what a coward I am. I always lie awake shivering all night before I go to the dentist's; and indeed, I would rather have all my teeth pulled out, one by one, than tell mamma that I had engaged myself to you."

At this juncture it was only natural that the young lovers should embrace; and if Mrs. Winnington had not been literally

stunned and paralyzed, she could hardly have maintained her silence any longer in the presence of such a demonstration. As it was, she neither moved nor uttered a word; and presently she heard Edith whisper pleadingly:—

"Walter—dear—don't you think we could—mightn't we—keep it secret just a little longer?"

The honest Walter rubbed his ear in perplexity. "Well, of course we *could;* but it would be only a putting off of the evil day, and I should like to feel that we had been perfectly straight with the old—with your mother. Look here: how would it do if I were to break it to her?"

"Oh, that would be a great deal worse! If only there were some means of letting her find it out!"

Hardly had this aspiration been breathed when a hollow groan was heard, proceeding apparently from the upper air. Edith started violently, and clasped her hands.

"Oh!" she shrieked, "what was that? Did you hear it?"

"Yes," answered Walter, who had himself been somewhat startled: "it was nothing; it was only one of the cows outside. What a timid little goose you are!"

"Oh, it was not a cow! No cow ever made such a dreadful sound as that. I am sure this dismal room is haunted—I can't stay here any more." And Edith fled precipitately.

Walter lingered for a moment, looked all around him, looked up at the ceiling, looked everywhere,—except at the gallery just over his head,—and then hurried away after her.

The cause of all this disturbance was reclining in an arm-chair, fanning herself with her pocket-handkerchief, and feeling by no means sure that she was not about to have a fit.

It is perhaps hardly to be expected that any pity or sympathy should be felt for Mrs. Winnington, who nevertheless was a human creature very much like the rest of us—better, possibly, than some, and no worse than a good many others. In the course of the present narrative her failings have necessarily been brought much to the front; but she was not one of those depraved persons—if indeed there be any such—who deliberately say to Evil, "Be thou my Good." She was not a religious woman (though she had always paid due respect to the observances of the Church, as beseemed a Bishop's wife); but neither was she a woman without clear, albeit perverted, notions of duty. That she was a miserable sinner, she was bound, in a general sort of way, to believe; but she certainly did not suppose

that her sins were any blacker than those of her neighbors. According to her lights, she had done the best that she could for her daughters, whom she really loved after a certain fashion; and according to her lights, she intended to continue doing the best she could for them. It is a fact that she thought a great deal more about them than she did about herself. Thus it was that she was every whit as much astonished and pained by what she had witnessed as the most virtuous mother into whose hands this book may chance to fall, would be, were she to discover her own immaculate daughter in the act of embracing — say the parish doctor or the poverty-stricken parish curate.

"I could not have believed it!" moaned poor Mrs. Winnington, as she sat humped up in her arm-chair, with all her majesty of deportment gone out of her. "I could not have believed it possible! Edith, of all people! If it had been Kate, or even Margaret, I could have understood it better — but Edith! Oh, I am crushed! I shall never get over this."

She really looked and felt as if she might be going to have a serious attack of illness; but as there was nobody there to be alarmed, or to offer her assistance, she picked herself up after a time, and made her way down the corridor with a slow, dragging step.

AN IDYL IN KABYLIA

From 'Mademoiselle de Mersac'

In the first days of June, when the Hôtel d'Orient and the Hôtel de la Régence had bidden adieu to the last of their winter guests; when the Governor-General had migrated from the town to his fairy-like palace on the leafy heights of Mustapha; when the smaller fry of officials were, in imitation of him and in preparation for the hot season, transplanting themselves and their families to the coolest attainable villas; when the aloes were in flower and the air was full of a hundred faint scents, and the corn and barley fields were very nearly ripe for the sickle,— at the time of year, in short, when the luxuriant life and rich beauty of Algeria were at their climax,— it occurred to Léon that it would be a good thing to make a journey into Kabylia. For in the grassy plains of that region, near the first spurs of the great Djurdjura range, dwelt one Señor Lopez, a Spanish colonist and

a breeder of horses, who was generally open to a deal, and who, at this particular time, had a nice lot of foals on hand, out of some of which a discriminating young man might see his way to make honest profit. But as few people, be they never so self-confident, like to rely upon their own judgment alone in so delicate a matter as the purchase of a foal, Léon conceived it to be a *sine quâ non* that his sister should accompany him. And then M. de Saint-Luc, hearing of the projected expedition, must needs declare that he could not possibly leave Algeria without revisiting the scene of his former campaigns, and that the opportunity of doing so in congenial society was one that he would not miss for any imaginable consideration. After which, oddly enough, Mr. Barrington too found out that to make acquaintance with the mountain scenery of Kabylia had always been one of his fondest dreams; and added — Why not push on a little farther, and see some of the hill villages and the famous Fort Napoléon?

Neither Léon nor Jeanne offered any objection to this plan; but when it was communicated to the duchess, she held up her hands in horror and amazement.

"And your chaperon, mademoiselle?" she ejaculated. And the truth is that both the young folks had overlooked this necessary addition to their party.

Now, as the duchess herself would no more have thought of undertaking a weary drive of three or four days' duration over stony places than of ordering a fiery chariot to drive her straight to heaven, and as no other available lady of advanced years could be discovered, it seemed for a time as if either Mademoiselle de Mersac or her two admirers would have to remain in Algiers; but at the last moment a *deus ex machinâ* was found in the person of M. de Fontvieille, who announced his willingness to join the party, and who, as Léon politely remarked when he was out of earshot, was to all intents and purposes as good as any old woman.

Poor old M. de Fontvieille! Nobody thanked him for what was an act of pure good-nature and self-sacrifice — nobody at least except Jeanne, who, by way of testifying her gratitude, spent a long morning with him, examining his collection of gems and listening to the oft-told tale of their several acquisitions, and at the end presented him with an exquisite Marshal Niel rose-bud for his button-hole.

«Ah, mademoiselle,» said he, as he pinned the flower into his coat, «you do well to reserve your roses for old men, who appreciate such gifts at their right value. Give none to the young fellows: it would only increase their vanity, which is great enough already.»

«I never give roses to anybody,» said Jeanne.

«So much the better. Continue, my child, to observe that wise rule. And remember that if the Lily of France is a stiffer flower than the Rose of England, it is still our own, and Frenchwomen ought to love it best.»

«What do you mean?» asked Jeanne, who objected to insinuations.

«I mean nothing, my dear: lilies, I am aware, are out of fashion; choose violets if you prefer them,» answered the old gentleman with a chuckle.

And Jeanne, having no rejoinder ready, took up her sunshade in dignified silence, and went home. . . .

An hour later, she and Barrington were seated opposite to one another in the dilapidated wagonette which Léon used for country journeys. It was an ancient vehicle, with patched cushions and travel-stained leather roof and curtains; but its springs were strong, and it had outlived the jolts and shocks of many an unmetaled road and stony watercourse. Jeanne loved it for association's sake; and Barrington, in his then state of mind, would not have changed it for the car of Aurora.

It is nine years or more since Mr. Barrington was borne swiftly along the dusty road which leads eastward from Algiers in that shabby old shandrydan; and in nine years, the doctors tell us, our whole outer man has been renewed, so that the being which calls itself I to-day inhabits a changed prison from that which it dwelt in a hundred and eight months ago, and will, if it survive, occupy a hundred and eight months hence. Mental statistics are less easy to arrive at, and it may be that our minds are not as subject to the inexorable law of change as our bodies. Barrington, at all events, whose views upon more subjects than one have unquestionably become modified by the lapse of nine years, still asserts, in confidential moments, that he looks back upon that drive into Kabylia as the happiest episode in his existence. «Life,» he says, in that melancholy tone which perfectly prosperous men have a trick of assuming, «is a dull enough business, take it all in all; but it has its good days here and

there." And then he sighs, and puffs silently at his cigar for a minute or two. "Old De Fontvieille sat on the box," he goes on presently, "and talked to the driver. Young De Mersac had ridden ahead, and she and I were as completely alone together as if we had been upon a desert island. It was a situation in which human nature instinctively shakes itself free of commonplace conventionality. We did not flirt,—thank Heaven, we were neither of us so *vulgar* as to think of flirting!—but we talked together as freely and naturally as Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden." And then he generally heaves another sigh, and rhapsodizes on and on, till, patient as one is, one has to remind him that it is long past bedtime.

As (to use a hackneyed illustration) the traveler looks back upon distant purple mountains, forgetting, as he contemplates their soft beauty, the roughness of the track by which he crossed them, so Barrington recalls the happy bygone days of his Kabylian journey, and ignores the petty annoyances which somewhat marred his enjoyment of it while it lasted. To hear him talk you would think that the sun had never been too hot, nor the roads too dusty, during that memorable excursion; that good food was obtainable at every halting-place, and that he had never had cause to complain of the accommodation provided for him for the night. Time has blotted out from his mental vision all retrospect of dirt, bad food, and the virulent attacks of the African flea—a most malignant insect; *impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer;* an animal who dies as hard as a rhinoceros, and is scarcely less venomous than a mosquito. He dwells not now upon the horrors of his first night at Bon-Douaou, during which he sat up in bed, through long wakeful hours, doggedly scattering insecticide among his savage assailants, and producing about as much effect thereby as a man slinging stones at an iron-clad might do. The place where there was nothing but briny bacon to eat, the place where there was nothing but a broken-down billiard-table and a rug to sleep upon, and the place where there was nothing to drink except bad absinthe,—all these have faded out of his recollection. But in truth, these small discomforts were soon forgotten, even at the time. . . .

When Thomas of Ercildoune took his famous ride with the Queen of the Fairies, and reached a region unknown to man, it will be remembered that the fair lady drew rein for a few minutes, and indicated to her companion the various paths that

lay before them. There was the thorny way of righteousness and the broad road of iniquity,—neither of which have ever been found entirely free from drawbacks by mortals,—but besides these there was a third path:—

> "Oh, see ye not that bonny road,
> That winds about the fernie brae?
> That is the road to fair Elfland,
> Where thou and I this night maun gae."

And Thomas seems to have offered no objection to his leader's choice.

Even so Barrington, though capable of distinguishing between broad and narrow paths and their respective goals, capable also —which is perhaps more to the purpose—of forecasting the results of prudence and folly, chose at this time to close his eyes, and wander with Jeanne into that fairy-land of which every man gets a glimpse in his time, though few have the good fortune to linger within its precincts as long as did Thomas the Rhymer.

And so there came to him five days of which he will probably never see the like again. Five days of glowing sunshine; five luminous, starlit nights—eighty hours, more or less (making deductions for sleeping-time) of unreasoning, unthinking, unmixed happiness: such was Barrington's share of Fairyland —and a very fair share too, as the world goes. He would be puzzled now—and indeed, for that matter, he would have been puzzled a week after the excursion—to give any accurate description of the country between Algiers and Fort Napoléon. The sum of his reminiscences was, that in the dewy mornings and the cool evenings he drove through a wooded, hilly country with Jeanne; that he rested in the noonday heat at spacious whitewashed caravanserais or small wayside taverns, and talked to Jeanne; that her tall, graceful figure was the first sight he saw in the morning and the last at night; that he never left her side for more than ten minutes at a time; that he discovered some fresh charm in her with each succeeding hour; and that when he arrived at Fort Napoléon, and the limit of his wanderings, he was as completely and irretrievably in love as ever man was.

In truth, the incidents of the journey were well calculated to enhance the mixture of admiration and reverence with which Barrington had regarded Mademoiselle de Mersac from the moment

of his first meeting with her. Her progress through Kabylia was like that of a gracious queen among her subjects. The swarthy Kabyle women, to whom she spoke in their own language, and for the benefit of whose ragged children she had provided herself with a multitude of toys, broke into shrill cries of welcome when they recognized her; the sparse French colonists at whose farms she stopped came out to greet her with smiles upon their careworn faces; at the caravanserai of the Issers, where some hundreds of Arabs were assembled for the weekly market, the Caïd of the tribe, a stately gray-bearded patriarch, who wore the star of the Legion of Honor upon his white burnous, stepped out from his tent as she approached, and bowing profoundly, took her hand and raised it to his forehead; even the villainous, low-browed, thin-lipped Spanish countenance of Señor Lopez assumed an expression of deprecating amiability when she addressed him; he faltered in the tremendous lies which from mere force of habit he felt constrained to utter about the pedigree of his colts; his sly little beady eyes dropped before her great grave ones, he listened silently while she pointed out the inconsistencies of his statements, and finally made a far worse bargain with M. Léon than he had expected or intended to do.

And if anything more had been needed to complete Barrington's subjugation, the want would have been supplied by Jeanne's demeanor towards himself. Up to the time of this memorable journey she had treated him with a perceptible measure of caprice, being kind or cold as the humor took her: sometimes receiving him as an old friend, sometimes as a complete stranger, and even snubbing him without mercy upon one or two occasions. It was her way to behave so towards all men, and she had not seen fit to exempt Mr. Barrington altogether from the common lot of his fellows. But now — perhaps because she had escaped from the petty trammels and irritations of every-day life, perhaps because the free air of the mountains which she loved disposed her to cast aside formality, or perhaps from causes unacknowledged by herself — her intercourse with the Englishman assumed a wholly new character. She wandered willingly with him into those quaint Kabyle villages which stand each perched upon the apex of a conical hill — villages which took a deal of fighting to capture, and might have to be taken all over again, so Léon predicted, one fine day; she stood behind him

and looked over his shoulder while he dashed off hasty likenesses of such of the natives as he could induce, by means of bribes, to overcome their strong natural aversion to having their portraits taken; she never seemed to weary of his company; and if there was still an occasional touch of condescension in her manner, it is probable that Barrington, feeling as he then did, held such manifestations to be only fitting and natural as coming from her to him.

And then, by degrees, there sprang up between them a kind of natural understanding, an intuitive perception of each other's thoughts and wishes, and a habit of covertly alluding to small matters and small jokes unknown to either of their companions. And sometimes their eyes met for a second, and often an unintelligible smile appeared upon the lips of the one, to be instantaneously reflected upon those of the other. All of which things were perceived by the observant M. de Fontvieille, and caused him to remark aloud every night, in the solitude of his own chamber, before going to bed: "Madame, I was not the instigator of this expedition; on the contrary, I warned you against it. I had no power and no authority to prevent its consequences, and I wash my hands of them."

The truth is that the poor old gentleman was looking forward with some trepidation to an interview with the duchess, which his prophetic soul saw looming in the future.

Fort Napoléon, frowning down from its rocky eminence upon subjugated Kabylia, is the most important fortress of that once turbulent country, and is rather a military post than a town or village. It has however a modicum of civilian inhabitants, dwelling in neat little white houses on either side of a broad street, and at the eastern end of the street a small church has been erected. Thither Jeanne betook herself one evening at the hour of the Ave Maria, as her custom was. . . .

The door swung back on its hinges, and Jeanne emerged from the gloom of the church and met the dazzling blaze of the sunset, which streamed full upon her, making her cast her eyes upon the ground.

She paused for a moment upon the threshold; and as she stood there with her pale face, her drooped eyelids, and a sweet grave smile upon her lips — Barrington, whose imagination was for ever playing him tricks, mentally likened her to one of Fra Angelico's angels. She did not in reality resemble one of those

ethereal beings much more than she did the heathen goddess to whom he had once before compared her; but something of the sanctity of the church seemed to cling about her, and that, together with the tranquillity of the hour, kept Barrington silent for a few minutes after they had walked away side by side. It was not until they had reached the western ramparts, and leaning over them, were gazing down into purple valleys lying in deep shade beneath the glowing hill-tops, that he opened his lips.

"So we really go back again to-morrow," he sighed.

"Yes, to-morrow," she answered absently.

"Back to civilization — back to the dull, monotonous world. What a bore it all is! I wish I could stay here for ever!"

"What! You would like to spend the rest of your life at Fort Napoléon?" said Jeanne with a smile. "How long would it take you to tire of Kabylia? A week — two weeks? Not perhaps so much."

"Of what does not one tire in time?" he answered. "I have tried most things, and have found them all tolerably wearisome in the end. But there is one thing of which I could never tire."

"And that — ?" inquired Jeanne, facing him with raised eyebrows of calm interrogation.

He had been going to say "Your society"; but somehow he felt ashamed to utter so feeble a commonplace, and substituted for it, rather tamely, "My friends."

"Ah! there are many people who tire of them also, after a time," remarked Jeanne. "As for me, I have so few friends," she added a little sadly.

"I hope you will always think of me as one of those few," said Barrington.

"You? Oh yes, if you wish it," she answered rather hurriedly. Then, as if desiring to change the subject, "How quiet everything is!" she exclaimed. "Quite in the distance I can hear that there is somebody riding up the hill from Tizi-Ouzou; listen!"

Barrington bent his ear forward, and managed just to distinguish the faint ringing of a horse's hoofs upon the road far below. Presently even this scarcely perceptible sound died away, and a universal hush brooded over the earth and air. Then for a long time neither of them spoke again, — Jeanne because her thoughts were wandering; Barrington because he was half afraid of what he might say if he trusted himself to open his lips.

CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

(1827–)

MR. LOWELL and Colonel Higginson have given us vivid pictures of the quiet suburban village of Cambridge, in which stood the Harvard College of the early nineteenth century. Here Charles Eliot Norton was born. By eight years the junior of Lowell and by four of Higginson, Professor Norton is the youngest member of a notable group, and will pass into the history of American letters at the close of the little file which includes the Autocrat,—and by all rights save that of birth, Longfellow as well.

C. E. NORTON

In the great rush to ever-changing Western abodes, Mr. Norton has throughout his threescore years and ten associated the word «home» with the ample roof and ancient elms of «Shady Hill,» where he was born November 16th, 1827. The years 1849–50, 1855–57, 1868–73, indeed, were spent in contented exile, beginning with a business voyage to India. Since 1874, however, he has taught faithfully at Harvard; not, like his father, a pillar of orthodoxy in the Divinity School, but filling a collegiate chair as professor of the history of art.

In one of the most impressive of his numerous essays on social questions, Mr. Norton deplores the lack of permanency, of the deep-struck local root, in our domestic and social life. The happiest illustration of his thesis stood close at hand. In all the land there are few homes so restful, so refined, so hospitable, as «Shady Hill.»

This is, however, by no means a spot secluded from the busy world of men. More perhaps than any other American in our generation, Mr. Norton has been a stern and fearless critic of everything in our social and intellectual life that falls short of his own highest ideals. This is one of the best uses to which brave and generous patriotism can devote itself. It is always easier to praise, or be silent, than to blame; to swim with the current than to stem the popular tide.

The rapid material growth of our country, the successful strife with savage nature, the rush of immigration from every land, the fierce friction through which alone those motley forms of humanity

can be merged in the new national type,—all these conditions have aided to mold many a heroic active career in America; but have made difficult, if not impossible, the «life contemplative.» Perhaps it is not desirable that the scholastic recluse should ever find it easy to live out his selfish existence among us. The most self-centred dreamer of the dream divine we have yet known—Emerson—declared that he did but

«Go to the god of the wood
To fetch his word to men.»

Our danger is rather that we shall neglect altogether those periods of solitude and meditation which are as necessary to the mind and soul as slumber for the body. Yet those who best realize this truth —strong-winged spirits like Ruskin, Carlyle, Matthew Arnold—are oftenest tempted to disdain the contented average man or woman of their time, precisely because their own eyes are fixed on an ideal existence as yet but half attainable even by themselves.

There is a wide-spread tradition that each of the three great Englishmen just mentioned has regarded Mr. Norton as the foremost among American thinkers, scholars, or men of culture. In this last class, indeed, he would doubtless be generally accorded the most prominent place, especially since the death of his two dearest friends, Lowell and Curtis. Mr. Norton has always seemed less optimistic than either of these two. He has not appeared to share their buoyant confidence in the future of the race, and of our nation in particular. Nevertheless, remembering all that Hosea Biglow did to uplift and strengthen our patriotism, recalling how wisely, eloquently, and genially the Easy Chair pleaded for every social and political reform, we shall find decisive evidence of highest worth and general character even in this alone,—that Mr. Norton was the closest lifelong friend of each, the literary executor of both.

Mr. Norton has not the technical training of an architect, sculptor, or painter. Indeed, though he preaches sincerely the superior ethical value and expressiveness of the material arts, he is himself a man of books, a critic of thought and style. Far though he has journeyed from the Calvinistic creed of an earlier generation, he retains all the moral fibre of his Puritan ancestors.

Professor Norton's pathetic, almost despondent mental attitude toward the conditions of our day has perhaps been confirmed by his long devotion to the grim master-poet of Tuscany. For Italy his heartiest affection is expressed in his 'Notes of Travel' (1859). It is thirty years since he published a translation of the 'Vita Nuova,' wherein Dante's love poems were duly rendered in English rhymed verse. Mr. Norton and Mr. Lowell were the most faithful collaborators also upon the poet Longfellow's careful rendering of Dante in

blank verse. Nevertheless, when Professor Norton's own translation of the 'Divine Comedy,' which he had interpreted to many successive classes of students, was finally printed (1891–2), it was wholly in prose. Of the faithful, lucid, somewhat calm and terse style employed in this rendering, an extended example has been offered already to readers of the 'Library.' Of course a prose version of a poem, itself a highly elaborated masterpiece of rhythmical form, will not satisfy every reader; but all the thoughts of Dante are here transferred. It is earnestly to be hoped that the 'Convito' also will be given to the public in completed form. As originator, president, and soul of the Dante Society, Mr. Norton must be credited with most of the modest sum total thus far accomplished on American soil in Dantesque research and publication.

In the direction of his professional teaching, Mr. Norton's chief public volume is his 'Church Building in the Middle Ages.' Here by three noble examples — the cathedrals of Venice, Siena, and Florence — the author illustrates his favorite thesis. A poem, more perhaps than a picture or a statue, may be in large part the miracle of a moment, the fruit of creative genius manifested in a single man: into a supreme masterpiece of architecture the physical and moral character of a whole race is built, and therefore finds therein its fullest expression.

Mr. Norton may also well count as a great service to art the foundation of an "Archæological Institute of America," which he served for many years as president and most active member. This society sent out the first American archæological expedition, — to Assos in Asia Minor, 1881–3, — founded the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, and has just shared in the creation of the sister school in Rome. This movement has already gone far toward revolutionizing and giving fresh life to the study of classical antiquity in America. For a series of years also Mr. Norton shared with his friend Lowell the editorial work of the scholarly old North American Review: a publication which is still painfully missed, for it has no real successor.

Amid all these heavy cares, shared by comparatively few helpers, Mr. Norton has answered cheerfully in every crisis to the call of civic and patriotic duty. (The remarkable reappearance of the "scholar in politics" during the last two decades has indeed nowhere been more striking than at Harvard.) Lastly, this busy student, teacher, and author has responded no less patiently to every call, however unreasonable, on his personal sympathy. Many an old Harvard man will recall, with sincere remorse, how often his crude intellectual ambitions or moral perplexities were suffered to encroach on crowded hours and limited physical strength. Toward his chosen

friends, death itself does not interrupt his devotion. Not only Lowell's poetry and letters and Curtis's speeches, but Emerson's and Carlyle's correspondence, have found in Mr. Norton a judicious and laborious editor.

Altogether, it would be difficult to find a better example than this to illustrate the happy use of moderate wealth and of inherited scholarly tastes, for lifelong self-improvement and many-sided usefulness. The man of unwearying self-culture, moreover, sets an example of that ideal which all may in due measure attain.

THE BUILDING OF ORVIETO CATHEDRAL

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THE best Gothic architecture, wherever it may be found, affords evidence that the men who executed it were moved by a true fervor of religious faith. In building a church, they did not forget that it was to be the house of God. No portion of their building was too minute, no portion too obscure, to be perfected with thorough and careful labor. The work was not let out by contract, or taken up as a profitable job. The architect of a cathedral might live all his life within the shadow of its rising walls, and die no richer than when he gave the sketch; but he was well repaid by the delight of seeing his design grow from an imagination to a reality, and by spending his days in the accepted service of the Lord.

For the building of a cathedral, however, there needs not only a spirit of religious zeal among the workmen, but a faith no less ardent among the people for whom the church is designed. The enormous expense of construction — an expense which for generations must be continued without intermission — is not to be met except by liberal and willing general contributions. Papal indulgences and the offerings of pilgrims may add something to the revenues; but the main cost of building must be borne by the community over whose house-tops the cathedral is to rise and to extend its benign protection.

Cathedrals were essentially expressions of the popular will and the popular faith. They were the work neither of ecclesiastics nor of feudal barons. They represent in a measure

the decline of feudalism, and the prevalence of the democratic element in society. No sooner did a city achieve its freedom than its people began to take thought for a cathedral. Of all the arts, architecture is the most quickly responsive to the instincts and the desires of a people. And in the cathedrals, the popular beliefs, hopes, fears, fancies, and aspirations found expression, and were perpetuated in a language intelligible to all. The life of the Middle Ages is recorded on their walls. When the democratic element was subdued, as in Cologne by a Prince Bishop, or in Milan by a succession of tyrants, the cathedral was left unfinished. When in the fifteenth century, all over Europe, the turbulent but energetic liberties of the people were suppressed, the building of cathedrals ceased.

The grandeur, beauty, and lavish costliness of the Duomo at Orvieto, or of any other of the greater cathedrals, implies a persistency and strength of purpose which could be the result only of the influence over the souls of men of a deep and abiding emotion. Minor motives may often have borne a part in the excitement of feeling,—motives of personal ambition, civic pride, boastfulness, and rivalry; but a work that requires the combined and voluntary offerings and labor of successive generations presupposes a condition of the higher spiritual nature which no motives but those connected with religion are sufficient to support. It becomes then a question of more than merely historic interest, a question indeed touching the very foundation of the spiritual development and civilization of modern Europe, to investigate the nature and origin of that wide-spread impulse which for two centuries led the people of different races, and widely diverse habits of life and thought, to the construction of cathedrals,—buildings such as our own age, no less than those which have immediately preceded it, seems incompetent to execute, and indifferent to attempt.

It is impossible to fix a precise date for the first signs of vigorous and vital consciousness which gave token of the birth of a new life out of the dead remains of the ancient world. The tenth century is often spoken of as the darkest period of the Dark Ages; but even in its dull sky there were some breaks of light, and very soon after it had passed the dawn began to brighten. The epoch of the completion of a thousand years from the birth of Christ, which had, almost from the first preaching of Christianity, been looked forward to as the time for the destruction

of the world and the advent of the Lord to judge the earth, had passed without the fulfillment of these ecclesiastical prophecies and popular anticipations. There can be little doubt that among the mass of men there was a sense of relief, naturally followed by a certain invigoration of spirit. The eleventh century was one of comparative intellectual vigor. The twelfth was still more marked by mental activity and force. The world was fairly awake. Civilization was taking the first steps of its modern course. The relations of the various classes of society were changing. A wider liberty of thought and action was established; and while this led to a fresh exercise of individual power and character, it conduced also to combine men together in new forms of united effort for the attainment of common objects and in the pursuit of common interests.

Corresponding with, but perhaps subsequent by a short interval to, the pervading intellectual movement, was a strong and quickening development of the moral sense among men. The periods distinguished in modern history by a condition of intellectual excitement and fervor have been usually, perhaps always, followed at a short interval by epochs of more or less intense moral energy, which has borne a near relation to the nature of the moral elements in the previous intellectual movement. The Renaissance, an intellectual period of pure immorality, was followed close by the Reformation, whose first characteristic was that of protest. The Elizabethan age, in which the minds of men were full of large thoughts, and their imaginations rose to the highest flights, led in the noble sacrifices, the great achievements, the wild vagaries of Puritanism. The age of Voltaire and the infidels was followed by the fierce energy, the infidel morality of the French Revolution. And so at this earlier period, the general intellectual awakening, characterized as it was by simple impulses, and regulated in great measure by the teachings of the Church, produced a strong outbreak of moral earnestness which exhibited itself in curiously similar forms through the whole of Europe. . . .

The immense amount of labor employed in the construction, — and of labor of the most diverse description, from the highest efforts of the inventive imagination to the simplest mechanical hammering of blocks of stone, — led to a careful organization of the whole body of workmen, and to the setting aside of a special building, the *Loggia*, on the Cathedral square, for the use of the

masters in the different arts. Each art had its chief, and over all presided "the Master of the Masters," skilled no less in painting, mosaic, and sculpture, than in architecture. The larger number of the most accomplished artists came at this time from Siena and Pisa, where the growth of the arts had a little earlier spring than in Florence. Whatever designs and models were required for any portion of the work were first submitted for approval to the head of the special art to which they belonged; and if approved by him, were then laid before the Master of the Masters, and the Board of Superintendents of the work. These officers occupied a house opposite the front of the Duomo, in which they assembled for deliberation, and where the records of their proceedings were kept in due form by a notary, who every week registered the works accomplished, the cost of materials, and the wages of those employed on the building.

Beside the masters and men at work at Orvieto, many others were distributed in various parts of Italy, employed in obtaining materials, and especially in quarrying and cutting marble for the Cathedral. Black marble was got from the quarries near Siena, alabaster from Sant' Antimo, near Radicofani, and white marble from the mountains of Carrara. But the supply of the richest and rarest marbles came from Rome, the ruins of whose ancient magnificence afforded ample stores of costliest material to the builders not only of the Papal city itself, but of Naples, of Orvieto, and of many another Italian town. The Greek statuary marble which had once formed part of some ancient temple was transferred to the hands of the new sculptors, to be worked into forms far different in character and in execution from those of Grecian art. The accumulated riches of pagan Rome were distributed for the adornment of Christian churches.

To destroy the remains of paganism was regarded as a scarcely less acceptable service than to erect new buildings for Christian worship. Petrarch had not yet begun to lament the barbarism of such destruction. The beauty of the ancient world was recognized as yet only by a few artists, powerless to save its vanishing remains. Not yet had the intoxicating sense of this beauty begun to recorrupt and re-effeminate Italy. A century later, Rome began to preserve in part the few remaining memorials of her ancient splendor; and not many years after, the Renaissance, with its degraded taste and debasing principles, set in, and the influence of ancient art on modern morals was displayed.

The workmen who labored in quarrying at Rome during the winter retired in summer to the healthy heights of the Alban mountains; and there, among the ruins of ancient villas, continued their work, and thence dispatched the blocks, on wagons drawn by buffaloes, to their distant destination. The entries in the book of the records of the *Fabbrica* show with what a network of laborers, in the service of the Cathedral, the neighboring provinces were overspread. Thus, under date of the 13th of September, 1321, there is an entry of the expense of the transport of marbles, and of travertine for coarse work, from Valle del Cero, from Barontoli, from Tivoli, and from Rigo on the Tiber; and on the 11th of the same month, sixty florins of gold and fourteen *lire* in silver were paid for the transport, with sixteen pairs of buffaloes, from the forest of Aspretolo, of sixteen loads of fir timber for the soffit of the Cathedral, and one beam of the largest size. Again, there is an entry of the payment for bringing four great pieces of marble, of the weight of 8,100 pounds, from the quarter of St. Paul at Rome; and a little later another for 14,250 pounds of marble, also from Rome. On the 21st of June, nine *lire* and eleven *soldi* had been spent in the purchase of an ass,—"quem somarium Mag. Laurentius caput Magistrorum operis et Camerarius emerunt pro portandis ferris et rebus Magistrorum operis Romam." From the quarry of Montepisi came loads of marble for the main portal and for the side-doors; and from Arezzo, famous of old for its red vases, was brought clay for the glass furnace for the making of mosaics. On the 3d of August, a messenger was dispatched with letters from the architect to the workmen at Albano, "Magistris operis qui laborant marmora apud Castrum Albani, prope Urbem." Such entries as these extend over many years; and show not only the activity displayed in the building, but also its enormous costliness, and the long foresight and wide knowledge of means required in its architect.

Trains of wagons, loaded with material for the Cathedral, made their slow progress toward the city from the north and the south, from the shores of the Adriatic and of the Mediterranean. The heavy carts which had creaked under their burdens along the solitudes of the Campagna of the Maremma, which had toiled up the forest-covered heights that overhang Viterbo, through the wild passes of Monte Cimino, or whose shouting teamsters had held back their straining buffaloes down the bare sides of the mountains of Radicofani, arrived in unending succession in the

valley of the Paglia. The worst part of the way, however, still lay before them in the steep ascent to the uplifted city. But here the zeal of voluntary labor came in to lighten the work of the tugging buffaloes. Bands of citizens enrolled themselves to drag the carts up the rise of the mountain; and on feast days the people of the neighboring towns flocked in to take their share in the work, and to gain the indulgences offered to those who should give a helping hand. We may imagine these processions of laborers in the service of the house of the Lord advancing to the sound of the singing of hymns or the chanting of penitential psalms; but of these scenes no formal description has been left. The enthusiasm which was displayed was of the same order as that which, a century before, had been shown at the building of the magnificent Cathedral of Chartres, but probably less intense in its expression, owing to the change in the spirit of the times. Then men and women, sometimes to the number of a thousand, of all ranks and conditions, harnessed themselves to the wagons loaded with materials for building, or with supplies for the workmen. No one was admitted into the company who did not first make confession of his sins, "and lay down at the foot of the altar all hatred and anger." As cart after cart was dragged in by its band of devotees, it was set in its place in a circle of wagons around the church. Candles were lighted upon them all, as upon so many altars. At night the people watched, singing hymns and songs of praise, or inflicting discipline upon themselves, with prayers for the forgiveness of their sins.

Processions of Juggernaut, camp-meetings, the excitements of a revival, are exhibitions under another form of the spirit shown in these enrollments of the people as beasts of burden. Such excitements rarely leave any noble or permanent result. But it was the distinctive characteristic of this period of religious enthusiasm that there were men honestly partaking in the general emotion, yet of such strong individuality of genius that instead of being carried away by the wasteful current of feeling, they were able to guide and control to great and noble purposes the impulsive activity and bursting energies of the time. Religious excitements so called, of whatever kind, imply one of two things: either a morbid state of the physical or mental system, or a low and materialistic conception of the truths of the spiritual life. They belong as much to the body as to the soul, and they seek vent for the energies they arouse, in physical manifestations.

Between the groaning of a set of miserable sinners on the anxious seats, and the toiling of men and women at the ropes of carts laden with stone for a church, there is a close relation. The cause and nature of the emotion which influences them are the same. The difference of its mode of exhibition arises from original differences of character, from changes in religious creeds, from the varied circumstances of different ages. It is a difference exhibited in the contrast between the bare boards of a Methodist meeting-house and the carved walls of a Catholic cathedral.

THE DOME OF BRUNELLESCHI

From 'Historical Studies of Church Building in the Middle Ages.' Copyright 1880, by Harper & Brothers. Reprinted by consent of Author and Publishers.

In the chapter-house — the so-called Spanish chapel — of Santa Maria Novella, is one of the most interesting pictures of the fourteenth century. It has been ascribed, rightly or wrongly is of little consequence, to the great Sienese master Simone Memmi. It represents, in a varied and crowded composition of many scenes, the services and the exaltation of St. Dominic and his order. The artist may well have had in his mind the splendid eulogy of the saint which Dante heard from St. Bonaventura in Paradise. As the type and image of the visible Church, the painter had depicted the Duomo of Florence — not unfinished, as it was at the time, but completed, and representing, we may believe, in its general features, the original project of Arnolfo, although the details are rather in the spirit of the delicate Gothic work of Orcagna's school than in that of an earlier time. The central area of the church is covered by an octagonal dome that rises from a cornice on a level with a roof of the nave, and is adorned at each angle with the figure of an angel.

When the church now, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, was approaching completion, this original project of an octagonal dome still seemed the only plan practicable for the covering of the intersection of nave and transept; but the construction of such a work had been rendered vastly more difficult by the immense increase in the original dimensions. The area to be spanned was enormous, for the diameter of the octagon was now about one hundred and thirty-five feet. The difficulty was

the greater from the height of the walls from which the dome must spring. No Gothic builder had vaulted such an area as this. Since the Pantheon was built, no architect had attempted a dome with such a span; and the dome of the Pantheon itself, with a diameter of one hundred and forty-three feet, rose from a wall that was but seventy-two feet in height. The dome of St. Sophia, the supreme work of the Byzantine builders, with the resources of the Empire at their command, had a diameter of but one hundred and four feet, and the height from the ground to its very summit was but one hundred and seventy-nine feet. The records of architecture could not show such a dome as this must be. Where was the architect to be found who would venture to undertake its construction? What were the means he could employ for its execution? Such were the questions that pressed upon those who had the work in charge, and which busied the thoughts of the builders of the time. . . .

It cannot now be determined, and it is of little importance, whether Brunelleschi's object in going to Rome was as distinctly defined beforehand in his own mind as Vasari declares in the statement that he had two most grand designs: one to bring to light again good architecture; the other to find the means, if he could, of vaulting the cupola of St. Mary of the Flower, "an intention of which he said nothing to Donatello or any living soul;"—or whether, as the anonymous biographer implies, this object gradually took shape in his thought as he studied the remains of Roman antiquity, acquainting himself with the forms and proportions of classic buildings, and with the unsurpassed methods of Roman construction. But this journey of Brunelleschi and Donatello, that they might learn, and learning revive, "the good ancient art," is one of the capital incidents in the modern Renaissance. These were the two men in all Florence, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, of deepest nature, of most various and original genius. They were in little sympathy with the temper of the Middle Ages. For them the charm of its finest moods was lost. The spirit that had given form to Gothic art had always been foreign to Tuscan artists. The traditions of an earlier time had never wholly failed to influence their work. And now the worth and significance of ancient art, first recognized by Niccola Pisano a century and a half earlier, were felt as never before. The work of the scholars of the fourteenth century, in the collection and study of the fragments of ancient

culture, was bearing fruit. For a hundred years the progress in letters and the arts in Italy had been quickened by the increasing knowledge of the past; and with each step of advance men had not only felt deeper and more inspiring delight in the ideals of the classic world, but had found more and more instruction in the models which its works presented. Through the creations of the art of former days nature herself was revealed to them in new aspects. Their reverence for the teachings of the ancients was often uncritical and indiscriminate, but the zeal with which they sought them was sincere and invigorating. It was not till a later time, when the first eagerness of enthusiasm had given place to a dry pedantry of investigation, that the study of classic models allured a weaker generation from the paths of nature and independence into those of artificiality and imitation.

Brunelleschi was the first artist to visit Rome with fully open modern eyes. From morning till night, day after day, he and Donatello were at work unearthing half-buried ruins, measuring columns and entablatures, digging up hidden fragments, searching for whatever might reveal the secrets of ancient time. The common people fancied them to be seekers for buried treasure; but the treasure for which they sought was visible only to one who had, like Brunelleschi, as his biographer says, "buono occhio mentale,"—a clear mental eye.

For many years the greater part of Brunelleschi's life was spent in Rome. He had sold a little farm that he owned at Settignano, near Florence, to obtain the means of living; but falling short of money after a while, he turned to the art in which he had served his apprenticeship, and gained his livelihood by work as a goldsmith. The condition of Rome at this time was wretched in the extreme. Nothing was left of the dignity of the ancient city but its ruins. There was no settled civic order, no regular administration of law or justice. Life and property were insecure. The people were poor, suffering, and turbulent. Rome was the least civilized city of Italy. Its aspect was as wretched as its condition. Large tracts within its walls were vacant. Its inhabited portions were a labyrinth of filthy lanes. Many churches, built in earlier centuries, were neglected and falling to ruin. There was no respect for the monuments of former times. Many were buried under heaps of the foulest rubbish; many were used as quarries of stone for common walls; many were cumbered by mean buildings, or occupied as

strongholds. The portico of the Pantheon was filled with stalls and booths; the arcades of the Colosseum were blocked up with rude structures used for the most various purposes; the Forum was crowded with a confused mass of low dwellings. Ancient marbles, fragments of splendid sculpture, were often calcined for lime. The reawakening interest in antiquity which was inspiring the scholars and artists of Florence, and which was beginning to modify profoundly the culture and the life of Europe, was not yet shared by those who dwelt within the city which was its chief source, and reverence for Rome was nowhere less felt than in Rome itself.

But the example and the labors of Brunelleschi were opening the way to change. He was the pioneer along a path leading to modern times. In the midst of conditions that must have weighed heavily upon him, he continued the diligent study of the remains of ancient art, investigating especially such structures as the Pantheon and the Baths, for the purpose of learning the methods adopted in their construction.

Meantime his repute was slowly advancing at home; and when at intervals he visited Florence, he was consulted in respect to the public and private buildings with which the flourishing city was adorning herself. The work on the Duomo was steadily proceeding. The eastern tribune was finished in 1407; the others were approaching completion. The original plan of a dome springing from the level of the roof of the nave had been recognized as unfit for the larger church. Such a dome would have had too heavy and too low a look. It had been decided that the dome must be lifted above the level of the roof upon a massive octagonal drum; and already in 1417 the *occhi*, or round lights, of the drum were constructing, and the time was close at hand when the structure would be ready for the beginning of the dome itself. The overseers of the work were embarrassed by the difficulty of the task by which they were confronted, and knew not how to proceed. If a framework for the centring of the dome were to be built up from the ground, they stood aghast at the quantity of timber required for it, and at the enormous cost; so that it seemed to them well-nigh an impossibility, or to speak more truly, absolutely impossible.

The Board of Works sought advice from Brunelleschi. «But if the master builders had seen difficulties, Philip showed them far more. And some one asking, Is there, then, no mode of

erecting it? Philip, who was ingenious also in discourse, replied that if the thing were really impossible, it could not be done: but that if it were not so, there ought to be some one in the world who could do the work; and seeing that it was a religious edifice, the Lord God, to whom nothing was impossible, would surely not abandon it." Further consultations were held; and on May 19th, 1417, the *Opera* voted to give Philip di Ser Brunellesco "pro bona gratuitate" — for his labors in making drawings and employing himself concerning the cupola — ten golden florins. . . . No more characteristic or remarkable design was produced during the whole period of the Renaissance than this with which its great architectural achievements began. It was the manifesto of a revolution in architecture. It marks an epoch in the art. Such a dome as Brunelleschi proposed to erect had never been built. The great domes of former times — the dome of the Pantheon, the dome of Santa Sophia — had been designed solely for their interior effect: they were not impressive or noble structures from without. But Brunelleschi had conceived a dome which, grand in its interior aspect, should be even more superb from without than from within, and which in its stately dimensions and proportions, in its magnificent lift above all the other edifices of the city of which it formed the centre, should give the fullest satisfaction to the desire common in the Italian cities for a monumental expression of the political unity and the religious faith of their people. His work fulfilled the highest aim of architecture as a civic art, in being a political symbol, an image of the life of the State itself. As such no other of the ultimate forms of architecture was so appropriate as the dome. Its absolute unity and symmetry, the beautiful shape and proportions of its broad divisions, the strong and simple energy of its upwardly converging lines, all satisfied the sentiment of Florence, compounded as it was of the most varied elements,— civic, political, religious, and æsthetic. . . .

At last, in 1420, all these masters from beyond the mountains were assembled in Florence, together with those of Tuscany, and all the ingenious architects of the city, among them Brunelleschi himself. On a certain day they all met at the works of S. Maria del Fiore, together with the consuls and the Board of Works and a choice of the most intelligent citizens; and then one after another spoke his mind as to the mode in which the dome might be built. "It was a fine thing to hear the strange and diverse

opinions on the matter." Some advised to build up a structure from the ground to support the cupola while it was in process of building. Others, for the same end, proposed heaping up a high mound of earth, in which pieces of money should be buried, so that when the work was done the common people would carry away the earth for the sake of what they might find in it. Others again urged that the cupola be built of pumice-stone, for the sake of lightness. Only Philip said that the dome could be built without any such support of timber or masonry or earth, and was laughed at by all for such a wild and impracticable notion; and growing hot in the explanation and defense of his plan of construction, and being told to go but not consenting, he was at last carried by main force from the assembly, "fu portato di peso fuori," — all men holding him stark mad. And Philip was accustomed to say afterwards that he was ashamed at this time to go about Florence, for fear of hearing it said, "See that fool there, who talks so wildly." The overseers of the work were distracted by the bewildering diversity of counsels; and "Philip, who had spent so many years in studies for the sake of having this work, knew not what to do, and was oftentimes tempted to depart from Florence. Yet, wishing to win his object, he armed himself with patience, as was needful, having so much to endure; for he knew the brains of that city never stood long fixed on one resolve. Philip might have shown a little model which he had below, but he did not wish to show it; being aware of the small understanding of the consuls, the envy of the workmen, and the little stability of the citizens, who favored now this, now that, according to their pleasure. What, then, Philip had not been able to do in the assembly he began to try with individuals; and speaking now to this consul, now to this member of the Board of Works, and in like wise to many citizens, showing them part of his design, he brought them to determine to assign the work either to him or to one of the foreigners. Whereby the consuls and the Board of Works and the citizens being encouraged, they caused a new assembly to be held, and the architects disputed of the matter; but they were all beaten down and overcome by Philip with abundant reasons. And here it is said that the dispute about the egg arose in this manner." The other architects urged him to explain his scheme in detail, and to show them the model he had made of the structure; but this he refused, and finally proposed to them that

the man who could prove his capacity by making an egg stand on end on a smooth bit of marble should build the cupola. To this they assented. All tried in vain; and then Philip, taking the egg and striking it upon the marble, made it stand. The others, offended, declared they could have done as much. "Ay," said Philip, "and so, after seeing my model, you could build the cupola."

It was accordingly resolved that he should have charge of the conduct of the work; and he was directed to give fuller information concerning his plans to the consuls and Board of Works.

. . . . . .

Towards the end of the year 1425, in January (it is to be remembered that the Florentine year began in March), Brunelleschi and Ghiberti, together with one of the Officials of the Cupola and the head-master of the works, united in an important report to the Board, as to the work in progress and that which was to be next undertaken. It is plain from it that the difficulties of building such a vault without centring were increasing as the curve ascended. On the inner side of the vault a parapet of planks was to be made, to protect the scaffolding and to cut off the sight of the masters from the void beneath them, for their greater security. "We say nothing of centring," say the builders: "not that it might not have given greater strength and beauty to the work," which may well be doubted; "but not having been started with, a centring would now be undesirable, and could hardly be made without armature, for the sake of avoiding which the centring was dispensed with at the beginning." Brunelleschi's genius was sufficient to overcome all the difficulties met with in accomplishing the bold experiment which he had devised, and which in its kind still remains without parallel.

Many entries in the records afford a lively impression of scenes and incidents connected with the building. With all the precautions that could be taken, the exposure of the workmen to the risk of falling was great. Two men were thus killed in the first year of the work. As the dome rose, the danger increased; and a provision was made that any of the masters or laborers who preferred to work below might do so, but at wages one quarter less. Brunelleschi, finding that owing to the vast height of the edifice, the builders lost much time in going down for food and drink, arranged a cook-shop and stalls for the sale of bread and wine, in the cupola itself. Thenceforth no one was

allowed to go down from his work oftener than once a day. But the supply of wine in the cupola caused a new danger; and an order was issued by the Board, that "considering the risks which may daily threaten the master masons who are employed on the wall of the cupola, on account of the wine that is necessarily kept in the cupola, from this time forth the clerk of the works shall not allow any wine to be brought up which has not been diluted with at least one third of water." But the workmen were reckless; and amused themselves, among other ways, in letting themselves and each other down on the outside of the dome in mere sport, or to take young birds from their nests, till at length the practice was forbidden by an order of the Board.

So year by year the work went on; the walls slowly rounding upwards. . . .

The work on the Duomo was now actively pushed forward. The second chain to resist the thrust of the inner cupola was constructed; and in 1432 the dome had reached such a height that Brunelleschi was ordered to make a model of the closing of its summit, and also a model of the lantern that was to stand on it, in order that full consideration might be given to the work, and due provision for it made in advance. Two years more passed, years in which the city was busied with public affairs of great concern both at home and abroad; when at length, on the 12th of June, 1434, just fourteen years from its beginning, the cupola closed over the central space of the Duomo. It had grown slowly, marvelous in the eyes of all beholders, who saw its walls rise, curving over the void without apparent support, held suspended in the air as if by miracle. Brunelleschi's fame was secure; henceforth his work was chief part of Florence.

NOVALIS

(FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG)

(1772–1801)

FRIEDRICH VON HARDENBERG, better known under the pseudonym of Novalis, was born upon the family estate of Wiederstedt, Mansfeld, Germany, May 2d, 1772. His early education and environment were conducive to the development of the best that was in him. His father, the Baron von Hardenberg, was in every respect an exemplary man and a wise father; his mother was loving and pious: and the family circle, which included seven sons and four daughters, was bound together by the closest ties of affection and congeniality.

NOVALIS

As a lad, Novalis was delicate and retiring, and of a dreamy disposition. He withdrew from the rough sports of his companions, and amused himself by reading and composing poetry. He wrote poetical plays, in which he and his brothers enacted the characters of the spirits of the earth and air and water. His parents were Moravians; and the strict, religious character of his training had a deep effect upon his sensitive nature. His thoughts dwelt constantly upon the unseen. His eyes burned with the light of an inward fire, and he wandered about in a kind of day-dream, in which the intangible was more real than his material surroundings. A more healthful change took place during his ninth year. A severe attack of illness seems to have aroused his dormant powers of resistance: and after his recovery he was not only better physically, but brighter and more cheerful, and far more awake to temporalities. His education now began in earnest. He applied himself diligently to his studies, and entered the University of Jena in 1789. Here he met Fichte and Friedrich Schlegel; an acquaintance that was fruitful of results, for with Novalis a friendship was an epoch, and his ardent spirit readily yielded itself to affinitive influences. His passionate friendship for Schiller, whom he also met at Jena, and later

for Goethe, were molds for his plastic nature. He remained at Jena until 1792, when he went to the University of Leipsic with his brother Erasmus; and the following year he finished his studies at Wittenberg.

The future character of his pursuits indicates his intention of following a business career. He went to Arnstadt, where, under the instruction of Just, the principal judiciary of the district, he applied himself to practical affairs. In 1795 he was appointed to a position in the Saxony salt works, of which his father was director. In the mean time, early in the spring of 1795, he had made the acquaintance of Sophie von Kuhn, a beautiful child of thirteen, for whom he at once conceived a poetic passion. In spite of her youth, they were betrothed; but Sophie died just after her fifteenth birthday, and Novalis entered upon a period of darkness and despair that threatened to engulf him. Shortly after her death, his brother Erasmus died at Weissenfels; and this double grief seemed to transfigure Novalis. For him the boundary line between the seen and the unseen disappeared. He longed for death, and yet was in a state of exaltation. He wrote to his brother Charles: «Be comforted. Erasmus has conquered. The flowers of the beloved wreath here drop off one by one, in order that there they may be reunited into one more beautiful and eternal.»

It was during this time and a little later that he wrote some of the most beautiful and spirituel of his compositions, notably 'Hymnen an die Nacht' (Hymns to the Night). These fragmentary pieces of prose are the breathings of a poet's soul. «I turn aside to the holy, ineffable, mysterious Night. Afar lies the world submerged in the deep vault of heaven. Waste and lonely is her place. The chords of the bosom are stirred by deep sadness. I will descend in dewdrops and mix myself with the ashes. Distances of memory, wishes of youth, dreams of childhood, the short joys and vain hopes of a whole long life, come in gray apparel, like the evening mist after the sunset. In other spaces Light has pitched its joyful tents. Will it never return to its children who await it with the faith of innocence?»

With the intention of diverting his mind from his sorrow, his parents persuaded him to carry out a plan of his younger days, and undertake a course of study in the Mining School of Freiburg. Here, amid congenial friends and in the interests of his pursuits, he gradually recovered health and cheerfulness. He loved again, and shortly became engaged to Julie, the daughter of the famous mineralogist Charpentier. Novalis remained in Freiburg until the summer of 1799, when he returned to Weissenfels, where he was made assessor and was appointed under his father chief judiciary of the Thuringian district. He now visited often at Jena, where he established

the warmest relations with Ritter, Schelling, Wilhelm Schlegel, and Tieck; of whom the last, in connection with Friedrich Schlegel, became his biographer and literary executor.

Always delicate, always spiritually toying with death, at last the invincible forces that had so long held aloof descended upon him. In August of the year 1800 he became very ill; and though he still attended to the duties of his office, and wrote constantly, his weakness increased, and on the 25th of March, 1801, he died at the house of his parents in Weissenfels, not quite twenty-nine years of age.

The influence of Novalis was due more to the time of his appearance than to his power as a writer; and it is as a factor in the evolution of German literature, rather than by the amount or even the quality of his work, that he is to be judged. His entire writings are comprised within two or three small volumes, and the years of his literary activity were but six, included in the period between the close of his student days and his death; and yet the name of Novalis is the brightest of the old Romantic school. Although his early death precluded the possibility of his fulfilling the expectations of his friends, who regarded him as the torch-bearer in the struggle against the materialism of the "Enlighteners," yet his union of religion and poetry, his philosophy, and his deep faith in Christianity, made him a power quite unique in the world of letters. 'Geistliche Lieder' (Spiritual Songs) are matchless of their kind; and all his poems have an illusive beauty and fragrance quite impossible to translate.

A great part of the works of Novalis are made up of miscellaneous fragments, philosophical reflections, aphorisms, and irrelevant thoughts set down in disconnected sentences. Many of these were published in the Athenæum under the title of 'Blumenstaub' (Flower-Dust), and many more were collected from his papers after the death of the author. 'Die Lehrlinge zu Sais' (The Disciples at Sais) is a fragment of an unfinished psychological romance, which in its vagueness and philosophical speculation has many points of resemblance to his later and also unfinished work, 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen.'

A new art, before its limitations have been reached, and before it has definitely assumed its ultimate shape, may develop many extravagances. Novalis was a leader in the new school of Romanticism, and 'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' was a protest against rationalism. This allegorical romance, if indeed what is pure allegory may be called a romance, was written during the last months of Novalis's life. It was intended to be an apotheosis of poetry, and in this phenomenal piece of literature there existed no law either human or divine. The poet's fancy is all supreme. Dreams and allegories may transcend all laws of mind and matter; nothing astonishes, nothing is impossible. Heinrich von Ofterdingen in his search for the Blue

Flower, the absolute ideal, represents the struggle of the spirit of poesy against the environment of the material. Part first, 'Expectation,' which is completed, describes the gradual preparation of the hero for the reception of this ethereal essence. Part second, 'The Fulfillment,' has been completed in outline by Tieck, the author's intimate friend and literary confidant, and is supposed to represent the full blossoming of the poet's soul. "To the poet who comprehends the nature of his art to its centre, nothing appears contradictory and strange. To him all riddles are solved. By the magic of the imagination he can unite all ages and all worlds. Miracles disappear, and everything transforms itself into miracles." And so throughout the tale the marvels advance by gigantic strides, until at the end it only dimly stirs us to learn that "Heinrich plucks the Blue Flower and releases Matilda from her enchantment, but she is again lost to him. He becomes insensible through pain, and turns into a stone. Edda (the Blue Flower, the Eastern Maiden, Matilda) sacrifices herself upon the stone, which is then transformed into a melodious tree. Cyane hews down the tree and burns it, and herself with it. He now becomes a golden ram which Edda — that is, Matilda — must sacrifice, when he again becomes man," etc.

'Heinrich von Ofterdingen' as a romance is unworthy of the place assigned it by contemporary critics. Although full of passages of rare beauties, and ideas which outstrip their time, it is nevertheless vague, obscure, and chaotic. Its importance lies in its effect as the leaven of the new literature just springing into being. It embodies all the beauties, as well as all the faults and extravagances, of the old Romantic school, before time had pruned its growth and developed it into a fruitful maturity.

HYMNS TO THE NIGHT

WHAT living, feeling being loves not the gorgeous hues which proclaim the dawn of day?

The ever-moving stars, as they whirl in boundless ether, hail the dawn-bright herald of the day, the glistening rocks hail its rays, the tender growing plants raise their pure eyes rejoicing, and the wild animal joins in the happy chorus which welcomes another day.

More than all these rejoices the glorious Being, the Monarch of the Earth. His deep, thoughtful eyes survey his creation. His melodious voice summons nature to resume her magic works. He binds or looses a million ties, and stamps all earthly life with

some impress of his power. His presence reveals the marvels of the Kingdom of Earth.

But sacred Night, with her unspoken mysteries, draws me to her. The world is far, far away, buried in a deep and lonely grave. My heart is full of sadness. Let me dissolve in drops of dew, and join the beloved dust. Long past memories, youthful ambitions, childhood's dreams, a long life of brief joys and blighted hopes, pass before me — dusky forms, like evening mist.

In another region merry day returns triumphant. Will it never return to us, its children, who await its coming in childlike trust?

What stirs this weary heart, and banishes my sorrow? Dost thou feel pity for us, O holy Night?

What soothing influence pervades my being? What hand sheds costly opiate on my throbbing heart? The wings of fancy no longer droop, fresh energy arises within me. In joyful surprise I see a calm, grave face bend lovingly over me; the face of a tender mother, beaming with eternal youth. How poor and childish in comparison are the joys of day, how blessed and consoling the return of night!

The active work of day is over; the boundless ocean of space, with its lustrous spheres, proclaims Night's eternal power and presence.

The eyes of the Night are countless hosts of glittering orbs, a glory far exceeding that of Day. They see far beyond the most distant of those countless hosts; they need no light to perceive the unfathomable depth of that loving Spirit who fills boundless space with happiness.

All hail, Queen of the Earth! thou herald of holier worlds, thou revealer of holy love! Much-loved sun of the night, thou art her gift.

My whole being awakes. I am thine, and thou art mine. Night has aroused me to life and manhood. Consume my earthly frame, draw me into deeper and closer union, and may our bridal night endure for ever.

Must Day return again? Will earthly influences never cease? Unholy toil desecrates the heavenly calm of Night. When shall the mystic sacrifice of love burn for ever? Light has its own fixed limits, but Night has a boundless unfathomable dominion; the reign of Sleep has no end. Holy Sleep! shed thy blest balm

on the hallowed Night of this earthly sphere. Only fools fail to understand thee, and know of no other sleep than the shades which the actual night casts over us in kindly pity. They see thee not in the purple blood of the grape, in the golden oil of the almond, in the dusty sap of the poppy. They guess not that it is thou who hoverest around the tender maiden, making her heart the temple of Heaven; nor dream that it is thou, heavenly messenger, who bearest the key which opens the dwellings of the Blessed.

I KNOW when the last day shall come — when Light no longer shall be scared by Night and Love: then slumber shall not cease, and existence shall become an endless dream. Heavenly weariness oppresses me, long and dreamy was my pilgrimage to the Holy Grave, crushing was the cross I bore. He who has drunk of the crystal wave which wells forth from the gloomy grave on which earth's billows break, he who has stood on earth's border-land and perceived that new country, the dwelling of Night, returns not to the tumult of life, to the land where light reigns amid ceaseless unrest.

He builds himself a refuge far from the tumult — a peaceful home, and awaits the welcome hour when he too shall be drawn into the crystal wave. All that savors of earth floats on the surface, and is driven back by tempests; but what love has hallowed flows in hidden channels, to another region where it mingles — a fragrant essence — with those loved ones who have fallen asleep.

Ah! merry Light, thou still arousest the weary to their task, and strivest to inspire me too with cheerful life; but thou hast no charm to tempt me from my cherished memories. With joy I watch the busy hands, and look around to fulfill my own duty; I praise thy glorious works, admire the matchless blending of thy cunning designs, watch the varied workings of the busy hours, and seek to discover the symmetry and laws which rule the marvels of endless space and measureless ages.

But my heart remains ever true to Night and her daughter, creative Love. Canst thou show me one ever-faithful heart? Has thy sun a friendly glance for me? Do thy stars hold out a welcoming hand? Do they return the gentle pressure and the caressing word? Hast thou clothed them in color and beauty? What joys or pleasure can life offer to outweigh the charm of

death? Does not all that inspires us bear the colors of Night? Night bears thee gently like a mother; to her thou owest all thy glory. Thou wouldst have sunk into endless space had not Night upheld thee, and bound thee, till earth arose. Truly I existed long ere thou wert: I and my sisters were sent to dwell in thy world, and hallow it with love, to make it an enduring memorial; to plant it with unfading flowers. Not yet have these blossoms opened, few are the traces which mark our way. But the end of time is at hand; then thou wilt rejoin us, and gently fade away, full of longing and fervent desire. All thy busy restlessness will end in heavenly freedom, a blessed home-coming. With bitter grief I acknowledge thy forsaking of our home, thine unconquered hatred to the old glorious heaven.

But in vain is thy wrath and fury. The Cross stands firm for ever, the banner of our race.

The many scattered races of mankind lay bound for ages in the grasp of an iron fate. Light was hidden from their weary souls. The eternal world was the home and dwelling of the Gods. Its mysterious form had existed from eternity. Over the glowing mountains of the East abode the Sun, with its all-pervading heat and light. An aged Giant bore the Earth on his shoulders. The Titans, the first children of Mother Earth,—who had waged impious war against the new glorious race of Gods and their kinsfolk, the merry race of men,—lay fast bound under the mountains. The dark green depths of Ocean was the lap of a Goddess. A gay, luxurious race dwelt in the crystal grottoes. Beasts, trees, flowers, and animals had the gift of speech. Richer was the flavor of the grapes, for a God dwelt in the luxuriant vine; the golden sheaves took their birth from a loving motherly Goddess; and love was the sweet service rendered to the deities. Age followed age, a ceaseless spring; and the happy life of Earth's children was ever enlivened by celestial presences. All races honored the flashing, many-hued flame, as the highest manifestation in life.

Only one shadow obscured the common joy—the cruel spectre of Death. This mysterious decree—separation from all that was loved and lovely—weighed heavy on the hearts of all; even the Gods could find no remedy for this evil. Unable to overcome the menacing fate, man strove to cast a glamour of beauty over the ghastly phantom, and pictured him as a lovely youth

extinguishing a torch, and sinking to rest. Still the cruel enigma remained unsolved, and spoke of the irresistible might of some unknown power.

The old world waned; the flowers of the first Paradise faded away; and the race of men, casting off their early innocence, strayed into a wild, uncultivated desert. The Gods and their retinues vanished from earth. Nature stood lonely and lifeless, bound in the iron chains of custom and laws. The bloom was brushed from life. Faith took flight from the dreary scene; and with her fled her heavenly companion Fancy, who could cast over all things her magic vesture. A cruel north wind swept over the barren waste, and the devastated wonder-home was blown into space. Heaven's blue ocean showed new dazzling spheres, and the Spirit of the World withdrew to higher regions to await the dawn of a renewed earth. Light ceased to be the abode and the symbol of the Gods; they covered themselves with the veil of Night. Night was the cradle of the coming age; in it the Gods took refuge, and sleep came upon them, until a new era should call them forth in new and more glorious forms.

The new era arose at last amidst a nation scorned and despised, a people who had cast off their native innocence. In poverty was born the son of the first Virgin Mother, mysterious offspring of heavenly origin. The wise sons of the East were first to acknowledge the commencement of the strange new epoch, and humbly bent their way to worship the King in his lowly cradle; a mystic star guided their wandering steps. They did him homage, offering him the sweetness and brightness of the earth, the gold and the perfume, both miracles of nature. The Heavenly Heart unfolded slowly — a flower chalice of Almighty love, with eyes upturned to a Divine Father, while his head rested on the tender bosom of a loving earthly mother. With prophetic eye and godlike zeal, the blooming Child, despising the cruel days of earthly conflict before him, looked far ahead to the future of his beloved race, the offshoots of a divine root. Soon he gathered around him a loving band of childlike hearts. A strange new life arose, like that of the flowers of the field; unceasing words of wisdom and utterances of deepest love fell from his lips, like sparks of divine fire.

From the far shores of Hellas and her sunny skies, a poet came to Palestine, and laid his heart at the feet of the Wonder-Child.

Oh! thou art he who from unending years
Hast looked with pity on our earthly tomb;
Thou gav'st a sign of life in deepest night,
And thou wilt bring our higher manhood home.
Thou hast upheld us here, mid grief and tears,—
Lead thou our nobler longings up to heaven:
In death alone eternal life is found,
For thou art death, and thou our life hast given.

Full of joy, his heart beating with new love and hope, the singer bent his way to Hindustan, pouring out under its cloudless sky such burning songs that myriads of hearts turned to him, and the joyful news spread far and near. Soon after the poet left, the precious Life fell a sacrifice to fallen man: he died young, torn away from the much-loved earth, his weeping mother, and his faint-hearted friends. The moment of anguish, the birth of the new world was at hand. He fought with the old dreaded form of death; struggled hard to shake off the clutch of the old world; his sweet lips drained the bitter chalice of unspeakable anguish. Once more he cast a loving glance at his mother; then came the delivering hand of Mighty Love, and he fell asleep. For many days a thick mist lay on the raging waters and the quaking earth; countless were the tears shed by those who loved him; the secret of the grave was made clear, and heavenly spirits rolled away the heavy stone from the tomb. Angels watched by the slumbering Form: rising in new godlike glory, he soared to the heights of the newly made world, buried the old earthly shape in the depths of a cavern, and laid his mighty hand on it, so that no power might ever move it.

The loving ones still wept by his grave, but they wept tears of emotion and gratitude. Again they see thee and rejoice at thy resurrection; they see thee weeping on thy mother's sacred bosom; they walk once more as friends, listening to words like leaves fluttering from the Tree of Life; they behold thee hasten with untold longing to the Father's arms, bearing aloft the new manhood and the victorious chalice. The mother soon hastened to join thy triumph; she was the first to enter the New Home. Long years have passed since *then*, and thy new creation soars to higher powers; thousands and thousands drawn by thee from bitter grief and pain now roam with thee and the heavenly Virgin in the Kingdom of Love, serve in the Temple of Divine Death, and are thine eternally.

FITZ-JAMES O'BRIEN

(1828–1862)

OF THAT company of brilliant if not always prosperous fellows who kept the echoes of "Bohemia" busy with the laughter and the sighs of spendthrift wit in the New York of the decade of '50, Fitz-James O'Brien was a fascinating and admired comrade. This restless Gaelic spirit was like the Irish river beside which he was born: sometimes turbulent in flashing cascades, beating and bullying the stolid rocks; again spreading under the sun through bright and placid lakes, or dancing gayly by the low and rose-perfumed meadows. In the power of this lad from Shannon side, Thomond's bardic birthright infused its bold and tender soul into a facile pen, and with drama, song, and story lifted up the weary soul of the workaday world.

O'Brien was of that strangely endowed race which furnished Lever with the heroes of his military novels,—the Englished Irishmen. He was born in the County Limerick, Ireland, about the year 1828. Educated at Dublin University, he went to London, where he amused himself for a time with the easy task of making "ducks and drakes" of a comfortable patrimony. About 1851 he sought relief from the importunities of declining fortune in a sea voyage, which landed him in New York with a few purse-burning shillings and some letters of introduction to distinguished Americans in his pocket. He soon became a favorite with the gay and gifted autocrats of the New World Grub Street, and strolled along the fashionable side of Broadway, and about the nooks of Printing-House Square, with the confidence of vested rights. From 1853 to 1858 O'Brien was one of the most valued contributors to Harper's Magazine and Harper's Weekly. He wrote for the stage several pretty comediettas, which are numbered in that exclusive list called the Standard Drama. With his story 'The Diamond Lens,' published in the Atlantic Monthly in 1858–9, a new and dashing pace was set in the fiction of the period.

O'Brien was neither prosperous nor thrifty, and lived with splendid and careless irregularity, sometimes in great want and hardship; but keeping always a seemingly exhaustless buoyancy of heart. The Civil War sent him, in April 1861, with the ranks of the New York Seventh Regiment, to the defense of Washington. The war spirit took possession of him; and after his term of enlistment with that

regiment had expired, he sought eagerly for a chance to return to the army. He was appointed to the staff of General Lander in January 1862, and immediately thereafter went through a gallant action at Bloomery Gap. In a skirmish on the morning of February 16th, 1862, he was in a desperate hand-to-hand encounter with the Confederate Colonel Ashley, and received a shot in the left shoulder. He rode twenty-four miles with a shattered scapular, and lay two months in battle for life at the house of George A. Thurston, in Cumberland, Maryland. Unskillful surgery, rather than the original wound, was the cause of his death. It was not until the 20th of March, too late, that he came into the charge of an able surgeon. In spite of a successful operation, by which the arm was removed at the shoulder, he succumbed to lockjaw, and died suddenly on the morning of Sunday, the 6th of April, 1862. His ashes were laid in the earth of Greenwood in November 1874. O'Brien's only real monument is a limited edition, now scarce, of his collected works, edited by William Winter, and published in 1881 at Boston.

THE GREAT DIAMOND IS OBTAINED AND USED

From 'The Diamond Lens, with other Stories.' Copyright 1881, by James R. Osgood & Co.; 1885, by Charles Scribner's Sons

With an uneasy look in his eyes, and hands unsteady with drink and nervousness, Simon drew a small case from his breast and opened it. Heavens! how the mild lamplight was shivered into a thousand prismatic arrows, as it fell upon a vast rose diamond that glittered in the case! I was no judge of diamonds, but I saw at a glance that this was a gem of rare size and purity. I looked at Simon with wonder, and — must I confess it? — with envy. How could he have obtained this treasure? In reply to my questions, I could just gather from his drunken statements (of which, I fancy, half the incoherence was affected) that he had been superintending a gang of slaves engaged in diamond-washing in Brazil; that he had seen one of them secrete a diamond, but instead of informing his employers, had quietly watched the negro until he saw him bury his treasure; that he had dug it up and fled with it, but that as yet he was afraid to attempt to dispose of it publicly, — so valuable a gem being almost certain to attract too much attention to its owner's antecedents, — and he had not been able to discover any of those obscure channels by which such matters are

conveyed away safely. He added that in accordance with Oriental practice, he had named his diamond with the fanciful title of "The Eye of Morning."

While Simon was relating this to me, I regarded the great diamond attentively. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. All the glories of light ever imagined or described seemed to pulsate in its crystalline chambers. Its weight, as I learned from Simon, was exactly one hundred and forty carats. Here was an amazing coincidence. The hand of destiny seemed in it. On the very evening when the spirit of Leeuwenhoek communicates to me the great secret of the microscope, the priceless means which he directs me to employ start up within my easy reach! I determined, with the most perfect deliberation, to possess myself of Simon's diamond.

I sat opposite to him while he nodded over his glass, and calmly revolved the whole affair. I did not for an instant contemplate so foolish an act as a common theft, which would of course be discovered, or at least necessitate flight and concealment, all of which must interfere with my scientific plans. There was but one step to be taken,—to kill Simon. After all, what was the life of a little peddling Jew in comparison with the interests of science? Human beings are taken every day from the condemned prisons to be experimented on by surgeons. This man Simon was by his own confession a criminal, a robber, and I believed on my soul a murderer. He deserved death quite as much as any felon condemned by the laws: why should I not, like government, contrive that his punishment should contribute to the progress of human knowledge?

The means for accomplishing everything I desired lay within my reach. There stood upon the mantelpiece a bottle half full of French laudanum. Simon was so occupied with his diamond, which I had just restored to him, that it was an affair of no difficulty to drug his glass. In a quarter of an hour he was in a profound sleep.

I now opened his waistcoat, took the diamond from the inner pocket in which he had placed it, and removed him to the bed, on which I laid him so that his feet hung down over the edge. I had possessed myself of the Malay creese, which I held in my right hand, while with the other I discovered as accurately as I could by pulsation the exact locality of the heart. It was essential that all the aspects of his death should lead to the surmise

of self-murder. I calculated the exact angle at which it was probable that the weapon, if leveled by Simon's own hand, would enter his breast; then with one powerful blow I thrust it up to the hilt in the very spot which I desired to penetrate. A convulsive thrill ran through Simon's limbs. I heard a smothered sound issue from his throat, precisely like the bursting of a large air bubble sent up by a diver when it reaches the surface of the water; he turned half round on his side, and as if to assist my plans more effectually, his right hand, moved by some mere spasmodic impulse, clasped the handle of the creese, which it remained holding with extraordinary muscular tenacity. Beyond this there was no apparent struggle. The laudanum, I presume, paralyzed the usual nervous action. He must have died instantly.

There was yet something to be done. To make it certain that all suspicion of the act should be diverted from any inhabitant of the house to Simon himself, it was necessary that the door should be found in the morning *locked on the inside.* How to do this, and afterwards escape myself? Not by the window: that was a physical impossibility. Besides, I was determined that the windows *also* should be found bolted. The solution was simple enough. I descended softly to my own room for a peculiar instrument, which I had used for holding small slippery substances, such as minute spheres of glass, etc. This instrument was nothing more than a long slender hand-vise, with a very powerful grip, and a considerable leverage, which last was accidentally owing to the shape of the handle. Nothing was simpler than, when the key was in the lock, to seize the end of its stem in this vise, through the keyhole, from the outside, and so lock the door. Previously, however, to doing this, I burned a number of papers on Simon's hearth. Suicides almost always burn papers before they destroy themselves. I also emptied some more laudanum into Simon's glass,—having first removed from it all traces of wine,—cleaned the other wine-glass, and brought the bottles away with me. If traces of two persons drinking had been found in the room, the question naturally would have arisen, Who was the second? Besides, the wine-bottles might have been identified as belonging to me. The laudanum I poured out to account for its presence in his stomach, in case of a post-mortem examination. The theory naturally would be, that he first intended to poison himself; but after swallowing a little of the drug, was either disgusted with its taste, or changed

his mind from other motives, and chose the dagger. These arrangements made, I walked out leaving the gas burning, locked the door with my vise, and went to bed.

Simon's death was not discovered until nearly three in the afternoon. The servant, astonished at seeing the gas burning,—the light streaming on the dark landing from under the door,—peeped through the keyhole and saw Simon on the bed. She gave the alarm. The door was burst open, and the neighborhood was in a fever of excitement.

Every one in the house was arrested, myself included. There was an inquest; but no clew to his death beyond that of suicide could be obtained. Curiously enough, he had made several speeches to his friends the preceding week that seemed to point to self-destruction. One gentleman swore that Simon had said in his presence that "he was tired of life." His landlord affirmed that Simon, when paying him his last month's rent, remarked that "he should not pay him rent much longer." All the other evidence corresponded,—the door locked inside, the position of the corpse, the burnt papers. As I anticipated, no one knew of the possession of the diamond by Simon, so that no motive was suggested for his murder. The jury, after a prolonged examination, brought in the usual verdict, and the neighborhood once more settled down into its accustomed quiet.

The three months succeeding Simon's catastrophe I devoted night and day to my diamond lens. I had constructed a vast galvanic battery, composed of nearly two thousand pairs of plates,—a higher power I dared not use, lest the diamond should be calcined. By means of this enormous engine, I was enabled to send a powerful current of electricity continually through my great diamond, which it seemed to me gained in lustre every day. At the expiration of a month I commenced the grinding and polishing of the lens, a work of intense toil and exquisite delicacy. The great density of the stone, and the care required to be taken with the curvatures of the surface of the lens, rendered the labor the severest and most harassing that I had yet undergone.

At last the eventful moment came; the lens was completed. I stood trembling on the threshold of new worlds. I had the realization of Alexander's famous wish before me. The lens lay on the table, ready to be placed upon its platform. My hand

fairly shook as I enveloped a drop of water with a thin coating of oil of turpentine, preparatory to its examination,—a process necessary in order to prevent the rapid evaporation of the water. I now placed the drop on a thin slip of glass under the lens; and throwing upon it, by the combined aid of a prism and a mirror, a powerful stream of light, I approached my eye to the minute hole drilled through the axis of the lens. For an instant I saw nothing save what seemed to be an illuminated chaos, a vast luminous abyss. A pure white light, cloudless and serene, and seemingly limitless as space itself, was my first impression. Gently, and with the greatest care, I depressed the lens a few hair's-breadths. The wondrous illumination still continued; but as the lens approached the object a scene of indescribable beauty was unfolded to my view.

I seemed to gaze upon a vast space, the limits of which extended far beyond my vision. An atmosphere of magical luminousness permeated the entire field of view. I was amazed to see no trace of animalculous life. Not a living thing, apparently, inhabited that dazzling expanse. I comprehended instantly that by the wondrous power of my lens, I had penetrated beyond the grosser particles of aqueous matter, beyond the realms of infusoria and protozoa, down to the original gaseous globule, into whose luminous interior I was gazing, as into an almost boundless dome filled with a supernatural radiance.

It was, however, no brilliant void into which I looked. On every side I beheld beautiful inorganic forms, of unknown texture, and colored with the most enchanting hues. These forms presented the appearance of what might be called, for want of a more specific definition, foliated clouds of the highest rarity; that is, they undulated and broke into vegetable formations, and were tinged with splendors compared with which the gilding of our autumn woodlands is as dross compared with gold. Far away into the illimitable distance stretched long avenues of these gaseous forests, dimly transparent, and painted with prismatic hues of unimaginable brilliancy. The pendent branches waved along the fluid glades until every vista seemed to break through half-lucent ranks of many-colored drooping silken pennons. What seemed to be either fruits or flowers, pied with a thousand hues, lustrous and ever varying, bubbled from the crowns of this fairy foliage. No hills, no lakes, no rivers, no forms animate or inanimate, were to be seen, save those vast auroral copses that

floated serenely in the luminous stillness, with leaves and fruits and flowers gleaming with unknown fires, unrealizable by mere imagination.

How strange, I thought, that this sphere should be thus condemned to solitude! I had hoped at least to discover some new form of animal life,—perhaps of a lower class than any with which we are at present acquainted, but still some living organism. I found my newly discovered world, if I may so speak, a beautiful chromatic desert.

While I was speculating on the singular arrangements of the internal economy of Nature, with which she so frequently splinters into atoms our most compact theories, I thought I beheld a form moving slowly through the glades of one of the prismatic forests. I looked more attentively, and found that I was not mistaken. Words cannot depict the anxiety with which I awaited the nearer approach of this mysterious object. Was it merely some inanimate substance, held in suspense in the attenuated atmosphere of the globule? or was it an animal endowed with vitality and motion? It approached, flitting behind the gauzy, colored veils of cloud-foliage, for seconds dimly revealed, then vanishing. At last the violet pennons that trailed nearest to me vibrated; they were gently pushed aside, and the form floated out into the broad light.

It was a female human shape. When I say human, I mean it possessed the outlines of humanity,—but there the analogy ends. Its adorable beauty lifted it illimitable heights beyond the loveliest daughter of Adam.

I cannot, I dare not, attempt to inventory the charms of this divine revelation of perfect beauty. Those eyes of mystic violet, dewy and serene, evade my words. Her long, lustrous hair following her glorious head in a golden wake, like the track sown in heaven by a falling star, seems to quench my most burning phrases with its splendors. If all the bees of Hybla nestled upon my lips, they would still sing but hoarsely the wondrous harmonies of outline that inclosed her form.

She swept out from between the rainbow curtains of the cloud-trees into the broad sea of light that lay beyond. Her motions were those of some graceful naiad, cleaving, by a mere effort of her will, the clear unruffled waters that fill the chambers of the sea. She floated forth with the serene grace of a frail bubble ascending through the still atmosphere of a June

day. The perfect roundness of her limbs formed suave and enchanting curves. It was like listening to the most spiritual symphony of Beethoven the divine, to watch the harmonious flow of lines. This indeed was a pleasure cheaply purchased at any price. What cared I, if I had waded to the portal of this wonder through another's blood? I would have given my own to enjoy one such moment of intoxication and delight.

Breathless with gazing on this lovely wonder, and forgetful for an instant of everything save her presence, I withdrew my eye from the microscope eagerly. Alas! as my gaze fell on the thin slide that lay beneath my instrument, the bright light from mirror and from prism sparkled on a colorless drop of water! There, in that tiny bead of dew, this beautiful being was forever imprisoned. The planet Neptune was not more distant from me than she. I hastened once more to apply my eye to the microscope.

Animula (let me now call her by that dear name which I subsequently bestowed on her) had changed her position. She had again approached the wondrous forest, and was gazing earnestly upwards. Presently one of the trees — as I must call them — unfolded a long ciliary process, with which it seized one of the gleaming fruits that glittered on its summit, and sweeping slowly down, held it within reach of Animula. The sylph took it in her delicate hand and began to eat. My attention was so entirely absorbed by her, that I could not apply myself to the task of determining whether this singular plant was or was not instinct with volition.

I watched her as she made her repast, with the most profound attention. The suppleness of her motions sent a thrill of delight through my frame; my heart beat madly as she turned her beautiful eyes in the direction of the spot in which I stood. What would I not have given to have had the power to precipitate myself into that luminous ocean, and float with her through those groves of purple and gold! While I was thus breathlessly following her every movement, she suddenly started, seemed to listen for a moment, and then cleaving the brilliant ether in which she was floating, like a flash of light, pierced through the opaline forest, and disappeared.

Instantly a series of the most singular sensations attacked me. It seemed as if I had suddenly gone blind. The luminous sphere was still before me, but my daylight had vanished. What

caused this sudden disappearance? Had she a lover or a husband? Yes, that was the solution! Some signal from a happy fellow-being had vibrated through the avenues of the forest, and she had obeyed the summons.

The agony of my sensations, as I arrived at this conclusion, startled me. I tried to reject the conviction that my reason forced upon me. I battled against the fatal conclusion,—but in vain. It was so. I had no escape from it. I loved an animalcule!

It is true that, thanks to the marvelous power of my microscope, she appeared of human proportions. Instead of presenting the revolting aspect of the coarser creatures that live and struggle and die in the more easily resolvable portions of the water-drop, she was fair and delicate and of surpassing beauty. But of what account was all that? Every time that my eye was withdrawn from the instrument, it fell on a miserable drop of water, within which, I must be content to know, dwelt all that could make my life lovely.

Could she but see me once! Could I for one moment pierce the mystical walls that so inexorably rose to separate us, and whisper all that filled my soul, I might consent to be satisfied for the rest of my life with the knowledge of her remote sympathy. It would be something to have established even the faintest personal link to bind us together,—to know that at times, when roaming through those enchanted glades, she might think of the wonderful stranger who had broken the monotony of her life with his presence, and left a gentle memory in her heart!

But it could not be. No invention of which human intellect was capable could break down the barriers that nature had erected. I might feast my soul upon her wondrous beauty, yet she must always remain ignorant of the adoring eyes that day and night gazed upon her, and even when closed, beheld her in dreams. With a bitter cry of anguish I fled from the room, and flinging myself on my bed, sobbed myself to sleep like a child.

THE LOST STEAMSHIP

"HO, THERE! Fisherman, hold your hand!
Tell me, what is that far away,—
There, where over the isle of sand
Hangs the mist-cloud sullen and gray?
See! it rocks with a ghastly life,
Rising and rolling through clouds of spray,
Right in the midst of the breakers' strife:
Tell me what is it, fisherman, pray?"

"That, good sir, was a steamer stout
As ever paddled around Cape Race;
And many's the wild and stormy bout
She had with the winds in that selfsame place:
But her time was come; and at ten o'clock
Last night she struck on that lonesome shore;
And her sides were gnawed by the hidden rock,
And at dawn this morning she was no more."

"Come, as you seem to know, good man,
The terrible fate of this gallant ship,
Tell me about her all that you can;
And here's my flask to moisten your lip.
Tell me how many she had aboard,—
Wives, and husbands, and lovers true,—
How did it fare with her human hoard?
Lost she many, or lost she few?"

"Master, I may not drink of your flask,
Already too moist I feel my lip;
But I'm ready to do what else you ask,
And spin you my yarn about the ship:
'Twas ten o'clock, as I said, last night,
When she struck the breakers and went ashore;
And scarce had broken the morning's light
Than she sank in twelve feet of water or more.

"But long ere this they knew her doom,
And the captain called all hands to prayer;
And solemnly over the ocean's boom
Their orisons wailed on the troublous air.
And round about the vessel there rose
Tall plumes of spray as white as snow,

Like angels in their ascension clothes,
Waiting for those who prayed below.

"So these three hundred people clung
As well as they could to spar and rope;
With a word of prayer upon every tongue,
Nor on any face a glimmer of hope.
But there was no blubbering weak and wild,—
Of tearful faces I saw but one:
A rough old salt, who cried like a child,
And not for himself, but the captain's son.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck,
Firm, but pale, with trumpet in hand;
Sometimes he looked at the breaking wreck,
Sometimes he sadly looked to land.
And often he smiled to cheer the crew—
But, Lord! the smile was terrible grim—
Till over the quarter a huge sea flew;
And that was the last they saw of him.

"I saw one young fellow with his bride,
Standing amidships upon the wreck;
His face was white as the boiling tide,
And she was clinging about his neck.
And I saw them try to say good-by,
But neither could hear the other speak;
So they floated away through the sea to die—
Shoulder to shoulder, and cheek to cheek.

"And there was a child, but eight at best,
Who went his way in a sea she shipped;
All the while holding upon his breast
A little pet parrot whose wings were clipped.
And as the boy and the bird went by,
Swinging away on a tall wave's crest,
They were gripped by a man, with a drowning cry,
And together the three went down to rest.

"And so the crew went one by one,
Some with gladness, and few with fear;
Cold and hardship such work had done,
That few seemed frightened when death was near.
Thus every soul on board went down,—
Sailor and passenger, little and great;

The last that sank was a man of my town,
A capital swimmer,—the second mate.»

«Now, lonely fisherman, who are you
That say you saw this terrible wreck?
How do I know what you say is true,
When every mortal was swept from the deck?
Where were you in that hour of death?
How did you learn what you relate?»
His answer came in an under-breath,—
«Master, I was the second mate!»

ADAM GOTTLOB OEHLENSCHLÄGER

(1779–1850)

BY WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE

THE greatest of Danish poets was born in Copenhagen, November 14th, 1779, just a quarter of a century after the death of Holberg. His ancestry was more German than Danish, and his descent from four generations of organists may fairly be reckoned as having some influence in the determination of his artistic bent. His youth was careless and singularly happy; he applied himself indifferently to his studies, read a good many books, and wrote boyish verses, tales, and dramatic sketches. His interest in the drama even impelled him to study for the actor's profession, and during a year or two he played minor parts on the stage of the Royal Theatre. His youthful literary efforts were of insignificant value, and there was little that was stimulating in the literary surroundings of his early years. Holberg had left nothing that could be called a school, and the classical tradition that he had maintained was carried on feebly enough by a few third-rate poets. This tradition received its death-blow at the hands of Wessel, the one poet contemporary with Ewald who was a real literary force, and whose satirical play 'Kjærlighed uden Strömper' (Love without Stockings) had killed classical tragedy in Denmark as effectively as 'Don Quijote' killed chivalrous romance in Spain. The exquisite talent of Ewald had blossomed and passed away, its seed to all seeming having fallen upon stony ground. Jens Baggesen, a graceful poet and a master of both pathos and humor, a typical transition figure, striving to escape from a past which he felt to be outworn, but lacking the discernment of the pioneer, was the most conspicuous writer of the closing years of the century; but it was quite evident that no word of his was to be the «open sesame» of the new treasure-house of the spirit.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER

That word was soon to be spoken by the young Oehlenschläger, who had tired of the play-actor's calling, and entered the University

as a law student. But he found jurisprudence less tempting than the opportunity — offered soon after his entrance — of competing for a prize by writing an essay on the subject of the desirability of substituting the Norse for the Greek mythology in Scandinavian literature. It is hardly necessary to say which side of the argument he took; and although his essay failed to win the prize, it shows us to what extent the ideals that were to control his future creative activity were already shaping themselves in his mind. Meanwhile, the events were hastening that were to give his genius the needed impulse, and help him to the discovery of his true self. After eighty years of peace his country got a taste of warfare in the first year of the present century. The French revolutionary movement and the Napoleonic wars suddenly drew Denmark within their vortex, and a wave of passionate patriotism swept over the land when an English fleet under Nelson attacked the Danes in the harbor of Copenhagen. This event and its attendant surge of national feeling stimulated the young law student to renewed poetical exertions; and although his work was still amateurish and tentative, it struck a new note and gave evidence of a new energy. But the influence that was to operate most powerfully in shaping his poetical destiny was intellectual rather than political. It was the great revolution in taste and sentiment that had been creating a new literature in Germany, and that is called, somewhat vaguely, the Romantic Movement.

Oehlenschläger's mental condition at this time was like that of a bud ready to burst open with the first hour of sunlight; almost that of a powder magazine needing but a spark for the liberation of its imprisoned force. The sunlight hour or the spark — to leave the reader his choice of metaphors — was provided by a young Norwegian, Henrik Steffens by name, who came to Copenhagen in the summer of 1802, after having spent four years in Germany in the Jena-Weimar circle of Schelling, Fichte, A. W. Schlegel, Schiller, and Goethe. During the first year of his stay in Denmark, Steffens gave courses of lectures in which philosophy and literature and art received fresh and suggestive discussion, just as they were receiving similar discussion by Coleridge in England at almost exactly the same time. Oehlenschläger was introduced to Steffens soon after the arrival of the latter, and lost no time in improving the acquaintance. His first call upon his new friend was at eleven o'clock one morning, and the conversation that began between them was kept up for sixteen hours without a break. At three the next morning, Steffens offered his guest a bed, and the young poet snatched a few hours of restless sleep. Returning to his lodgings, he took pen and ink, and straightway composed 'Guldhornene' (The Golden Horns); with which work, says the historian Hansen, "the romantic period of

Danish literature begins." The horns in question were two relics of antiquity that had been unearthed not long before and placed on exhibition. Their history "becomes a symbol for the newly awakened poet: the golden horns, with their strange carvings and mysterious runic inscriptions, are gifts of the gods bestowed upon men to remind them of their divine origin; of the ties, half forgotten, that bind them to the distant past." Once started upon his new career, Oehlenschläger went forward with all the impetuosity of youth. Abandoning the works upon which he had been engaged, and which were almost ready for the press, he so gave himself up to the new impulse that by Christmas of this memorable year a fresh volume of 'Poems' was ready for publication. These 'Poems,' bearing the date of the next year (1803), included lyrics, ballads, and a dramatic piece, and proved nothing less than a revelation of the hitherto unknown possibilities of Danish song. Nothing like them had ever before been written in the language, and nothing save the lyrical impulse of Ewald had even remotely foreshadowed such a production. In the words of P. L. Möller, the book became "the corner-stone of nineteenth-century Danish poetry. No other Danish book has so wonderful a fragrance of culture-history, breathes forth such a wealth of glowing memories, of fiery ardor, of the joy of life, and of impossible hopes for the future."

The years immediately following were the richest of Oehlenschläger's life. He produced in rapid succession 'Förste Sang af Edda' (First Song of the Edda); the prose 'Vaulundurs Saga'; the cycle of lyrical *impressions de voyage* called 'Langelands-Rejsen' (A Journey to Langeland); the awkwardly named 'Jesu Christi Gjentagne Liv i den Aarlige Natur' (The Life of Christ Annually Repeated in Nature), which was a series of poems with the pantheistic inspiration of Novalis and Schelling; and most important of all, the dramatic fairy tale 'Aladdin,' wherein the rich free fantasy of the poet's youthful imagination found its most complete and adequate expression. This poem, based upon the familiar Eastern tale, became deeply significant for Danish culture. It is the gospel of genius, the glorification of the magic power that commands the deepest secrets of existence, the song of the joy of life and the new birth of the spirit after an age of prosaic and uninspired "enlightenment." The works above mentioned, together with a few others,—all the product of a little over two years of activity,—were collected into the two volumes of 'Poetiske Skrifter' (Poetical Writings), published in 1805, just before the author left Denmark for Germany. The poet Hauch, writing of these volumes, spoke as follows: "Nearly everything I had previously read of poetry seemed to give me only momentary glimpses of the temple of the gods, as in the distance it now and then revealed itself to my

vision; but Oehlenschläger, next to Shakespeare, was the one who threw the temple wide open for me, so that the fullness of its divine splendor streamed upon me.»

Oehlenschläger's foreign journey, begun in 1805, extended over four years. For a time he lived in Halle with Steffens and Schleiermacher, and then visited other German cities. In Berlin he made the acquaintance of Fichte, and in Weimar read a German translation of his 'Aladdin' to Goethe. A long stay in Paris followed; then a winter in Coppet, as the guest of Madame de Staël; finally a spring and summer in Rome, where he contracted a warm friendship for Thorvaldsen. Six important poetical works resulted from these four years of rich experience and broadening ideals. 'Hakon Jarl' (Earl Hakon), 'Baldur hin Gode' (Balder the Good), and 'Thors Rejse til Jöthunhejm' (Thor's Journey to Jötunheim), were written in Germany, 'Palnatoke' and 'Axel og Valborg' in Paris, and 'Correggio' in Rome. As these are the greatest of Oehlenschläger's works, they call for more than a mere designation. It had long been an article of his literary creed, that the most important work to be done for Danish poetry was that of giving a new life to the literature of Edda and Saga, and that he was himself the man best fitted for the task. 'Hakon Jarl,' a tragedy in five acts and in blank iambic verse, was the first result of this impulse. It deals with the deeply interesting period of the introduction of Christianity into Norway. «The day was come,» we read in the 'Heimskringla,' «when foredoomed was blood-offering and the men of blood-offerings, and the holy faith come in their stead, and the true worship.» The day was near the close of the tenth century, when Olaf Trygvesön fared from Dublin to Norway, and overthrew Earl Hakon, the great heathen chieftain. Oehlenschläger's treatment of this splendid theme is well-balanced and impressive. He makes us feel the tremendous significance of the struggle, and views the issue with the impartial eye of the artist. 'Palnatoke' deals with the same period, taking us to Denmark soon after the forced introduction of Christianity under Harald Blaatand. The tragedy is a worthy counterpart to 'Hakon Jarl,' and is distinguished by a similar strength, directness, and fine dramatic workmanship. It is a curious fact that the interest of 'Palnatoke' is created and sustained without the introduction of a single female character, and with hardly an allusion to the part played by woman in human life. 'Axel og Valborg' atones for this deficiency — if such it be — in the fullest measure; for it is a love tragedy in a sense almost as exclusive as 'Romeo and Juliet,' and is steeped from beginning to end in the purest romantic sentiment. It is difficult to speak in measured terms of this beautiful work; the other tragedies of Oehlenschläger compel admiration in various degrees and forms,

but this commands affection rather than admiration, and has a place all by itself in the heart. This sweet and tender story of the two cousins, forbidden to marry by the canon law, but at last united in death, is dramatized with such simplicity, pathos, and depth of poetic feeling, that the effect upon either spectator or reader is simply overwhelming. It occupies the highest place in Danish literature, and is equaled by but few tragedies in any other modern literature. 'Baldur hin Gode,' written under the influence of Sophocles, as expounded by Schleiermacher, is a tragedy in the older poetic form of iambic hexameter, and seeks to deal with the fascinating myth of Balder's death after the manner of the Greeks. 'Thors Rejse til Jöthunhejm' is an epic in five songs, and is interesting as furnishing the prologue to 'Nordens Guder' (The Gods of the North), the poet's greatest work in the non-dramatic field, produced many years later. 'Correggio,' the chief result of his Italian sojourn, was first written in German, of which language Oehlenschläger thought himself a master, which he distinctly was not. The character of the painter in this play is conceived rather passively than actively, and the balance inclines too far toward the side of pure emotion to make the work as effective as it might otherwise have been.

Oehlenschläger had left Denmark in the flush of youthful success; when he returned in 1809, he was acclaimed with but few dissenting voices as the greatest of Danish poets, and all sorts of honors were heaped upon him. The following year he married, and was made professor of æsthetics in the University. «Comedies and novels end with the wedding of the hero,» he says in his autobiography; «for only the struggle, not the acquired position, lends itself to their treatment.» Although an account of Oehlenschläger's career may hardly end with his marriage and settlement in life, it must be said that the remaining forty years of his existence, although they added many volumes to the series of his writings, brought but little increase to his fame. In a certain sense indeed they diminished that fame; for when the first outburst of enthusiasm had died away the voice of the detractor began to be heard, and for many years the poet was compelled to defend himself in a critical warfare that enlisted among his opponents some of the strongest and acutest minds among his contemporaries. Grundtvig, Baggesen, and Heiberg were the leaders in this onslaught. Grundtvig, the strongest of the three, claimed that Oehlenschläger was lacking in the historical sense, and charged him with a lack of religious seriousness. Baggesen's attack was chiefly concerned with minute questions of philology and æsthetics. It was reserved for Heiberg, a calmer writer, to review Oehlenschläger's work in the spirit of an enlightened and impersonal æsthetic criticism, and to pass upon it the judgment that has been substantially accepted by posterity.

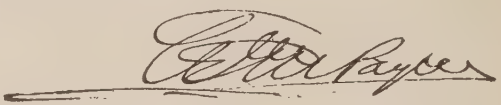
For twenty years after his return to Denmark in 1809, Oehlenschläger kept hard at work, lecturing at the University, defending himself against his critics, and producing a great amount of original work of various sorts, from the occasional set of verses to the tragedy and the epic-cycle. One year of this period (1816–17) was spent abroad, in what the poet called "a voluntary ostracism," the journey being undertaken in a moment of petulance resulting from Baggesen's persistent critical onslaughts. The list of works produced during this score of years is so lengthy, and the greater number of them so unmistakably inferior to their predecessors, that only a few need be named at all. 'Nordens Guder' (The Gods of the North), the great epic-cycle of the Scandinavian Pantheon, is the consummation of Oehlenschläger's efforts to utilize the Norse mythology for the purposes of modern poetry. 'Den Lille Hyrdedreng' (The Little Shepherd Boy) was a dramatic idyl so beautiful as almost to silence for a time the critics of the poet. 'Hrolf Krake,' another considerable poem, deals with the epic material previously handled by Ewald. 'Öen i Sydhavet' (The Isle in the Southern Sea) is a prose romance of great length, the only important work of the sort attempted by Oehlenschläger. The principal tragedies of these twenty years are 'Stærkodder,' 'Hagbarth og Signe,' 'Erik og Abel,' 'Væringerne i Miklagaard' (The Varangians in Micklegarth), 'Karl den Store' (Karl the Great), and 'Langbarderne' (The Lombards).

In the summer of 1829, the poet, just completing his fiftieth year, made a holiday trip to Sweden, and was received with great enthusiasm. He took part in the annual celebration of the University of Lund, presided over by Tegnér, the greatest of Swedish poets. Here he was crowned in the Cathedral of Lund as "the Adam of skalds, the king of Northern singers." Immediately after the ceremony he returned to Copenhagen, and a few days later had the pleasure of receiving Tegnér upon Danish soil, where the festivities of Lund were echoed. When his fiftieth birthday fell, he received a striking demonstration from the students of his own University. The remaining twenty years of his life (for he rounded out the full Scriptural tale) were no less active than the twenty just preceding. They were marked by the same uninterrupted succession of new productions; few of which, however, proved worthy of his genius, although the old fire and deep poetic feeling flashed out now and then, to the surprise of both critics and friends. Among the tragedies of this closing period the following may be named: 'Tordenskjold,' 'Sokrates' (the poet's only dramatic handling of a Greek theme), 'Olaf den Hellige' (Olaf the Holy), 'Dina,' and 'Amleth.' The latter of these tragedies is particularly interesting as an attempt to reconstruct the historical Hamlet of Saxo's chronicle, in contrast with Shakespeare's purely imaginative creation. Other works of this period were 'Norgesrejsen' (The

Journey to Norway), 'Digtekunsten' (The Art of Poetry), 'Örvarodds Saga,' and 'Landet Fundet og Forsvundet' (The Found and Vanished Land), the latter a dramatic handling of the Norse discovery of Vinland. His last production was a hero-poem upon the subject of 'Regnar Lodbrok'; and ends with the pathetic words, «The old skald sang for the last time of the old Norse heroes.» The poet's 'Erindringer' (Recollections), upon which he had been engaged for several years, remained to be published after his death. The series of works thus completed fills, in the standard edition, no less than forty volumes, of which four contain the 'Erindringer,' ten the tragedies, and twenty-six the miscellaneous productions in verse and prose. They stand as a lasting monument to the genius of the greatest poet of Denmark; as the living memorial of their author's singularly rich, fruitful, and fortunate career.

Outwardly, the score of years that crowned Oehlenschläger's life were comparatively uneventful. A trip to Norway in 1833, and a second visit to Sweden in 1847, were the most noteworthy episodes. Meanwhile, in face of the broadening fame of the poet, and his strengthened hold upon the minds and hearts of his fellow-countrymen, the wave of adverse criticism that had at one time risen so high was steadily subsiding; and even his most determined opponents came to recognize the indebtedness of the nation to the man who, whatever his lapses from a high standard of production, had nevertheless created a new literature for Denmark, and awakened the creative spirit that was now displaying itself on every hand. It was during these last years of Oehlenschläger's life that most of the men arose who have shaped nineteenth-century Danish literature. These were the years of the early successes of the novelists Ingemann, Blicher, Goldschmidt, and St. Aubain; of the poets Hertz, Paludan-Müller, Winther, and Ploug; of the philosopher Kierkegaard, and the story-teller Hans Christian Andersen. Widely divergent as were the paths of these men, Oehlenschläger justly felt that they were all in some sense his successors, and that he had given the impulse which was resulting in so marked an expansion of the national literature. And nearly all of these men joined to do him honor in the celebration of his seventieth birthday; an occasion which evoked tributes of heartfelt admiration even from Heiberg and Grundtvig, his most inveterate critics. A few weeks later, he lay upon his death-bed. At his request, his son read to him a scene from his own 'Sokrates'; and he also expressed the wish that this tragedy should be presented at the theatre as a memorial performance after his death. A few hours later, towards midnight, January 20th, 1850, he passed quietly away, retaining full consciousness almost to the last moment. He was buried in the Frederiksberg church-yard, where a massive block

of stone marks his grave. Hans Christian Andersen tells us that when a short time after the entombment, fresh wreaths were brought to replace the old ones upon the grave, it was found that a song-bird had made its nest in the withered leaves.



THE DEDICATION OF 'ALADDIN'

To Goethe

Born in far northern clime,
Came to mine ears sweet tidings in my prime
From fairy-land;
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a magic band.

Oft, when a child, I'd pore
In rapture on the ancient saga lore;
When on the wold
The snow was falling white,
I, shuddering with delight,
Felt not the cold.

When with his pinion chill
The winter smote the castle on the hill,
It fanned my hair;
I sat in my small room,
And through the lamp-lit gloom
Saw Spring smile fair.

And though my love in youth
Was all for Northern energy and truth,
And Northern feats,
Yet for my fancy's feast
The flower-appareled East
Unveiled its sweets.

To manhood as I grew,
From North to South, from South to North, I flew;
I was possessed
By yearnings to give voice in song
To all that had been struggling long
Within my breast.

I heard bards manifold,
But at their minstrelsy my heart grew cold;
Dim, colorless, became
My childhood's visions grand;
Their tameness only fanned
My wilder flame.

Who did the young bard save?
Who to his eye a keener vision gave,
That he the child
Amor beheld, astride
The lion, far off ride,
Careering wild?

Thou, great and good! Thy spell-like lays
Did the enchanted curtain raise
From fairy-land,
Where flowers eternal blow,
Where power and beauty go,
Knit in a loving band.

Well pleased thou heardest long
Within thy halls the stranger-minstrel's song;
Taught to aspire
By thee, my spirit leapt
To bolder heights, and swept
The German lyre.

Oft have I sung before;
And many a hero of our Northern shore,
With grave stern mien,
By sad Melpomene
Called from his grave, we see
Stalk o'er the scene.

And greeting they will send
To friend Aladdin cheerly as a friend:
The oak's thick gloom
Prevails not wholly where
Warbles the nightingale, and fair
Flowers waft perfume.

On thee, to whom I owe
New life, what shall my gratitude bestow?
Naught has the bard

Save his own song! And this
Thou dost not, trivial as the tribute is,
With scorn regard.

From Sir Theodore Martin's translation of 'Aladdin.'

SONG

From 'Aladdin'

THE moon shines bright aloft
O'er wood and dingle,
The birds in cadence soft
Their warblings mingle;
The breezes from the hill
Come sighing, sighing,
And to their voice the rill
Sends sweet replying.

But one flower in the wold
Droops wan and sickly;
Death at its heart is cold—
'Twill perish quickly.
But yonder, chaplets twine
Forever vernal,
And in God's presence shine
Through springs eternal.

O moonlight pale! thy rays
Soon, softly creeping,
Shall paint my paler face
In death-trance sleeping.
Smile then on Death, that he
May gently take me,
And where no sorrows be,
Ere morn awake me!

Droops on its stem the flower:
Come, sweetly stealing,
Angel of death, and shower
Soft dews of healing!
Oh, come! Beneath thy blight
My soul shall quail not!
Yonder is endless light,
And joys that fail not!

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

FROM 'AXEL AND VALBORG'

Axel *enters with* King Hakon, *who is wounded in the right arm.*

AXEL — Here are we safe awhile, my lord and king!
Here in God's holy house. Come, sit you down,
And let me bind for you your wounded arm;
A warrior ought to know the art of healing;
One has not always help at hand. The wound
Is deep, but yet not dangerous. Now, had we
A piece of linen only!

Hakon — This your kindness
Wounds me more deep than Erling Skakke's sword.

Axel — Be thou not wounded by my faithfulness,—
Far other was its purpose.

[*He feels in his bosom, draws out a cloth, and starts; but instantly composes himself, and says:* —]

Here is linen.

Hakon — Axel, why startest thou? Almighty God!
I know that cloth too well.

Axel — Nay, calm yourself.

Hakon — And with this cloth you wish to bind my arm?

Axel — So that you may not die from loss of blood.

Hakon — You wish to bind it with this very cloth
Wherewith I rent your life in twain?

Axel — My lord!
It is another cloth.

Hakon — Nay, nay! It is
The very cloth which that malicious Knud
Cut with my sword 'twixt you and Valborg, Axel!
I know it. Oh, swathe not my arm with this:
It burns me — tortures me with double pain.

Axel — Nay, it is natural a wound should burn,
And bandaging a sore is always painful.
Be calm, and rest yourself a moment, King!
Then in your left hand take your sword, and come
Once more with Axel 'gainst your haughty foe:
The presence of their king supports his people,
And I will serve instead of your right hand.

Hakon — Is it contempt,— a lurking, proud revenge?
Or is it natural high-mindedness?
How shall I understand you, Axel? Think you
To heap up coals of fire on Hakon's head?

Axel— By God and man! I will be true to you;
I will not harm you; I will ne'er forsake you.
Hakon— This generosity but hurts me more.
O most unhappy Hakon Herdebred!
Thy bravest warrior despises thee.
Axel— By God in heaven, and by my Valborg, Hakon!
I do respect you.
Hakon— I believe you, kinsman:
That was a solemn oath,—well is it so;
For Hakon acted like an ardent lover
Upon the throne—not like a coward, Axel!
Axel— Who feels the power of love, and does not know
Its mighty workings?
Hakon— Now your words are drawn
Out of my very heart, my gallant hero;
Your faithfulness and kindness move me so.
[*With sudden wildness*]—
And yet, did I perceive that you believed
This were but woman's weakness, only caused
By this my pain of body, Axel Thordson,
With my left hand I would draw forth my sword,
And challenge you to fight for life and death.
Axel— I swore by Valborg that I do respect you.
Hakon— You swear it. Then you shall esteem me too;
For I will make to you a sacrifice.
The sacrifice is great;—'tis needful, Axel,
That you should know its costliness!
Axel— My King!
Hakon— I well know what I hazard by the offer
Of such a gift at such a time as this:
"Now has the proud and foolish youth at last
Opened his eyes; and now he can perceive
How his throne stands in need of brave defense.
Now does he need his warriors' faithfulness;
And therefore does he purchase friend with maid,
In the despair and anguish of his heart."
Ha,—I would hate you, Axel! I would call you
A cold and cruel and barbarian foe,
If you could dream of such a motive.
Axel— Sire!
Hakon— For Valborg loses Hakon Norway's realm,
But Valborg—loses he for Valborg's sake.
Think of the value of my gift! Gives one
The greater for the less, to satisfy
One's selfishness?

Axel— O Hakon! noble kinsman!
Hakon— Yes, I have blindly erred, and your pure soul,
Your noble mind, have opened now mine eyes;
And of free-will, because I wish the good,
Do I subdue the passion of my breast,
And give you back your Valborg—give you back
That which to me is dearest in the world.
Misjudge me not,—oh, see my sacrifice!
Axel— I see it,—and God sees it, noble King!
Hakon— And now embrace me!
Axel— Hold—your wounded arm!
Hakon— The wound no longer burns: this linen cloth
Hurts me no more; it cools me, like the juice
Of healing herbs fresh gathered.
Axel— O my King!
Hakon— And now let Erling overcome me. Hakon
Has overcome himself: his victory
Is greatest.
Axel— But it shall not be the last:
The other victory must now be gained.

[*Noise is heard outside the church.*]

Be calm, my King! Rest yet a moment longer!
Your golden helm is heavy, and your head
Needs some relief; give me your helmet. Here—
Take mine instead; it is a lighter one.

[*The noise increases; Axel throws the King's purple mantle, which has been unloosed during the bandaging, over his own shoulders.*]

Hakon— What do you, Axel?
Axel— Nay, be still, my lord!
I hear men coming—possibly our foes:
Let Axel be a shield to you!

[*A troop of the enemy rushes in.*]

The Captain— There stands he!
There stands he! See you? with the golden helmet
And purple robe. It is the King. Rush in—
Rush in on him, and cut him down!
Hakon— O Axel!
Now do I understand your strange behavior.
Give me my helmet back!
Axel— Nay, draw your sword;
Place yourself so that your right arm may be

Protected by my body. When you see
An opening, strike — and then draw back again.
[*He cries*] —
Come on, ye paltry wretches! Here stands Hakon.
His sword is drawn, you see; he does not fear
Your coward onslaught in the house of God.
Come on, ye murderers! who do not dare
To stand up man 'gainst man in honest fight,
But think to win base gold by Hakon's murder.
My fiery lion's-tongue is gleaming bright;
Come, let it slake its thirst in traitors' blood!

Hakon [*drawing his sword*] —
He would befool you! Here stands Norway's chief,
And with his left hand will he punish you.

Axel — Peace, Axel Thordson! you are wounded. Hakon
Can well defend himself.

The Enemy — Down with him! down!

[*A fight. Noise is heard outside, of other warriors; there is a cry* —]

To help! to help! the King has been attacked.

The Hostile Warrior [*to Axel*] —
Aha! help comes too late! [*He wounds him.*
Haste! flee away.
Hakon is slain! Come on, and cut your way
To Erling through the Biarkebeiners' ranks.
Hakon is slain; — away!

Sigurd of Reine *and* Wilhelm *rush in with a number of* Biarkebeiners

Sigurd — Ha, cut and thrust!
Pursue the murderers!

[*The enemy is put to flight.*]

Sigurd [*to the King*] — Your life is saved!

[*He becomes aware of Axel.*]

What! Axel in the royal robe and helmet?
All bleeding, too?

Axel [*to the King*] — Now take your helm again!
It is too heavy now for *me*. Go, Sire!
And leave me with my comrade here alone.

Hakon — My brother! is your wound —

Axel — Nay, — leave me, King!
Charge boldly on the foe; revenge this treachery;
Follow with Sigurd and his bark-clad warriors!

Sigurd— Yes, Hakon! even Norway's forests
Have armed themselves to fight for Throndhjem's lord.
Look at these warriors! Gotha-dwellers! Bears!
Stems of the forest pines, all gathered here
From many a mountain ridge. For want of armor,
This rugged bark protects their gallant hearts.
These stems of alder, with their sharpened points
Hardened by fire, supply the place of spears.
In such wise fight they for their humble hearths,
And the king's honor. Head thou them, my lord,
And by a storm avenge we Axel's slaying.
You die a noble death, my Northern brother!
Fallen for your King. We, too, shall follow you
Ere long, perhaps, and greet you before God.
Come, Hakon! Leave him with his friend alone!
Come on! Life calls for strife, but Death for peace.

Hakon [*to his warriors—pointing at Axel*]—
Ye Norsemen! for the King he gave his life.

The Biarkebeiners [*impatiently striking their wooden spears against the ground*]—
We, we will also give our lives for thee!
Lead us to death! Lead us against the foe!

Hakon [*embracing Axel*]—
Farewell! ere sunset we shall meet again.
[*He follows the warriors.*

Wilhelm [*approaching Axel*]—
My brother! is your wound a mortal one?

Axel— Yes, Wilhelm. Loose my shoulder scarf, I pray you!
Draw out the scabbard, and give me the scarf,
That I may stanch the blood a little while,
And respite life. Thanks! Lead me over now
To yonder pillar that bears Valborg's name;
Here shall I rest more easily. So! Let me lean
Against the wall, so that I may not fall
In dying.

Wilhelm— Brother, do you suffer pain?

Axel— No! Light and calm and peaceful is my heart.

Wilhelm— Axel, would you not wish to see your Valborg
Once more before you die?

Axel— Ah, Wilhelm, yes!

Wilhelm— Then will I hasten up and fetch her straightway.

Axel— Stay yet a moment! It might happen, Wilhelm,
That Axel were no more when Valborg comes.
Then tell the chosen of my heart I died
With Valborg's name upon my lips.

Wilhelm — That will I.

Axel — Tell her that Hakon is a noble hero;
That Axel's confidence was not misplaced
In trusting to his royal heart.

Wilhelm — I will.

Axel — Greet Helfred, — greet my darling sister, Wilhelm!
At Immersborg; and thank her lovingly
For all the thoughts and feelings, joys and sorrows,
She ever shared from childhood with her brother.
Ah, Helfred understood me, knew me well!
Tell her that I have not forgot my sister
In e'en mine hour of death.

Wilhelm — Good! I will greet her.

Axel — But Valborg first and last! my earnest wish
Is, that whene'er her days on earth are ended,
Axel may slumber by her side.

Wilhelm — Your wish
Shall be fulfilled. Hast more to tell me?

Axel — Nay.

Wilhelm — Well then, — I go!

Axel [*grasping his hand*] —
My noble, faithful comrade!
Thanks for your friendship and your true devotion.
In deeds you showed it, though in words but seldom.
Take from this feeble hand my life's farewell!

Wilhelm — Farewell, farewell!

Axel — Wilhelm, was I your friend?

Wilhelm — My only friend! Now have I none remaining.

[*He goes.*

Axel [*alone*] —
I die for land and lord, as did my sires.
What honorable Norseman more desires?
O God! with joy my soul doth fly to Thee;
For thou wilt give the chosen of my heart
To be my bride in thine eternity,
Where Axel from his Valborg ne'er shall part.

[*The sun shines through the choir window.*]

All hail to thee, thou new-born morning light!
Thou comest to enlighten my dim sight,
And tinge my pallid cheek with thy warm ray.
Soon, soon a morning glow upon me shines,
That never waxes into glaring day;
An evening glow that ne'er to night declines.

My youthful hopes! ye were no shadows vain;—
'Twas mine to love, and to be loved again;
A friend was mine; a noble king God gave,
Whom I have fitted for his station high,
Whom by my death it is my lot to save.
Well, Axel! thou hast lived, so thou canst die.

And see, my Valborg! yonder angels twine
A wreath of blue forget-me-nots like thine.
Then thou shalt never from thine Axel part,
When thou shalt meet him in those realms above,
More worthy of thy beauty and thine heart,
Where 'tis no sin to nourish sacred love.
Farewell, my Valborg! [*He dies.*

Wilhelm [*coming with Valborg*] —

He is still alive!
He is alive! Heard you? — he spoke of Valborg!
Valborg — I took his life's farewell. [*She gazes on him.*
He is no more.
Mine Axel! dost thou live? If thou dost live,
Lift upon me thine eye for the last time,
Thou noble soul! and let thy blessing shine
On Valborg in thy fixed and dying gaze.
He is no more. Ah, he is dead! He died
With Valborg's name upon his lips. Well, thou
Hast fought thy fight, brave youth! Fell he not for
His king?
Wilhelm — Ay, as a hero.
Valborg — Glorious death!
Far better this than fly to foreign lands,
To spend thy days in barren banishment,
And waste away with grief of heart, my Axel!
Thou sufferest now no longer, heart-loved youth!
Now hast thou won thyself eternal honor.
Thy Fatherland, thy noble mother Norway,
Is proud of Axel — of her gallant son.
For many an age shall thy beloved name
Be heard fresh-sounding on her grateful lips;
At Thing-motes men shall often high extol
Thy hero-deed; while in the ladies' bower,
At eventide old ballads shall be sung,
Recounting Axel's love and faithfulness.
[*To Wilhelm*] —
How fair he is in death!

[*To the dead Axel*]— Thy golden locks
Are wildly scattered round thy pallid brow.

[*She arranges his hair with her hand.*]

So should it be! This brow must not be covered:
'Tis arched so high and noble, like the heavens.
See how he smiles in death!
[*She kisses him.*] Farewell, my Axel!
Thy Valborg follows soon.

[*She rises up, and lays her hand upon her breast, whilst she draws her breath deeply and heavily.*]

Ay, soon! ay, soon!

Wilhelm— My noble Valborg, you are pale.

Valborg— My Axel
Is paler still. Peace, my kind Wilhelm! peace!
Disturb not Valborg in her loneliness.
[*With enthusiasm*]—
How pleasant seems it here within the church!
How brightly beams the sunshine through the windows,
As at this very hour, my Axel! yesterday,
When first thou pressedst Valborg to thy heart.
How homelike 'tis, how cheerful, in the church!
Here shall we live right happily together,
Peacefully dwelling opposite each other,—
Thou with thy father, Valborg with her mother.
And when the clock strikes twelve, and in yon birch
Outside our window sings each night the thrush,
The wall and marble stones will open wide,
And we shall meet at Harold Gille's grave,
And thence go hand in hand up to the altar,
And sit us down within the moonlit choir
And let the moon with pale and silv'ry light
Beam on our pallid cheeks, and listen to
The thrush's spring song, whilst we call to mind
The memories of our faithful love in life;
Then, when the moonlight passes from the choir,
Go back with slow and melancholy steps,
And walk three times round Harold Gille's tomb;
There shall we pause and take our loving leave
Until the next night comes. Deep in our graves
Then shall we slumber sweetly, whilst the living
Are rioting without.

Wilhelm— And Axel's wish
Was to be buried in one grave with Valborg.

Valborg — In one same grave? Ah, that were glorious, but
It may not be, my noble knight! Alas!
Axel and Valborg never were betrothed.
It may not be; yet how much would I give,
That the same coffin might contain both Valborg's
And Axel's bones!

[*She gazes down before her.*]

But, noble Wilhelm, tell me
What glistens in the dust, in yonder crevice
Of Harold's tombstone?

Wilhelm — See I right, it is
A ring.

Valborg — A ring?

Wilhelm [*takes it up*] — Yes,—it is Axel's ring.

Valborg — Axel's? Did it not roll into the grave?
O our forefather! now I understand thee;—
I understood thee then. Give me my ring!

[*She places it upon her finger.*]

Now am I truly thy betrothed, my Axel!
Now am I Axel's bride! Now may we be
Buried together in one grave.

Wilhelm — Poor girl!

Valborg — "Poor girl"? Nay, Wilhelm! happy, happy girl.
Is it not true, my noble friend,—I call you
My friend, for you were Axel Thordson's friend,—
Is it not true, my friend, you know the ballad
Of Knight Sir Aage and of Lady Else?

Wilhelm — The Danish bishop taught it to my mother;
And she, in early childhood, taught it me.

Valborg — And you remember it?

Wilhelm — Yes, perfectly.

Valborg — Oh, that is well! My Axel told me that
You have a noble voice; not delicate
And soft, like that which pleases men in life,
But deep, and strong, and solemn,—as a voice
From out the grave. Well, noble Wilhelm, will
You show me now the kindness, for the sake
Of him who was your friend, to sing this ballad
For Valborg,—whilst in recompense she places
Her ring upon his cold and lifeless hand?

Wilhelm — Yes, I will do it, if it comforts you.

Valborg — My Axel too has told me that you are
A skilled musician on the harp.

Wilhelm— Its tones
Full oft have lulled my troubled soul to rest.
Valborg—Well, see in yonder corner, dearest Wilhelm,
Close by my mother's grave, there stands a harp.
How many a sleepless night has Valborg's voice
Risen to its tuneful notes among the tombs!
How many a time has she to it begun
Aage's and Else's ballad! Never yet
I sang it to the end; for hot tears choked
My feeble voice. To you, my noble knight,
To you a stronger nature God has given;
So take the tunèd harp, and sit you down
By yonder pillar, opposite my Axel,
And sing the mournful ballad to the end,
Whilst Valborg kneels beside her Axel's corpse;
And do not rise, I pray, till all is o'er,
And Else is to Aage joined in death.
Wilhelm—I sing thee comfort in the morning dawn.

[*Valborg kneels down beside Axel's corpse; Wilhelm takes the harp, sits down, and sings.*]

*"It was the fair knight Aagen:
To an isle he went his way,
And plighted troth to Else,
Who was so fair a may.
He plighted troth to Else
All with the ruddy gold;
But or ere that day's moon came again,
Low he lay in the black, black mold.

"It was the maiden Else:
She was fulfilled of woe
When she heard how the fair knight Aagen
In the black mold lay alow.
Uprose the fair knight Aagen,
Coffin on back took he,
And he's away to her bower
Sore hard as the work might be.

"With that same chest on door he smote,
For the lack of flesh and skin;
'O hearken, maiden Else,
And let thy true love in.'

*Mr. Butler's version of this famous ballad is a creditable one; but the translation made by William Morris far surpasses it in beauty, and is here substituted.

Then answered maiden Else,
'Never open I my door,
But and if thou namest Jesu's name
As thou hadst might before!'—

«'Oh, whenso thou art joyous,
And the heart is glad in thee,
Then fares it with my coffin
That red roses are with me;
But whenso thou art sorrowful,
And weary is thy mood,
Then all within my coffin
Is it dreadful with dark blood.

«'Now is the red cock a-crowing,—
To the earth adown must I;
Down to the earth wend all dead folk,
And I wend in company.
Look thou up to the heavens aloft
To the little stars and bright,
And thou shalt see how sweetly
It fareth with the night.'

«She looked up to the heavens aloft,
To the little stars bright above;
The dead man sank into his grave,—
Ne'er again she saw her love.
Home then went maiden Else,
Mid sorrow manifold,
And ere that night's moon came again
She lay alow in the mold.»

[*Wilhelm ceases. Valborg lies motionless with her head upon Axel's shoulder.*]

Wilhelm—The song is ended, noble Valborg! [*He rises.*] Valborg,
Rise up again: my song is ended now.
Valborg! She does not move. Cold, pale! She breathes
No longer. Heaven! I had foreboded it!
Valborg is dead! As Nanna with her Baldur;
As with her Hjalmar, Ingeborg; as Else
With Ridder Aage. Her true heart has broken
With sorrow o'er the body of her Axel.
O Northern faithfulness, how strong thou art!
There lie they both, in one another's arms,
Lifeless, but now *one* life, *one* soul with God.

And Wilhelm had to sing your funeral dirge!
Well, it was but the tribute due to friendship.

[*Martial music outside the scene.*]

Gotfred [*comes*]—
Hakon is fallen: Erling is victorious.
They bring the body of the king.
Wilhelm— And so
The Gille's race is utterly extinct.
Be speedy, Gotfred! Hasten to the bishop;
Take him on board our ship; await me there;
Ere sunset we will sail from Throndhjem's Fiord.

[*Gotfred goes.*]

Wilhelm [*drawing his sword*]—
And now go, dearest, best beloved friends.
Until the grave shall open, and unite
What life had parted, shall your Wilhelm show
The honor due by friendship to your dust.
I will keep watch beside you; I will lay
Thy shield and sword, brave knight! upon thy coffin,
Encircled by thy maiden's wreath of flowers;
And on the shining plate will I engrave,
"Here Axel Thordson and fair Valborg rest;
He for his king, she for her lover died."

Translation of Pierce Butler.

THE FOES

From 'Hakon Jarl'

[Hakon's dominion is menaced by Olaf Trygvesön, who has invaded the land and seeks to substitute the faith of the Christian for that of the heathen. In his extremity, Hakon resorts to foul means, and hires one Thorer Klake to assassinate King Olaf. The attempt is unsuccessful, for Thorer Klake falls a victim to his own treachery; and Olaf Trygvesön himself seeks out Hakon in the peasant hut to which he has retired.]

Enter Olaf Trygvesön, *muffled up in a gray cloak, with a broad hat on his head.*

HAKON [*without looking up*]—
My valiant Thorer Klake, hast come at last?
Hast been successful? Dost thou bring to me
What thou didst promise? Answer, Thorer Klake.

Olaf— All things have happened as they should, my lord;
But pardon Thorer that he does not come
And bring himself King Olaf's head to thee—
'Twas difficult for him. Thor knows he had
A sort of loathing that himself should bring it,
And so he sent me.
Hakon— Well, 'tis good; away,
And deeply bury it in the dark earth.
I will not look on it myself: my eye
Bears not such sights,—they reappear in dreams.
Bury the body with it. Tell thy lord
That he shall come at once.
Olaf— He is asleep.
Hakon—Asleep?
Olaf— A midday slumber; he lies stretched
Stiffly beneath a shadowy elder-tree.
Hakon—Then wake him up. [*Aside.*] Asleep, and after such
A deed— Ha! Thorer, I admire thee;
Thou hast rare courage. [*Aloud.*] Thrall, go wake him up.
Olaf— But wilt thou first not look at Olaf's head?
Hakon—No; I have said no.
Olaf— Thou dost think, my lord,
That perhaps it is a horrid frightful sight:
It is not so, my lord; for Olaf's head
Looks fresh and sound as any in the land.
Hakon—Away, I tell thee!
Olaf— I ne'er saw the like:
I always heard that Hakon was a hero,
Few like him in the North,—and does he fear
To see a lifeless and a corpseless head?
How wouldst thou tremble then, my lord, if thou
Shouldst see it on his body?
Hakon [*turning round angrily*]—
Thrall, thou darest!
Where hast thou got it?
Olaf [*takes his hat off, and throws off his cloak*]—
On my shoulders, Earl.
Forgive me that I bring it thee myself
In such a way: 'twas easiest for me.
Hakon—What, Olaf! Ha! what treachery is here?
Olaf— Old gray-beard, spare thy rash, heroic wrath.
Attempt not to fight Olaf, but remember
That he has still his head upon his body,
And that thy impotent, gray-bearded strength
Was only fitting for the headless Olaf.

Hakon [*rushes at him*]—
Ha, Hilfheim!
Olaf [*strikes his sword, and says in a loud voice*]—
So, be quiet now, I say,
And sheathe thy sword again. My followers
Surround the house; my vessels are a match
For all of thine, and I myself have come
To win the country in an honest fight.
Thyself hast urged me with thy plots to do it.
Thou standest like a despicable thrall
In his own pitfall caught at last; but I
Will make no use of these advantages
Which fate has granted me. I am convinced
That I may boldly meet thee face to face.
Thy purpose, as thou seest, has wholly failed,
And in his own blood does thy Thorer swim.
Thou seest 'twere easy for me to have seized thee;
To strike thee down were even easier still:
But I the Christian doctrine do confess,
And do such poor advantages despise.
So choose between two courses. Still be Earl
Of Hlade as thou wast, and do me homage,
Or else take flight; for when we meet again
'Twill be the time for red and bleeding brows.
Hakon [*proudly and quietly*]—
My choice is made. I choose the latter, Olaf.
Thou callest me a villain and a thrall;
That forces up a smile upon my lips.
Olaf, one hears indeed that thou art young;
It is by mockery and arrogance
That one can judge thy age. Now, look at me
Full in the eyes; consider well my brow:
Hast thou among the thralls e'er met such looks?
Dost think that cunning or that cowardice
Could e'er have carved these wrinkles on my brow?
I did entice thee hither. Ha! 'tis true
I knew that thou didst wait but for a sign
To flutter after the enticing bait;
That in thy soul thou didst more highly prize
Thy kinship with an extinct race of kings
Than great Earl Hakon's world-renownèd deeds;
That thou didst watch the opportunity
To fall upon the old man in his rest.
Does it astonish thee that I should wish
Quickly to rid myself of such a foe?

That I deceived a dreamer who despised
The mighty gods,—does that astonish thee?
Does it astonish thee that I approved
My warriors' purpose, since a hostile fate
Attempted to dethrone, not only me,
But all Valhalla's gods?

Olaf— Remember, Hakon,—
Remember, Hakon, that e'en thou thyself
Hast been a Christian; that thou wast baptized
By Bishop Popo, and that thou since then
Didst break thy oath. How many hast thou broken?

Hakon— Accursed forever may that moment be
When by the cunning monk I was deceived,
And let myself be fooled by paltry tricks.
He held a red-hot iron in his hand,
After by magic he had covered it
With witches' ointment.

Olaf— O thou blind old man!
Thy silver hair does make me pity thee.

Hakon— Ha! spare thy pity; as thou seest me here,
Thou seest the last flash and the latest spark
Of ancient Northern force and hero's life;
And that, with all thy fever-stricken dreams,
Proud youth, thou shalt be powerless to quench.
I well do know it is the Christian custom
To pity, to convert, and to amend.
Our custom is to heartily despise you,
To ruminate upon your fall and death,
As foes to gods and to a hero's life.
That Hakon does, and therein does consist
His villainy. By Odin, and by Thor,
Thou shalt not quench old Norway's warlike flame
With all thy misty dreams of piety.

Olaf— 'Tis well: fate shall decide. We separate,
And woe to thee when next we meet again.

Hakon— Aye, woe to me if then I crush thee not.

Olaf— Heaven shall strike thee with its fiery might!

Hakon— No, with his hammer Thor the cross will smite!

Translation of Frank C. Lascelles.

THE SACRIFICE

From 'Hakon Jarl'

[A golden horn with runic inscription has been brought to Hakon, who has taken the words—

«Go to the great gods,
Give them thy best»—

to signify that he must sacrifice what is most dear to him if he would win in the impending battle with Olaf Trygvesön. Acting upon this belief, he takes Erling, his child, at early morn to the sacrificial grove.]

Enter Earl Hakon, *leading* Erling *by the hand*

ERLING—It is so cold, my father!
Hakon— My dear son,
It is yet early, therefore is it cold;
Thou shiverest, child!
Erling— That matters not, my father.
I am so glad that thou didst promise me
That I should see the sun arise to-day;
A sunrise have I never seen before.
Hakon— Dost see the golden rays which yonder break
Far in the east?
Erling [*clapping his hands*]—What lovely roses, father!
Oh, see the lovely roses, how they blush!
But tell me, my dear father, whence do come
Such masses of these lovely pearls, which are
Strewed over all the valley down below?
Oh, how they glitter up towards the roses!
Hakon— Those are no pearls; it is but morning dew.
That which thou callest roses is the sun.
Dost see it rise?
Erling— Oh, what a ball of fire!
How crimson red! O father dear, can we
Not travel thither to the morning sun?
Hakon— Towards the sun our life must ever strive;
For seest thou that lovely ruddy glow
Which glitters yonder?—that is Odin's eye.
The other, which by night thou seest shine
With a far softer and a paler glow,
Has he now left in pledge in Mimer's well,
That there it may obtain the drink which makes
His eye more fresh and more acute.
Erling— And where
And what is Mimer's well?

Hakon — The mighty sea
There, deep below, which dashes 'gainst the rocks,—
That is the deep-dug well of ancient Mimer,
That strengthens Odin's eye; and doubly bright
The sun arises, joyful and refreshed
By the cool morning waves.

Erling — Oh, how on high
It rises up! I can no longer bear
To gaze upon it, for it burns my eyes.

Hakon — The Almighty Father mounts upon his throne,
And soon the whole world will he look upon.
The golden throne doth dazzle earthly eyes;
Who dares presume to gaze upon the king
Of light and day in his full midday glow?

Erling [*turning round frightened*] —
Oh, oh! my father, who are those? such grim
And old white men, who in the shadow stand
Behind the trees there?

Hakon — Speak not so, my son!
Those are the statues of the mighty gods,
Formed in the hard stone by the hands of men.
They do not dazzle us with summer flames;
To them may Askur's sons kneel down in peace,
And gaze with reverence upon their face.
Come, let us go and see them closer, come.

Erling — Oh no, my father, I do fear! Dost see
That old, long-bearded, hoary-headed man?
He looks so fierce and grim upon me. Oh,
He makes me quite afraid!

Hakon — O Erling, Erling!
That is god Odin — art afraid of Odin?

Erling — No, no; of Odin I am not afraid,—
The real Odin yonder in the sky,
He will not harm me: he is good and bright;
He calls forth flowers from the lap of earth,
And like a flower does he gleam himself.
But that white, pallid sorcerer, he stares
As though he sought to take my life-blood.

Hakon — Ha!

Erling — My father, let me go and fetch my wreath;
I left it hanging yonder on a bush
When thou didst show me when the sun arose:
And let us then go home again, my father,
Away from these grim, ancient statues here;

For thou mayst well believe the grim old man
Has no good-will towards thee, father dear.

Hakon — Go fetch thy wreath, child, then come back at once.

[*Exit Erling.*]

The sacrificial lamb should be adorned.
Ye mighty gods, behold from Valaskjalf
Earl Hakon's faith and truth confirmed by deeds!

Re-enter Erling *with a wreath of flowers round his head*

Erling — Here am I, my dear father, with my wreath.

Hakon — Kneel down, my son, to Odin, ere thou goest;
Stretch out thy little hands towards the sky,
And say, "Great Father! hear the little Erling's prayer,
And mercifully take him in thy charge."

Erling [*kneels down, looking towards the sun, stretches out his hands, and says innocently and childlike*] —

Great Father, hear the little Erling's prayer,
And mercifully take him in thy charge!

[*Hakon, who stands behind him, draws his dagger while Erling is saying his prayer, and raises it to strike, but it falls from his hand. Erling turns towards him quietly and confidently, picks up the dagger, and says, as he gets up off his knees:*—]

My father dear, thou'st let thy dagger drop.
How sharp and bright it is! When I am big
Then I shall also have such weapons, and
Will help thee 'gainst thy enemies, my father.

Hakon — What sorcerer is't that places in thy mouth
Such words as these to scare me, and to make
Me tremble?

Erling — O my father! what's the matter?
What has, then, Erling done? Why art thou wroth?

Hakon — Come, Erling, follow me behind the gods.

Erling — Behind the grim men?

Hakon — Follow, and obey.
Behind the statue do the roses grow;
No pale white roses, — ruddy roses they,
Blood-red and purple roses. Ha! it is
A joy to see how quickly they shoot forth.
Follow, I say, — obey!

Erling [*weeping*] — My father dear,
I am so frightened at the purple roses.

Hakon — Away! already Heimdal's cock does crow,
And now the time is come, the time is come! [*Exeunt.*

Translation of Frank C. Lascelles.

SONG

From 'Correggio'

THE fairy dwells in the rocky hall,
The pilgrim sits by the waterfall;
The waters tumble as white as snow,
From the rocks above to the pool below:
"Sir Pilgrim, plunge in the dashing spray,
And you shall be my own love alway!

"From the bonds of the body thy soul I'll free;
Thou shalt merrily dance in the woods with me.
Sir Pilgrim, into the waters dash,
And ivory white thy bones I'll wash.
Deep, deep shalt thou rest in my oozy home,
And the waterfall o'er thee shall burst in foam."

The pilgrim he thrills, and to rise were fain,
But his limbs are so weary, he strives in vain.
The fairy she comes with her golden hair,
And she hands him a goblet of water fair;
He drinks the cool draught, and he feels amain
The frenzy of fever in heart and brain.

It chills his marrow, it chills his blood,
He has drunken of death's deceitful flood;
Pale, pale he sinks on the roses red,—
There lies the pilgrim, and he is dead.
The whirlpool sweeps him far down, and there
His bones 'mongst the sedges lie blanched and bare.

And now from the body the soul is free,
Now at midnight it comes to the greenwood tree:
In spring, when the mountain stream runs high,
His ghost with the fairy goes dancing by;
Then shines through the forest the wan moon's beam,
And through the clear waters his white bones gleam.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

NOUREDDIN READS FROM AN OLD FOLIO

From 'Aladdin'

LIFE'S gladsome child is led by Fortune's hand;
And what the sage doth moil to make his prize,
When in the sky the pale stars coldly stand,
From his own breast leaps forth in wondrous wise.

Met by boon Fortune midway, he prevails,
Scarce weeting how, in whatsoe'er he tries.
'Tis ever thus that Fortune freely hails
Her favorite, and on him her blessings showers,
Even as to heaven the scented flower exhales.
Unwooed she comes at unexpected hours;
And little it avails to rack thy brain,
And ask where lurk her long-reluctant powers;
Fain wouldst thou grasp—Hope's portal shuts amain,
And all thy fabric vanishes in air;
Unless foredoomed by Fate thy toils are vain,
Thy aspirations doomed to meet despair.

Translation of Sir Theodore Martin.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER'S ONLY HYMN

TEACH me, O forest, that I may
Like autumn leaves fade glad away,
A fairer spring forecasting;
There green my tree shall glorious stand,
Deep-rooted in the lovely land
Of summer everlasting.

O little bird of passage, thou
Teach me in faith to hie me now
To shores that are uncharted;
When all is winter here, and ice,
Then shall eternal Paradise
Open to me, departed.

Teach me, thou butterfly so light,
To break from out my prison plight
That is my freedom robbing;
On earth I creep with lowly things,
But soon the golden-purple wings
Shall high in air be throbbing.

O Thou who smilest from yon sky,
Master and Savior, Christ the high,
Teach me to conquer sorrow.
Let Hope's bright flag enhearten me;
Although Good Friday bitter be,
Fair is the Easter morrow.

Translated by Richard Burton for 'A Library of the World's Best Literature'

THE OLD TESTAMENT AND THE JEWISH APOCRYPHA

BY CRAWFORD H. TOY

THE OLD TESTAMENT

THE greatest interest in the Old Testament has, naturally, attached to its religious thought; and it has sometimes been forgotten that as the record of the national literature of the Hebrew people, it deserves to be studied on the literary side. It need fear no comparison in this regard with the great literatures of the world. There are forms of literary art in which the Old Testament has no superior; and in any case, the pleasure which is derived from it must be increased by a recognition of its literary excellences.

Its prose portion consists of History (in which, for our purposes, we may include the Legislation) and Prophecy. The former is simple prose, the latter rhythmical and balanced. We may first consider the narrative or historical portion.

Narrative Prose

The Old Testament histories consist almost entirely of annals and anecdotes,—extracts from yearly records of events, or biographical material which is made up largely of special incidents. The style is remarkable for its simplicity. The Semitic languages (to which class the Hebrew belongs) have no involved syntactical constructions. Their sentences consist almost entirely of clauses connected by the simple conjunction "and." This peculiarity gives picturesqueness and a certain monumental character to the narratives; each clause stands out by itself, presenting a single picture. There is no attempt (as in Greek) to represent elaborate and fine logical connections of thought. And further, this formal isolatedness, if we may so term it, is not confined to the structure of the sentence and the paragraph, but also controls the composition of the historical books. The incidents are set down as independent occurrences, and there is no attempt to trace the logical connection between them.

This characteristic is abundantly illustrated in the books of Judges, Samuel, and Kings. In the first of these books we have a series of

similar yet unconnected incidents: the land of Israel is conquered or held in subjection by some neighboring people — a hero arises and throws off the yoke — there is a period of quiet, followed by a new epoch of subjection which calls forth another hero; and so on. So the lives of Saul, David, and Samuel are simple biographies, in which the incidents are, in like manner, for the most part detached; and the same remark holds of the history of the reigns of the kings who succeeded David. In the Pentateuch the lives of the Patriarchs and of Moses, and the history of the march of the people from Egypt to Canaan, are similarly composed of isolated paragraphs.

Yet on the other hand, it is to be observed that these books exhibit a marked unity of plan. The Hexateuch (the Pentateuch and Joshua) beginning with the creation of the world, and coming down to the Flood, which separates human history into two great parts, passes to the ancestor Abraham, follows his descendants to Egypt, describes their advance to the promised land, and finally the conquest and division of the territory. The aim of the work is to describe the settlement of Israel in Canaan, and all the preceding history is made to bear on that event. The Book of Judges, taking up the history at the moment when the people enter Canaan, depicts the pre-regal period as a unit; Samuel describes the establishment of the monarchy and the reigns of the first two kings; Kings gives the fortunes of the people down to the suppression of the national political life; and Chronicles, it may be added, with a still more noticeable unity, confines itself to the history of Judah. Finally, in the short books of Ezra and Nehemiah, we have the story of the introduction of the Law, and the establishment of what may be called the Jewish Church-Nation.

We have thus, in the historical books of the Old Testament, a noteworthy unity of plan, combined with the isolation of independent parts. It is further to be noted that the object of each of these histories is to express an idea. The Hexateuch is the prose epic of the choice of Israel by Jehovah. The earlier historical books — Judges, Samuel, and Kings — are historical sermons, illustrating the text that national prosperity is dependent on obedience to the God of Israel; in Chronicles the text is slightly varied, — here it is obedience to the Law of Moses which is the condition of national peace.

Examples of the finest qualities of narrative prose style are found throughout the historical books. Abraham's plea for Sodom (Gen. xviii.) combines naïveté, dignity, and moral earnestness. Jehovah, having had reports of the corruption of Sodom, comes down, accompanied by two angels, to inquire into the case, and first pays a visit to Abraham. After a repast the two angels are sent to Sodom, with instructions to destroy it; Jehovah remains with Abraham, whose

heart is sore at the thought of the destruction of the city where dwelt his kinsman Lot. The narrative proceeds:—

And Abraham drew near, and said, Wilt thou consume the righteous with the wicked? Perhaps there are fifty righteous men within the city: wilt thou consume and not spare the place for the fifty righteous who are therein? That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked; that so the righteous should be as the wicked: that be far from thee; shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And Jehovah said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous, then I will spare all the place for their sake. And Abraham answered and said, My lord, I who am dust and ashes have taken upon me to speak to thee: there may perhaps lack five of the fifty righteous: wilt thou destroy all the city for lack of five? And he said, I will not destroy it if I find there forty and five. And he spake unto him yet again, and said, Perhaps there shall be forty found there. And he said, I will not do it for the forty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak; perhaps there shall thirty be found there. And he said, I will not do it if I find thirty there. And he said, Behold now, my lord, I have taken upon me to speak to thee: perhaps there shall be twenty found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the twenty's sake. And he said, Oh let not my lord be angry, and I will speak yet but this once: perhaps ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake. And Jehovah went his way when he had finished speaking with Abraham, and Abraham returned to his place.

The familiar appeal of Judah on behalf of Benjamin (Gen. xliv. 18–34) must be mentioned for its exquisite pathos. Joseph, known to the brothers only as the all-powerful prime minister, pretends to suspect that they are spies, and refuses to sell them food unless they bring him their youngest brother, of whom they had spoken. Jacob, informed of this demand, at first refuses to send Benjamin — the only surviving son, as he supposes, of his beloved Rachel. Pressed by famine, he at last consents, Judah pledging himself to bring the lad back. When they reach Egypt, Joseph so arranges that Benjamin shall seem to have been guilty of theft and worthy of imprisonment. Judah, in despair, comes forward and pleads for the boy's liberty. The plea is little more than a recital of the circumstances, in simplest dramatic form; but the heart-rending situation stands out with

lifelike clearness. The same element of pathos is found in the whole story of Joseph's relations with his brothers.

For brilliant dramatic effect there is scarcely anything in literature finer than the description of Elijah's challenge to the priests of Baal (1 Kings xviii.). The conditions are chosen with singular felicity. The Sidonian Baal, the god of the Queen of Israel, is represented by four hundred and fifty prophets, backed by all the power of the royal court; for Jehovah, God of Israel, stands one proscribed fugitive, a rude Bedawi from the east of the Jordan. The scene is the sacred mountain Carmel, from whose slopes are visible the Great Sea, the rich plains of the coast, and the rugged central plateau of Israel. Elijah proposes to test the two deities, and take the more powerful; the people, trembling and expectant, agree. The narrative goes on:—

And Elijah said to the prophets of Baal, Choose one bullock for yourselves, and prepare it first, for ye are many; and call on the name of your god, but put no fire under. And they took the bullock and prepared it, and called on the name of Baal from morning till noon, saying, O Baal, answer us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered. And they danced about the altar which they had made. And at noon Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is meditating, or he is gone aside, or he is on a journey, or perhaps he is asleep, and must be awaked. And they cried aloud and cut themselves after their manner with knives and lances, till the blood gushed out upon them. And when midday was past they prophesied until the time of the evening cereal offering; but there was neither voice, nor any answer, nor any that regarded. And Elijah said to all the people, Come near to me; and all the people came near to him. And he repaired the altar of Jehovah which was broken down, and made a trench about the altar, as great as would contain two measures of seed, put the wood in order, cut the bullock in pieces, and laid it on the wood. And he said, Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the offering, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time; and they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time; and they did it the third time. And the water ran round about the altar; and he filled the trench also with water. And at the time of the evening cereal offering Elijah came near and said, Jehovah, God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, let it be known this day that thou art God in Israel, and that I am thy servant, and that I have done all these things at thy word. Answer me, O Jehovah, answer

me, that this people may know that thou, Jehovah, art God, and turn thou their heart back again. Then fire from heaven fell and consumed the offering and the wood and the stones and the dust, and licked up the water that was in the trench. And when all the people saw it, they fell on their faces: and they said, Jehovah, he is God; Jehovah, he is God.

After this it is somewhat surprising to find Elijah (1 Kings xix.) fleeing for his life at a threat made by the Queen. The story of his flight contains a majestic theophany:—

And he went into a cave and passed the night there. And behold, Jehovah passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks; but Jehovah was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but Jehovah was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but Jehovah was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice. When Elijah heard it, he wrapped his face in his mantle and went out and stood at the entrance of the cave. And there came to him a voice: What doest thou here, Elijah? And he said, I have been very jealous for Jehovah, the God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away.

A characteristic picture is given in 1 Kings xxii. The allied Kings of Israel and Judah are about to attack the transjordanic city of Ramoth, and desire first a response from the oracle. The King of Judah, for some reason dissatisfied with Ahab's prophets, insists that Micaiah be called. The latter, after mocking answers, finally predicts disaster, and then proceeds to account for the favorable predictions of the court prophets:—

I saw Jehovah sitting on his throne, and all the host of heaven standing by him on his right hand and on his left. And Jehovah said, Who will entice Ahab, that he may go up and fall at Ramoth-Gilead? And one said on this manner, and another said on that manner. And there came forth a spirit, and stood before Jehovah and said, I will entice him. And Jehovah said to him, Wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and will be a lying spirit in the mouth of all his prophets. And he said, Thou shalt entice him, and shalt prevail also: go forth and do so. Now, therefore, behold, Jehovah has put a lying spirit in the mouth of

all these thy prophets, and Jehovah has spoken evil concerning thee. Then Zedekiah the son of Kenaanah came near, and smote Micaiah on the cheek, and said, Which way went the spirit of Jehovah from me to speak to thee? And Micaiah said, Thou shalt see on that day when thou shalt go into an inner chamber to hide thyself. And the king of Israel said, Take Micaiah, and carry him back unto Amon the governor of the city, and to Joash the king's son, and say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow in the prison, and feed him with bread and water of the worst sort, until I come in peace. And Micaiah said, If thou return at all in peace, Jehovah has not spoken by me.

A peculiar interest attaches to the three short books Ruth, Jonah, and Esther. These differ from the works above named in the fact that they describe each a single event. Each is a unity with definitely marked characters and incidents, leading to a culmination. In a word, so far as the literary form is concerned, these are short stories; and they seem to be the first productions of this sort in all the ancient world. Their predecessors in Hebrew literature are the incidents described in the Pentateuch and the historical books, in the lives of the Patriarchs, Judges, and Kings, and Prophets; as for example the story of Jephthah, the campaign of Gideon, the rebellion of Absalom, and the challenge of Elijah to the priests of Baal. These also are succinct and vivid narratives of particular incidents, but the three books here referred to have the quality of finish and plot,—elaborate arrangement of incident leading up to a dénouement,—in a still higher degree. The Moabitess Ruth, left a widow, departs with her mother-in-law to a strange land; and here, by her charm, conquers a place, and becomes the honored head of a great household. Jonah, anxious to avoid a disagreeable mission, is nevertheless forced to go to Nineveh, and there becomes the occasion of the announcement of a religious truth of primary significance,—namely, that God cares no less for Nineveh than for Jerusalem. The skill with which the narrative in Esther is constructed has always excited admiration. The splendid royal banquet—the refusal of Queen Vashti to make herself a spectacle to the drunken guests—her deposition by the offended despot, and his determination to choose another queen—the appearance of the Jewess Esther, whose nationality has been carefully concealed by her guardian Mordecai—the successive trials of the inmates of the harem, and the selection of Esther to be Queen—all this is an astounding whirligig of fortune. But this is only preparatory to the main event. The sturdy Mordecai refuses to do reverence to the King's haughty favorite Haman, who, exasperated by his persistent contempt, resolves to extirpate the

"And Ruth, the Moabitess fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there"

From a Painting by A. Cabanel

Jewish population of Persia, and procures a royal decree to that effect. The Jews are in despair. Mordecai sends word to Esther that she must go to the King (which to do unbidden is a crime) and intercede; he adds that otherwise she herself will not escape the general fate. She finally plucks courage from despair, goes, is graciously received, and invites the King and Haman to a banquet that day. At that banquet she invites them to another next day, when she will make her request. Haman, elated, listens to the advice of his wife and his friends, and prepares a lofty post on which Mordecai is to be impaled. That night the King, unable to sleep, listens to an account, in the court record, of a good deed of Mordecai, hitherto unrewarded. Who is without? he asks. The answer is: Haman (who had come to arrange the impalement of his enemy). He is summoned, enters, is asked what should be done to the man whom the King delights to honor. Thinking it could be only himself, he suggests that the man, clothed in royal apparel, ride through the streets on the King's own horse. So be it: Haman is ordered to conduct Mordecai. It is a terrible blow, and is taken by his wife and his friends as an omen of disaster. Next day, however, he comes to the Queen's banquet, and here the King asks her to state her request—he would grant it if it cost half his kingdom. The narrative continues:

Queen Esther answered: If I have found favor in thy sight, O king, and if it please the king, let my life be granted me at my petition, and my people at my request; for we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, to perish. If we had been sold as slaves, I had held my peace. . . . And King Ahasuerus said to Queen Esther: Who is he and where is he who dares so to do? Esther answered: The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Haman was afraid before the king and the queen. The king rose up in wrath from the banquet of wine, and went into the palace garden, and Haman remained standing to plead for his life with Queen Esther; for he saw that there was evil determined against him by the king. Then the king returned from the garden to the banqueting-hall, and Haman had sunk down on the couch on which Esther was. And the king said: Will he do violence to the queen here in my presence? As the words went out of the king's mouth, they covered Haman's face.

The clear portraiture of persons, the succession of interesting situations, the rapidity and inevitableness of the movement, the splendid reversal of fortunes, combine to make the book a work of art of a high order.

The Prophets

The most distinctly characteristic part of Old Testament literature is the prophetical. The position of the Israelitish prophet is unique. No other people has produced a line of moral and religious patriots, who followed the fortunes of the nation from generation to generation, and amid all changes of political situation remained true to their cardinal principle,—that no conditions of power and wealth would avail a nation which did not pay strict obedience to the moral law and place its reliance in God. The prophetic writing belongs, in general, to the class of oratory. The prophets are political-religious watchmen, who appear at every crisis to announce the will of God. They denounce current sins, religious and moral. They plead, exhort, threaten, lament. They differ from other orators in that their audience is not a court of law, nor an assembly of the people, but the whole nation; and the question which they discuss is not the interpretation of a statute, or a particular point of political policy, but the universal principle of obedience to God.

The language of the prophetical discourses is for the most part rhythmical and measured, and the discourses themselves naturally fall into strophes and paragraphs. There is no metre, no fixed succession or number of syllables in a line, and no regular strophic arrangement;—on the contrary, the greatest freedom prevails in respect to length of clauses and of strophes. The elaborate strophic structure of the odes of the Greek drama does not exist in the prophetic discourses; and as divisions into verses and strophes were not given in the original Hebrew text, we are left to determine the arrangement in every case from the contents. The writings of the prophets vary greatly in style and in charm and power; but they are almost without exception vigorous and striking. Whether they denounce social evils, or inveigh against idolatry,—whether they proclaim the wrath of God, or his mercy,—whether they threaten or implore,—they are almost always strong and picturesque.

The paragraphs, the logical divisions of simple prose discourse, are generally marked in the English Revised Version. Strophic divisions, marked by headings or refrains in rhythmical elevated prose, are sometimes but not always indicated. Examples of strophes are Amos i., ii.; Isa. v. 8–24 (woes); ix. 8–x. 4 (refrain), to which should be attached v. 25; Ezek. xviii., xx., xxxii. 19–32 (not indicated in R. V.).

Among the prophets none is more eloquent than Amos in the denunciation of social evils; take, for example, the passage on the following page (Am. v. 11–24).

Forasmuch as ye trample on the poor,
And take from him exactions of wheat,
Though ye have built houses of hewn stone
Ye shall not dwell in them,
Though ye have planted pleasant vineyards
Ye shall not drink the wine thereof.
For I know how manifold are your transgressions
And how mighty are your sins,
Ye who afflict the just, who take bribes,
Who deprive the poor of their rights in courts of justice.

Therefore he that is prudent keeps silence in such a time, for it is an evil time. Seek good, and not evil, that ye may live: and then Jehovah, the God of hosts, may be with you, as ye say. Hate the evil, and love the good, and maintain justice in the courts: then it may be that Jehovah, the God of hosts, will be gracious to the remnant of Joseph.

There shall be wailing in all the broad ways,
In all the streets they shall say, Alas!
They shall call the husbandman to mourning,
And such as are skillful in lamentation to wailing.
In all vineyards shall be wailing,
For I will pass through the midst of thee, saith Jehovah.

Woe unto you who desire the day of Jehovah: why would ye have the day of Jehovah? it is darkness and not light—as if a man did flee from a lion, and a bear met him, and when he got into his house and leaned his hand on the wall, a serpent bit him. Shall not the day of Jehovah be darkness and not light? very dark, and no brightness in it?

I hate, I despise your feasts,
I take no delight in your solemn assemblies.
Though you offer me your burnt-offerings and cereal [offerings,
I will not accept them;
The peace-offerings of your fat beasts I will not regard.
Take away from me the noise of thy songs;
The clang of thy viols I will not hear.
But let equity roll down as waters,
And justice as a perennial stream.

Amos, Isaiah, and Ezekiel display no tenderness toward their people; Hosea is an intensely loving nature; Jeremiah's prevailing attitude is one of sorrow, as in these extracts from chapters viii. and ix. of his book:—

Oh for comfort in my sorrow! My heart is sick! Hark! the cry of the Daughter of my People from a far-off land: Is not Jehovah in Zion? is not her King in her?—[Jehovah speaks:] Why have they provoked me to anger with their graven images and with foreign gods?—[The people:] The harvest is past, the autumn ingathering is ended, and we are not saved.—[The prophet:] By the ruin of the Daughter of my People my spirit is crushed; I mourn; dismay seizes me. Is there no balm in Gilead? is there no physician there? why then is the wound of the Daughter of my People not healed?—Oh that my head were water, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the Daughter of my People! Oh that I could find in the wilderness a lodging-place for travelers, that I might leave my people, and from them go far away! . . . For the mountains will I break forth into weeping and wailing, and for the pastures of the wilderness utter a lament, because they are burned, so that none passes through; voices of cattle are not heard; birds of the heaven and beasts of the field are all fled and gone. . . . Call for the mourning women, that they may come; send for women skilled in lament, that they may come and utter wailing for us, that tears may stream from our eyes and water from our eyelids.

Ezekiel's tremendous power of denunciation and of description appears throughout his book; see for example Chapters vi., xi., xvi., xx., xxiii., xxvi.–xxviii., xxix.–xxxii., xxxviii., xxxix. He thus addresses the land of Israel (vi.):—

I will bring the sword on you, and destroy your high places;
Your altars shall be desolate, your sun-images shall be broken,
I will cast down your slain before your idols,
And scatter your bones about your altars.

. . . . . .

And the remnant that escape the sword, scattered through the lands,
Shall remember me among the nations whither they are carried captive.

I will crush their faithless hearts and their apostate eyes,
And they shall loathe themselves for their abominable deeds.

Smite with the hand, stamp with the foot!
Say, alas! because of the sins of the House of Israel,
For they shall fall by sword, famine, and plague.
He who is far off shall die of the plague,
He who is near shall fall by the sword,
He who is besieged shall perish by famine:
Thus will I accomplish my fury on them.
And they shall know that I am Jehovah
When their slain lie by their idols about their altars,
On every high hill, on the mountain-tops,
Under every green tree and leafy terebinth,
Where they offered sweet savor to all their idols.

The section devoted to Tyre (xxvi.–xxviii.) is of special interest for the picture it gives of the magnificence of that city. The King of Tyre is thus described (xxviii. 12–17):—

Thou wert full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty.
In Eden, the garden of God, thou wast,
All precious stones were thine adornment,
Ruby, topaz, diamond, beryl, and onyx,
Jasper, sapphire, carbuncle, emerald. . . .
In the day when thou wast created
I placed thee with the Cherub in the sacred Mount of God,
Amid the stones of fire thou didst walk.
Perfect thou wast in thy life
From the day of thy creation till sin appeared in thee.
The vastness of thy traffic filled thee with sin,
From the Mount of God I did expel thee as profane,
The Cherub cast thee forth from amid the stones of fire.
Thou didst swell with pride in thy beauty,
Thy splendor vitiated thy wisdom.
Down to the ground I cast thee,
To kings I made thee a spectacle,
That they might feast their eyes on thee.

Alongside of this (the resemblance between which and the picture in Gen. ii.–iii. is obvious) we may put the address to Pharaoh (xxxi.), who is portrayed as a mighty tree (the cedar of Lebanon is chosen as the noblest of trees), watered by a great river (the Nile) and its canals:—

> Whom art thou like in thy greatness?
> Lo, there stood in Lebanon a mighty cedar,
> With stately boughs, lofty of stature,
> Its top reached the clouds.
> Water had made it great, the Deep had made it high,
> Streams ran through its soil, rivers over its field.
> All trees of the forest it excelled in height,
> Abundant water gave it many boughs.
> In its branches all birds had their nests,
> Under its boughs were the lairs of all beasts,
> In its shadow dwelt many nations.
> It was stately in height, in the mass of its branches,
> For its roots were richly watered.
> Cedars in the garden of God were not its equals,
> Cypresses were not like its boughs, nor plane-trees like its branches;
> No tree in the garden of God was like it
> In beauty and in mass of branches,
> And the trees of Eden, in the garden of God, did envy it.

The prophet's imagination, reveling in its picture, does not always keep figure and original sharply apart; as in the description of Pharaoh's fall (xxxi. 15–17), in which the tree and the king are skillfully blended without loss of unity:—

> Thus says the Lord Jehovah: On the day when it was hurled down to Sheol, I made the River mourn for it, the streams were held back and ceased to flow; for it I caused Lebanon to lament, for it all the trees of the field fainted with sorrow. At its resounding fall I made the nations tremble, when I hurled it down to Sheol, with those who descend into the pit; and all the trees of Eden, the choicest of Lebanon, all trees nourished by water, were consoled [that is, by the ruin of their rival]. They too had to go down with it to Sheol, to those who were slain with the sword [who had an inferior position in Sheol]; so perished its allies and they who dwelt in its shadow.

The powerful effect which Ezekiel produces by cumulation and iteration may be seen in his review (Chapter xx.) of the history of Israel, which is noteworthy also for treating the national career as one long catalogue of acts of disobedience and apostasy.

Among the Prophetical works the Book of Isaiah presents the greatest variety in literary form. The pictures of the physical and moral ruin of Judah (i., iii., v.) and of Israel (xxviii.), the descriptions of the haughty bearing and the overthrow of the King of Assyria (x., xxxvii.), the lament over Moab (xv., xvi.), the siege of Jerusalem (xxix.), the prediction of the return of the exiles (xxxv.),—these and other pieces are classic. As an example of its descriptive power we may take the picture of Jehovah's coming vengeance on Edom (xxxiv.):—

Approach, O nations, and hear,
And hearken, O ye peoples.
Let the earth hear, and all that it contains,
The world, and all that it produces.
Jehovah is wrathful against all the nations,
Furious against the whole host of them,
He has laid them under a ban,
Given them over to slaughter.
Their slain shall be cast forth,
The stench of their corpses shall ascend,
The mountains shall melt with their blood;
All the host of heaven shall decay,
The heavens shall be rolled up as a scroll,
All their host shall wither,
As withers foliage from vine, leaf from fig-tree.

My sword has drunk its fill in heaven,
Now it descends for vengeance on Edom, the banned people.

Jehovah has a sword, reeking with blood, anointed with fat,
Blood of lambs and goats, fat of kidneys of rams,
For Jehovah holds a sacrifice in Bozrah,
A mighty slaughter in the land of Edom:
With these beasts wild oxen shall fall,
And bullocks along with bulls.

Jehovah's day of vengeance comes,
The year of requital in Zion's quarrel.
Edom's stream shall turn to pitch,
And its soil to brimstone —
Burning pitch its land shall become.
It shall not be quenched night nor day,
Its smoke shall ascend for ever,
From generation to generation it shall lie waste,
None shall pass through it for ever and ever.

Pelican and bittern shall possess it,
Owl and raven shall dwell therein,
Jehovah shall stretch over it the measuring-line of desolation,
And the plummet of emptiness.
Its nobles shall vanish,
All its princes shall perish,
Thorns shall spring up in its palaces,
Nettles and thistles in its fortresses.
It shall be the habitation of jackals,
The dwelling-place of ostriches.
There beasts of the desert shall meet,
The wilderness-demon shall cry to its fellow,
The demoness of night there shall repose,
And find in it her lair;
The arrow-snake shall make its nest,
In its shadow lay and hatch and brood,
And hawks shall be gathered together.

Search Jehovah's scroll and read;
Not one of these shall be missing,
Not one shall want its mate.
For his mouth it is has commanded,
His spirit it is that has gathered them.
For them he has cast the lot,
And his hand has measured the land.
For ever and ever they shall possess it,
Dwell therein from generation to generation.

The most splendid of Prophetic rhapsodies are found in Isaiah, xl.–lxvi. We may cite from these, as an example of vivid imagination

and gorgeous coloring, the famous description of Israel's coming glory, in Chapter lx.:—

Arise, shine; for thy light is come,
And the glory of Jehovah shines upon thee.
Darkness shall cover the earth,
And gross darkness the peoples,
But Jehovah shall shine upon thee,
And his glory shall appear upon thee.
Nations shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy radiance.
Lift up thine eyes round about, and see:
They gather themselves together, they come to thee;
Thy sons shall come from far,
And thy daughters shall be carried in the arms.
Then shalt thou clearly see,
Thy heart shall expand with joy.
For the abundance of the sea shall be given thee,
The wealth of the nations shall come unto thee.
A multitude of camels shall cover thee,
The dromedaries of Midian and Ephah;
Men shall come from Sheba, bringing gold and frankincense,
They shall proclaim the praises of Jehovah.
All the flocks of Kedar shall be gathered to thee,
The rams of Nebaioth shall minister unto thee:
They shall be offered as acceptable sacrifices on mine altar,
And I will glorify the house of my glory.
Who are these that fly as a cloud,
As the doves to their windows?
Surely the isles shall wait for me,
And the ships of Tarshish first,
To bring thy sons from far,
Their silver and their gold with them,
For the name of Jehovah thy God,
For the Holy One of Israel,
Because he hath glorified thee.
Strangers shall build thy walls,
Their kings shall minister unto thee,
For in my wrath I smote thee,

But in my love I have mercy on thee.
Thy gates shall be open continually,
Shall not be shut by day or night;
That men may bring thee the wealth of the nations,
And their kings be led with them.
Nation and kingdom shall perish that serves thee not:
Yea, blasted shall those nations be.
The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee,
The cypress, the elm, and the cedar.
I will beautify the place of my sanctuary,
And make the place of my feet glorious.
The sons of thine oppressors shall bend before thee;
They that despised thee shall bow down at thy feet;
Thou shalt be called the City of Jehovah,
Zion of the Holy One of Israel.
I will make thee an eternal excellency,
A joy of endless generations.
For bronze I will bring gold, and for iron silver,
For wood bronze, and for stones iron.
I will make thine officers peace,
And thy taskmasters justice.
Violence shall no more be heard in thy land,
Desolation nor destruction within thy borders,
But thou shalt call thy walls Salvation,
And thy gates Praise.
The sun shall no more be thy light by day,
Nor the brightness of the moon give thee light by night,
But Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,
And thy God thy glory.
Thy sun shall no more go down,
Neither shall thy moon withdraw itself:
For Jehovah shall be thine everlasting light,
And the days of thy mourning shall be ended.
Thy people shall be all righteous,
They shall possess the land forever.
The little one shall become a thousand,
And the small one a strong nation.

Poetry

Hebrew poetry, it is generally admitted, is characterized as to its form by rhythm and parallelism. Rhythm is the melodious flow of syllables. Parallelism—a form characteristic of, and almost peculiar to, old Semitic poetry—is the balancing of phrases; the second line in a couplet being a repetition of the first in varied phrase, or presenting some sort of expansion of or contrast to the first. These two general classes of parallelism may be called the identical and the antithetical. An example of the first sort is:—

> Rebuke me not in thy wrath,
> Chasten me not in thine anger (Ps. xxxviii. 1);

or, with one slight variation:—

> The heavens declare the glory of God,
> The firmament showeth his handiwork (Ps. xix. 1).

Similarly:—

> Jehovah reigns—let the nations tremble;
> He is enthroned on the cherubs—let the earth be moved (Ps. xcix. 1).

Examples of the second are:—

> The arms of the wicked shall be broken,
> But Jehovah upholds the righteous (Ps. xxxvii. 17).
>
> The plans of the mind belong to man,
> The answer of the tongue is from Jehovah (Prov. xvi. 1).

Question and answer:—

> I lift up mine eyes to the mountains!
> Whence comes my help?
> My help comes from Jehovah,
> Who made heaven and earth (Ps. cxxi. 1, 2);

or, with fuller expansion:—

> Whither shall I go from thy spirit?
> Whither shall I flee from thy presence?
> If I ascend to Heaven, thou art there;
> If I couch me in Sheol, lo, thou art there;
> If I take the wings of the Dawn,
> If I dwell in the remotest West,
> There shall thy hand lead me,
> And thy right hand shall hold me (Ps. cxxxix. 7–10).

Between the extremes of complete identity and complete antithesis there are many sub-varieties, the combinations and interchanges of which, in the hands of a gifted poet, give exquisite delicacy and charm to the form of the verse.

Various efforts have been made to discover metre in Hebrew poetry, —a regular succession of feet after the manner of the Greek; but without success, and such attempts are now discountenanced by the majority of critics. Elaborate schemes of dimeter, trimeter, tetrameter, and pentameter, which one still finds defended in certain modern books, may be rejected as having no basis in fact. There might be more to say in favor of a system of ictus or beats of the voice. It is true that all poetry is marked by a certain succession of rhythmic beats. But the succession does not occur in Hebrew according to any fixed rule. It appears to be determined by the feeling of the poet, and its appreciation may safely be left to the feeling of the reader. This much is true, that, in a series of couplets, the same number of accented syllables may be employed in each couplet, and we may thus have a guide in fixing the limits of the stanzas; but even these limits we must leave to the free choice of the poet, without attempting to impose our rules on him. To such norms, characterized by the number of beats, we may give the names binary (when the line has two beats), ternary (of three beats), quaternary, and so on. In the Book of Proverbs many of the lines or verses are ternary; elsewhere we find other forms. These can rarely be reproduced exactly in English.

Naturally also, these groups of couplets arrange themselves in strophes or stanzas; but here again, no fixed rule prevails. A stanza may consist of two, three, four, or more couplets; and adjoining stanzas may differ in their number of couplets. As the original text does not indicate any such division, we are left to the rhythm of the couplets and to the connection of the sense to determine the order of the strophes. An example of a symmetrical division in the stanzas is found in the second Psalm, which consists of four stanzas of three couplets each. In the first, the hostile nations are introduced as speaking; in the second the speaker is Jehovah; in the third the speaker is the royal Son, whose coronation has just been announced; and in the fourth, the poet exhorts the nation to obedience.

Hebrew poetry is either emotional or gnomic. It either enounces rules of life, in the form of apophthegms or proverbs, or it describes the poet's own feeling in the presence of any phenomenon of joy or suffering. It thus, in general, belongs to the class which we call lyric. It does not present any example of what we call epic and dramatic. There has been a natural desire to discover, in the Old Testament poetry, examples of the poetic forms familiar to us in Greek literature; and so it has been said that the Book of Job is a drama or an epic, and that the Song of Songs is a lyric drama. But a little reflection suffices to show that the Book of Job lacks the essential element of epic and drama; that is to say, action. It is, in

fact, nothing but an argument consisting of elaborate speeches, with a conclusion attached. There is no catastrophe toward which all the acts of the personages tend. The interest lies in the discussion of a religious theme; Jehovah permits the debate to go on to a certain point, and then intervenes, the human actors having nothing to do with bringing about the result. The Song of Songs is a series of love songs, so delicately conceived, so undefined in shape, so lacking in indications of place and time, that no two critics have as yet agreed in their conclusions as to who are the actors in the supposed drama, or where the action takes place, or what is its culmination. It is obviously necessary to take it, not as a drama, but as a group of songs. And in general, we do nothing but harm to the old Hebrew literature in trying to force it into the forms of a foreign people. The mistake is similar to that which has been made by Hebrew grammarians, who have tried to construct Hebrew grammar in the forms of Greek or Latin grammar; a procedure which, as scholars are now coming to recognize, can result only in misapprehension and misrepresentation. It is no less fatal to the poetic form of a people to force it into the categories of another people. Justice will be done to the Old Testament on its literary side only when we take it for what it is, and try to apprehend its form and enjoy its beauties according to its own rules.

So far as regards the higher characteristics of poetry, these are the same in the Old Testament as elsewhere. There is eloquence, pathos, charm, sublimity,—qualities which are confined to no one race or people. And that the poetry is subjective—that it contains only the expression of the poet's feeling or reflection—will be evident from a brief review of the books themselves.

Let us begin with the Book of Psalms, the longest and most varied of the poetic books of the Old Testament. It contains simple lucid bits of description, agonizing cries to God for help, exultation for victory, rejoicing in time of peace, expression of consciousness of sin, and odes of praise to the God of Israel. As an example of a gentle, calm confidence and joy, we may take the 23d Psalm:—

> The Lord is my shepherd,
> I shall not want;—
> He makes me recline in green pastures,
> He leads me to still waters.
> He restores my soul,
> He guides me in safe paths for his name's sake.
> Yea, though I walk through the valley of gloom,
> I fear no evil,
> For thou art with me,
> Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest me a table in the presence of mine enemies:
Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runs over.
Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,
And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

Here the imagery, derived from the shepherd's life, is of the most restful sort; and the whole picture is one of perfect repose under the protection of God. In contrast with this, the 24th Psalm is an exulting ode of praise; and the first part, verses 1–6, which states the moral qualities demanded of those who are to serve Jehovah in his temple, begins with a declaration of the Divine might:—

The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,
The world, and they that dwell therein;
For he has founded it upon the seas,
And established it upon the floods.

The second part is the hymn of a solemn procession, in which Jehovah is spoken of as entering the temple, and it is conceived in the finest vein of stirring song:—

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Be ye lift up, ye ancient doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in

Here a member of the choir sings:—

Who is the King of Glory?

And the answer comes from the whole choir:—

The Lord strong and mighty!
The Lord mighty in battle!

The chorus is then repeated:—

Lift up your heads, O ye gates!
Yea, lift them up, ye ancient doors!
And the King of Glory shall come in!

Again the question and answer:—

Who is this King of Glory?
The Lord of Hosts,
He is the King of Glory!

Among the most beautiful of the odes of the Psalter are the so-called Pilgrim songs (Pss. cxx.–cxxxiv.); each bears the title *Song of Ascents*, the meaning of which is doubtful; they differ greatly from one another in sentiment and length. One of them, Ps. cxxvii., is a song of the household, speaking of house and children. Another,

Ps. cxxxii., describes the choosing of the site of the temple. We shall not find a more beautiful expression of trust in God than that which is given by the 121st Psalm:—

I LIFT up mine eyes to the mountains!
Whence comes my help?
My help comes from the Lord,
Who made Heaven and Earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved;
He who keeps thee does not slumber.
Behold, he who keeps Israel
Slumbers not nor sleeps.
The Lord is thy keeper,
The Lord is a shade on thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
Nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep thee from all evil,
He will preserve thy life.
The Lord will keep thy going out and thy coming in
From this time forth and for evermore.

The longer psalms are either odes written on the occasion of some national festivity, or narrations of national history, or, in a few cases, the expression of national experiences. Of these perhaps the most striking are the 18th and the 68th. The former is a description of struggle and victory. It contains one of the most magnificent of poetical passages:—

IN MY distress I called upon the Lord,
I cried unto my God.
He heard my voice from his palace,
And my cry came to his ears.
Then the earth shook and trembled,
The foundations of the mountains were shaken.
Smoke ascended in his nostrils,
Fire out of his mouth devoured,
Coals were kindled by it!
He bowed the heavens and descended;
Thick darkness was under his feet.
He rode upon a cherub and did fly;
He flew on the wings of the wind!
He made darkness his habitation,
And darkest clouds his pavilion.
In brightness passed his thick clouds,
With hail and coals of fire.
The Lord thundered in heaven,

The Most High uttered his voice.
He sent out his arrows and scattered them,
Shot forth his lightnings and appalled them.
Then the bed of the Deep appeared;
The foundations of the world were laid bare,
At thy rebuke, O Lord,
At the blast of the breath of thy nostrils!

It was from this passage that Sternhold and Hopkins elicited the only bit of poetry in their metrical version of the Psalms:—

The Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad!

The 68th Psalm is a procession-ode, consisting of a series of stanzas of singular majesty and force. Psalms lxxvii. and lxxxix., cv. and cvi. are historical reviews. Psalms ciii. and civ. are odes in celebration of the glorious and beneficent deeds of Jehovah.

A peculiarity of the Psalter is the presence of alphabetical psalms, in which each verse or stanza begins with a letter of the alphabet in order. There are a number of these: the alphabetical arrangement is, however, not always perfect; and it is, of course, not recognizable in the English translation. The most noteworthy example is the 119th Psalm, a collection of couplets in praise of the Law. It is divided into twenty-two stanzas (according to the number of letters in the Hebrew alphabet) of eight couplets each. Such psalms, however, are naturally the least attractive in poetic form.

The Psalter is divided in the Hebrew Bible, and in the English Revised Version, into five books (in imitation of the division of the Pentateuch): and these are supposed to indicate collections which were made at different times; the whole having been finally combined into our present Psalm-book. The Psalter grew with the temple services, and many — perhaps the most — of its hymns were intended for recitation in the sacred place.

A peculiar and very effective form of Hebrew poetry is the elegy. The discovery of the form of the Hebrew elegy or lament (the recognition of which adds not a little to the reader's pleasure) is due to Professor Karl Budde, now of Strassburg. The elegiac verse is characterized by a short clause, followed by a still shorter clause, giving to the phrase a peculiar restrained movement. The most

noted example of this poetic form is found in our Book of Lamentations — a collection of laments over the sorrows of Israel. Thus, in the beginning of the second chapter:—

THE Lord in his anger has smitten
The daughter of Zion,
And cast down from heaven to earth
The beauty of Israel;
He has not remembered his footstool
In the day of his wrath!

The Lord has destroyed without mercy
The dwellings of Jacob;
Has thrown down in anger the stronghold
Of the daughter of Judah;
Has cast to the ground, desecrated,
The realm and its princes.

One feels here how the emotion of the poet drives him into this sad brief appendage at the end of each line. Elegies are not confined to the Book of Lamentations, but are found elsewhere in the Old Testament. In Ezekiel xix. are two laments, one for the princes and the other for the nation. The first reads as follows:—

THY mother was like a lioness | among lions.
Amid young lions she couched, | she reared her whelps.

One of her whelps she brought up, | he became a young lion.
He learned to seize his prey, | men he devoured.
Against him the nations raised a cry, | in their pit he was taken.
They brought him with hooks away | to the land of Egypt.
She saw that she had failed, | her hope had perished.

Another of her whelps she took, | a young lion she made him.
(Etc.)

So the magnificent ode, written in elegiac form, in Isaiah xiv., in which the fall of the King of Babylon is celebrated:—

How IS the tyrant quelled, | quelled his havoc!
The Lord has broken the staff of the wicked, | the ruler's sceptre!
Who, in his wrath, smote the nations | with blows unceasing!
At rest is the world, and at peace — | breaks forth into song!
Over thee exult the spruce-trees, | the cedars of Lebanon:—
"Since thou art laid low there comes no longer | the woodman against us."
The realm of Shades beneath is stirred | to meet thine arrival.

It rouses the Shades for thee— | the heroes of earth,
Rouses from their thrones | the kings of the nations.
To thee they all speak, and say:—
"Thou too art become weak as we, | art become like us;
Thy pomp is brought down to the Shades, | the clang of thy harps;
Mold is the bed beneath thee | and worms thy covering.
How art thou fallen from heaven, | bright star of dawn!
How art thou hurled to the ground, | thou conqueror of nations!
Thou hadst thought in thy heart, | 'To heaven I'll mount,
High above the stars of God | exalt my throne;
I will sit on the mount of God | in farthest north;
To the heights of the clouds I'll ascend— | be like the Most High!'
And now thou art hurled to the realm of death,
To the deepest abyss."

A still better conception of the power of the elegiac verse is given by the fine alphabetic ode in triplets contained in Lamentations i.

How sitteth the city solitary, | once full of people.
She who was great among the nations | is become as a widow.
The princess among the provinces | is become tributary.

She weepeth sore in the night, | her cheeks are wet with tears;
She hath none to comfort her | among all her lovers;
All her friends are traitors, | are become her enemies.

Exiled is Judah in grievous affliction, | in bitter servitude;
She dwelleth among the nations, | findeth no rest;
All her persecutors overtook her | in the midst of her straits.

The ways to Zion do mourn, | none come to her feasts;
All her gates are desolate, | her priests do sigh;
Her virgins are deeply afflicted, | and she is in bitterness.

Her adversaries are become supreme, | her enemies prosper;
For Jehovah hath sorely afflicted her | for her many sins;
Her children are gone into captivity | before the adversary.

Gone from the Daughter of Zion | is all her splendor.
Her princes are become like harts | that find no pasture:
Powerless they have fled | before the pursuer.

Jerusalem remembereth her days | of affliction and misery,
When her people succumbed to the foe, | and none did help her;
On her her enemies gazed, | mocked at her bereavement.

Jerusalem hath grievously sinned, | foul is she become;
All that honored her despise her | because they have seen her disgrace.
Yea, she herself sigheth | and turneth away.

Her filthiness is in her skirts, | she remembered not her end;
Wonderful is her downfall, | she hath no comforter.
Behold, O Jehovah, my affliction, | for the foe doth triumph.

The adversary hath laid his hand | on all her treasures;
She hath beheld the nations enter | her sanctuary,
Who, thou commandedst, should not come into | thy congregation.

All her people sigh, | seeking bread.
Their treasures they have given for food | their life to sustain.
See, O Jehovah, and behold | how I am despised.

Ho, all ye that pass by, | behold and see
If there be sorrow like to the sorrow | which is come upon me,
Wherewith Jehovah hath afflicted me | in the day of his anger.

Fire from on high he hath sent, | into my bones hath driven it,
Hath spread a net for my feet, | turned me back;
Desolate he hath made me, | faint all the day.

Bound is the yoke of my trespasses | by his hand;
Knit together they lie on my neck, | my strength doth fail.
The Lord hath given me up to them | whom I cannot withstand.

My heroes the Lord hath cast down | in the midst of me,
Hath summoned a solemn assembly | to crush my warriors;
In a wine-press he hath trodden | the virgin daughter of Judah.

For these things weep mine eyes, | my tears run down;
Far away from me is the comforter | who should revive my soul;
Desolate are my children | because the foe hath prevailed.

Zion spreadeth forth her hands, | there is none to comfort her;
This hath Jehovah ordained for Jacob,— | that his neighbors should be his foes;
Among them is Jerusalem become | a thing of loathing.

Jehovah, he is just — I have rebelled against him.
Hear, all ye peoples, | behold my sorrow:
My virgins and my young men | are gone into captivity.

On my friends I called, | they deceived me.
My priests and my elders | perished in the city,
Seeking food for themselves | to sustain their lives.

Behold, O Jehovah, my deep distress: | my soul is troubled;
My heart is o'erwhelmed within me, | rebellious was I.
Abroad the sword bereaveth, | at home is death.

They have heard that I sigh, | there is none to comfort me.
My foes have heard of my trouble, | they are glad thou didst it.
Bring in the day thou hast announced, | let them be like me.

Regard thou all their wickedness; | do to them
As thou hast done to me | for all my sins!
For many are my sighs, | my heart is faint.

Other examples of the elegy are found in Amos, v. 1; Ezek., xxvii. 32–36, and xxxii. 19–32.

The Book of Job must be reckoned among the great poems of the world. The prose introduction — the story of the crushing of Job's worldly hopes — is itself full of power. The poem is unique in form. It is a series of monologues, all united by the author's intention to develop a certain idea in connection with the question, "Why do the righteous suffer?" The Three Friends affirm that the righteous do *not* suffer, — that is, that no man suffers except for wrong-doing. Job combats this view to the uttermost, holding that he is righteous and that he suffers. Elihu further insists that suffering is designed to destroy the pride of men who are otherwise good. Finally, Jehovah intervenes, and proclaims the wonderfulness of his government of the world, and Job is reduced to silence. The freshness and variety of thought, — the picture of a terrible struggle in Job's soul, — the majestic descriptions of Divine power, — all these together give a peculiar impressiveness to the book. At the outset, Job gives us a glimpse into his own soul: —

Perish the day wherein I was born,
And the night which said, Behold, a man!
Let that day be darkness;
May God ask not of it;
May no light shine on it;
May darkness and gloom claim it,
Clouds dwell on it, and eclipses terrify it!

Job longs for death, that he may go to that sad underworld, and dwell

With kings and councilors of the earth,
Who built tombs for themselves,

Where—

The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

To this outburst, the eldest of the three friends, Eliphaz, replies by insisting on the general rule that men receive in this world what they deserve; and he expresses his conclusion in the form of a vision:—

Stealthily came to me a word,
And a whisper to my ear;
In thoughts, from visions of the night,
When deep sleep falls on men.
Fear came upon me, and trembling,
Which made all my bones to shake;
And a breath passed over my face,
The hair of my head stood up.
There It stood!—Its semblance I could not see!—
A form was before my eyes!
I heard a voice which whispered,
"Shall man be more just than God,—
A creature purer than the Creator?—
He puts no trust in his servants,
His angels he charges with folly:
How much more them who dwell in houses of clay,
Whose foundation is in the dust?"

Job replies to this, and is answered by the second friend, replies to him, is followed by the third friend, and so for several rounds of argument,—the only effect of which on Job is to draw him to deeper hopelessness. He exclaims (vii. 7):—

A tree cut down may sprout again,
Its tender branch will not cease.
Though its root wax old in the earth,
And its stock die in the ground,
Yet through the scent of water it will bud,
And put forth boughs like a plant.
But man dies and wastes away,
Breathes out his life, and where is he?
The waters pour out of the sea,
The river dries up and fails;

So man lies down and rises not;
Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,
Nor be raised out of their sleep!

Then there comes to him a vague wish that God would think of him after death in the underworld, and he exclaims:—

Oh that thou wouldst hide me in the underworld,
Keep me secret till thy wrath be past,
Appoint me a set time, and remember me!

The finest outbursts of poetry are to be found in the speeches of Job himself, yet others also contain many striking pieces. See, for example, the speech of Zophar, Chapter xx.; that of Eliphaz, Chapter xxii.; and that of Bildad, Chapter xxv. Elihu's description of the chastening power of suffering in xxxiii. 19–28 is also full of vigor:—

He is chastened with pain on his bed,
In his bones is continual torment;
He abhors all nourishing bread,
Cares not for dainty food;
His flesh wastes away to nothing,
His bones, hid no longer, stick out,
And he draws near unto the pit,—
His life approaches the dead!

If there be an interpreter with him
Who will shew him what is right,
Will be gracious to him, and say,
"Loose him! I have ransomed his life,"
Then his flesh becomes fresher than a child's,
He returns to the days of his youth,
He prays to God, who accepts him,
Shews him his face in joy,
Restores to him his righteousness.
He sings before him, and says:—
"I had sinned, and done what was wrong,
But it was not requited to me;
He has redeemed me from the pit!
My life shall behold the light!"

The speeches of Jehovah make a magnificent poem in themselves. Chapters xxviii., xxxix., are worthy to stand alongside the first chapter of Genesis for sublimity of statement, and have in addition the freshness and color of a fine imagination. One other poem in Job, that contained in Chapter xxviii., we may reserve, in order to place it alongside of several similar poems.

We have already seen that the Canticles, or Song of Songs, must be taken as a group of songs of love, in which it is impossible to discover any relation of time and place. It may be compared, for poetic grace, with the finest idylls of Theocritus. It breathes the air of the fields and mountains; and in this respect is unique among the Old Testament books. For ancient poetry does not occupy itself directly with external nature. Neither among the Greeks nor among the Hebrews do we find the phenomena of nature introduced into poetry for their own sake: they are used as illustrations purely. The reason of this is not that the ancients did not love nature,—certainly they must have been alive to its charm. It is rather that only in modern times have men come to that habit of close observation of nature which has made it possible to use its varying forms as part of poetic material. So, in the Psalms, clouds and mountains, stream and sunshine, appear as exhibiting the power and wisdom or the wrath or the love of God. But not even in such Psalms as xviii. and xix. does the poet dwell on these phenomena for their own sake. In this book we seem to have an exception to this rule; as in the beautiful spring song in Chapter ii.:—

> The voice of my Beloved! Lo, he comes,
> Leaping over the mountains,
> Skipping over the hills!
> My Beloved is like a roe, a young hart.
> Now he stands behind our wall,
> Looks through the window,
> Peeps through the lattice.
> My beloved spake, and said to me:—
> Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!
> For lo, the winter is past,
> The rain is over and gone,
> The flowers appear on the earth,
> The time of the singing of birds is come,
> The voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land,
> The fig-tree ripens her figs,
> The vines are in blossom,
> They give forth their fragrance.
> Arise, my Love, my Fair One, and come away!

Here the pictures introduced are all of the country, and all charming, and the poet *seems* to dwell on them for their own sake. But after all he does not do this. It is the lover who describes the beautiful face of nature, in order to tempt his beloved to come forth and roam with him over the fields and hills. Nevertheless, the pictures of natural scenery which he gives are very striking, and

might easily prepare the way for that completer contemplation of nature which is found in the modern poets.

It is the occurrence of responsive songs in the book that has suggested the opinion that it is a drama. How vague the speeches and the supposed dialogue are, will appear from the following examples. The occasion of the first address to the Jerusalem ladies (i. 5, 6) is not obvious:—

I am dark but comely,
O ye daughters of Jerusalem,
As the tents of Kedar,
As the curtains of Solomon.
Scorn me not because I am dark,
Because the sun has shone on me.
For my brothers were wroth with me,
And made me keeper of the vineyards.

On this follows the first dialogue:—

The Beloved speaks (i. 7):

Tell me, thou whom I love,
Where thou feedest thy flock at noon;
For I would not seem to be a loiterer
Beside thy comrades' flocks.

The Lover replies (i. 8):

If thou know not, O fairest of women,
Go, follow the tracks of the flock,
And feed thy kids by the shepherds' tents.

After a brief descriptive strophe, the second dialogue proceeds (i. 15–ii. 6):—

Thou art fair, my Love, thou art fair,
Thou hast the eyes of a dove.

Thou art fair, my Love, and lovely.
Our couch is the greensward,
The beams of our house are the cedars,
The walls of our rooms are the cypresses.

I am a rose of Sharon,
A lily of the valleys.

As a lily among thorns,
So is my Love among the maidens.

As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood,
So is my Love among the youths.
Under his shadow I sat with delight,
And his fruit was sweet to my taste.
He brought me to the banqueting-house,
And his banner over me was love.

Stay me with raisins, strengthen me with apples,
For I am sick with love.
Be his left hand under my head!
Let his right hand embrace me!

Refrain (ii. 7, iii. 5):

I adjure you, O daughters of Jerusalem,
By the gazelles and the hinds of the field,
Rouse not nor awaken love
Until it please!

The search by night for the Beloved (iii. 1–4):

At night on my bed I sought my Beloved,
Sought him, and found him not.
(I said) I will arise and go through the city;
In the streets and the squares
I will seek my Beloved.
I sought him and found him not.
The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me.
«Saw ye my beloved?»
Scarce had I passed from them,
When I found him whom I love,
I held him, would not let him go.

The vagueness of this narration is equaled by that of its companion song, the less fortunate search for the Lover, of which we cannot say whether it is a dream or reality (v. 2–7):—

I sleep, but my heart is awake.
Hark! my Beloved knocks, and cries:
Open to me, my sister, my friend,
My dove, my perfect one!
For my head is filled with dew,
My locks with the drops of the night.
(*She*): I have put off my dress—
Must I put it on again?
I have washed my feet—
Must I defile them?

My Beloved put his hand through the window,
My soul yearned for him.
I rose to open to my Beloved,
And my hand dropped with myrrh,
And my fingers with liquid myrrh,
On the handles of the bolt.
I opened to my Beloved,
But he had withdrawn and was gone—
My heart had failed me when he spake.
I sought him, but found him not,
I called, he answered not.
The watchmen, patrolling the city, found me.
They smote me, they wounded me,
The keepers of the walls took from me my veil.

This exquisite piece is the expression of the longing of love; it does not belong to a drama. The reference to the night-watchmen of the city is to be noted.

We add two beautiful expressions of love, the first, of joy in the possession of the beloved one (iv. 16, v. 1):—

Awake, O north wind; come, O south!
Breathe on my garden that its balsam may flow!

Let my Beloved come into his garden,
And enjoy its precious fruits!

I am come into my garden, my sister-bride,
I have gathered my myrrh with my balsam,
I have eaten my honeycomb with my honey,
I have drunk my wine with my milk.

Then, love on its spontaneous, enduring, and controlling side (viii. 6. 7):—

Set me as a seal-ring on thy heart,
As a seal-ring on thine arm.
For love is strong as death,
Passion is firm as the Underworld,
Its flames are flames of fire,
Many waters cannot quench it,
Rivers cannot drown it.
If a man would give all his possessions for it,
He would be utterly despised.

The book is a group of rhapsodies in praise of pure and faithful love. It has no movement, no dénouement, no plot, nothing but the

isolated passionate utterances of a pair of lovers. Its hero is not Solomon, but a shepherd, and its heroine is a country maiden; she is not carried off by Solomon to his harem. The King is introduced or alluded to by way of illustration: not always, it would seem, with approbation,—see vi. 8, 9, where the Lover contrasts his one Beloved with the numerous members of a great harem. Its unity is the unity of an idea; the many attempts which have been made to discover in it a unity of action have none of them gained general acceptance.

The gnomic literature of the Hebrews, contained mainly in the books of Proverbs and Ecclesiastes (but also in certain Psalms, as the 27th and the 49th), has, by its nature, little of the poetic, except the outward form; its balanced phrases present excellent examples of Semitic parallelism. In some cases a longer description gathers force by the accumulation of details; as in the well-known picture of the good housewife (Prov. xxxi. 10–31), which is in the nature of an ode to the housewife, as Ps. cxix. is an ode to the Law.

Ecclesiastes is written for the most part in prose, and has passages of great eloquence and beauty. The author counsels quiet acceptance of what God has given (iii. 11–15):—

He has made everything beautiful in its time. He presents the world to man, yet so that man, from beginning to end, cannot find out what he has done. I thence conclude that there is nothing better for them than to rejoice and taste of happiness while they live; for when one eats and drinks, and enjoys what he has acquired by his labor, this is the gift of God. I know that whatever God does shall be for ever. Nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it. God so acts that men may fear him. That which is, has already existed; that which is to be, has already been; that which has passed away, God seeks in order to give it existence again.

He warns against all excess (vii. 15–17):—

All this have I seen in the days of my vain life. The good man perishes in spite of his goodness, and the bad man lives long in spite of his badness. Be not too righteous, nor pretend to be too wise, lest thou destroy thyself. Be not too wicked, nor too foolish, lest thou die before thy time.

The description of old age and its slowly lessening powers (xii. 1–7) belongs to the best productions of Hebrew literature:—

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, before the sad days come, and the years draw nigh when thou shalt say,

"I have no pleasure in them;" before the sun, the light, the moon, and the stars, be darkened, and the clouds return after the rain; when the house-guards tremble, the strong men bow, when the maidens grinding corn cease because they are few, and those who look out of the windows are darkened, and the street-doors are shut; when the sound of the grinding is low; when one starts up from sleep at the voice of a bird, and all the daughters of music are brought low, and one is afraid of what is high, and terrors are in the way; when the almond-tree blossoms, the grasshopper is a burden, and all stimulants fail; because man goes to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: before the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, and the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it.

The failure of light and the recurrence of rain (verses 1, 2) indicate the growing gloom of old age. The decay of natural powers is represented (verses 3, 4) by the cessation of activity in a great house falling into ruin: arms (guards) and legs (strong men) lose their strength, the teeth (maidens grinding) are few, the eyes grow dim (windows); in a word, the avenues of the senses are closed (the doors are shut). Then comes (verses 4, 5) a more literal description of bodily weakness: the old man cannot sleep, music gives him no pleasure, he walks about in fear and trembling, his hair turns white (almond-tree), the smallest weight is burdensome, the appetite does not respond to stimulants. Finally comes the end,—from the fountain of life no water can be drawn. With this gloomy portraiture of old age we may compare the cheerful picture given by Cicero. The object of the preacher is to lead men to use aright the vigorous season of youth.

The Apocalypse

There remains to be mentioned the apocalypse, a species of composition which must be regarded as a creation of Hebrew thought. Before the eye of a seer the history of generations or centuries is unrolled in a series of visions, the culminating point of which is the triumph of the people of Israel. It is the visional expression of that unification of history which is given in simple narrative form in the Hexateuch and suggested in the Prophets. Kingdoms rise and fall, and all things move toward the divinely appointed goal,—the establishment of Israel in peace and prosperity. In the Book of Daniel (the only elaborated apocalypse in the Old Testament) the kingdoms set forth are the Babylonian, the Median, the Persian, and the Greek;

and the visions all end with the downfall of Antiochus Epiphanes (see particularly Chapter xi.). A majestic picture is presented in the description of the judgment of the enemies of Israel, the "one like a man" being explained in the context as meaning Faithful Israel (vii. 9–14):—

I BEHELD till thrones were placed, and one that was full of years did sit: his raiment was white as snow, and the hair of his head like pure wool; his throne was fiery flames and its wheels burning fire. A fiery stream issued and came forth from before him; a thousand thousands ministered unto him and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him; the judgment was set and the books were opened. I beheld at that time till, because of the voice of the great words which the horn spake, the beast was slain, and his body destroyed, and he was given to be burned with fire. And as for the rest of the beasts, their dominion was taken away, yet their lives were prolonged for a season and a time. I saw in the night visions, and behold there came with the clouds of heaven one like a man, and he came to the Ancient of Days, and was brought into his presence. And to him was given dominion and glory and a kingdom that all peoples, nations, and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom one that shall not be destroyed.

The Hebrew power of narration is well illustrated in the scenes described in Chapters ii.–vi.

THE APOCRYPHA

THE books which constitute the Old Testament were slowly gathered by the Jews into a sacred canon, the discussions on which did not cease until the Synod of Jamnia, held probably about A. D. 95. Meantime the Jews had been producing other works, which, though some of them were excellent in tone, were for various reasons not thought worthy by the Palestinian rabbis to be accepted as sacred scripture. In respect to some of these books the Alexandrian Jews appear to have held a different opinion; some are included in the Septuagint along with the canonical books, and it is to these that the name Apocrypha properly belongs. The purpose of some of the Alexandrian additions is obvious. Since, for example, the Hebrew Book of Esther does not contain the name of God, or make any reference to religion, the Greek supplies this lack by adding visions and

prayers. In any case we have, in this Jewish Apocrypha, a very interesting mass of literature, reflecting the religious and literary culture of the Jews in the two centuries preceding the beginning of our era. In addition to the works constituting the Apocrypha proper (that is, the extra-canonical or deuterocanonical books contained in the Septuagint,) there are several others, of no less importance and equally deserving of mention. Such, for example, are the Books of Enoch and the Sibyllines. We need make no distinction between the two classes, but may take them all together.

The first book of this sort in order of time is the work commonly called Ecclesiasticus, or the Wisdom of the Son of Sirach; better called the Proverbs of Ben-Sira, or simply Ben-Sira. It was composed about 190 B. C. in Hebrew, by Jesus (Joshua) ben-Sira; translated into Greek by his grandson in Alexandria in 132 B. C.; and afterwards translated into Latin, Syriac, and Arabic. The book consists for the most part of apophthegms which resemble those in our Book of Proverbs. It contains also several extended poems of no little beauty; among which may be cited those in Chapters i. and xxiv., and the roll of the great men of Israel, Chapters xliv.–l. Its sayings are marked by great worldly wisdom, and bear the impress of a man who lived in a large city. In common with the other Wisdom books, it shows the marks of Greek influence in its conception of wisdom and of morality.

Nothing was known of the Hebrew original until the present year (1897), when MSS. containing about ten chapters (xxxix. 15–xlix. 11), came to Oxford, and the text has now been edited. The language of the fragment does not differ in style from that of the canonical Book of Proverbs; it is classical, but with a small admixture of later words. This fact is of great literary interest, as helping to the solution of the question how long classical Hebrew continued to be used in books: it appears that it was employed certainly as late as 190 B. C.; the occurrence of some late words is of course to be expected in this period. It further appears that the Versions, while they in general render the Hebrew correctly, differ from it in not a few instances. Several scholars had undertaken to reproduce the Hebrew from the Greek and the Syriac; it turns out that they had not in a single case written the Hebrew of a verse as it is given in this MS., but have in many instances departed widely from it,—a fact which should teach us caution in attempting to restore Hebrew texts from ancient Greek, Syriac, Latin, and Ethiopic translations. Another important point is settled by this text. It had been contended (especially by Professor Margoliouth of Oxford) that the poetical form of the Hebrew Ben-Sira was metrical, and that the original could often be restored by the aid of the laws of metre. The form, however, is distinctly not metrical; it is simply the old

Hebrew rhythm, such as appears in Psalms, Proverbs, and all the poetical parts of the Old Testament. One leaf of the MS. was brought by Mrs. Lewis from the East; the remainder was secured for the Bodleian Library through Professor Sayce. The MS. contains variants, and must be subjected to critical sifting.

Not long after Ben-Sira came the apocalyptic Book of Enoch, which now exists mainly in an Ethiopic translation. The apocalypse had come to be a favorite form of literature among the Jews, and so continued for two hundred and fifty years. Amid depressing circumstances, it was pleasant to put into the mouth of some ancient seer a prediction of future success and glory for the nation. In this case it is the old patriarch Enoch who receives the revelation. The book is composite, having been added to from time to time. The first section, Chapters i.–xxxvi. (perhaps the oldest part of the book), describes the fate of evil angels, and the abodes of good and bad men after death. Next should come the section Chapters lxxxiii.–xc., in which we have the judgment of the world, ending with the victorious career of Judas Maccabæus. In addition, the section Chapters xxxvii.–lxxi. (partly a distinct work) describes further the Messianic judgment of the world. Chapters lxxii.–lxxxii. contain a description of Enoch's journey through the heavens,—a picture of the celestial physics of the time. And finally, in the last section, Chapters xci.–civ., the problem of the fate of the righteous and the wicked is discussed in a new form. The book in its present form has little literary interest, but is valuable as giving a glimpse of the religious notions of the time. The best English translation is that of R. H. Charles (1893). Along with this may be mentioned a similar work entitled 'The Secrets of Enoch,' translated from the Slavonic by W. R. Morfill, and edited by Mr. Charles (1896); it is held by him to have been composed about the beginning of our era.

Nearly contemporary with Enoch is the earliest part of the Sibylline Oracles, a work written in Greek hexameters. The Jews, not to be behind other nations of the time, would have their own Sibyl, who should tell their national fortunes, and make manifest their national greatness. The work, as we now have it, is a congeries of diverse productions, the composition of which (partly by Jews, partly by Christians) extends from the Maccabean period to the end of the first Christian century. Though it has no literary value, it formerly enjoyed extraordinary popularity, as the "teste David cum Sibylla" of the 'Dies Iræ' indicates. Its predictions traverse the periods extending from the creation of the world down to the times of the various authors. An excellent English metrical translation is that of M. S. Terry (1890).

Other apocalypses may be briefly mentioned. The Assumption (or Ascension) of Moses, written in the first quarter of the first

century of our era, puts into the mouth of Moses a prediction of Jewish history, which comes on down, through the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, to Herod the Great, and possibly even to a later period. The period after the capture of Jerusalem by the Romans was prolific in this species of writing. The Apocalypse of Baruch (the scribe of Jeremiah) sketches the history down to the destruction of the Second Temple. The Testaments of the Twelve Patriarchs (predictions uttered by the twelve sons of Jacob), come down to about the same time. To the end of the first century also belongs the Fourth Book of Esdras, remarkable for its elaborate visions. Many of these works are based on Jewish originals, with Christian additions.

The Jewish skill in story-telling is illustrated in the books of Tobit and Judith. The former of these is a charming sketch of family life in the second century B. C. The well-ordered households of Tobit and Raguel, the ingenuous youth and maiden Tobias and Sara, the affable angel Rafael, his disingenuousness and his business capacity, are drawn to the life. The Persian demon Asmodeus, and the exorcism by the heart and liver of the fish, show how far the Jews then practiced magic arts; and the golden rule (iv. 15) indicates the advance of their ethical ideas. The historical data are thoroughly confused. The Book of Judith, though somewhat inflated in style, is dramatically powerful; in spite of its absurd historical framework, and the dubious procedure of the heroine, the dénouement has a heroic coloring. Both books furnished subjects to the older painters and sculptors, and are entitled to our gratitude for having given us Donatello's Judith and Botticelli's Tobias.

The historical literature is meagre. The only work which can properly lay claim to the name "history" is the First Book of Maccabees; which, written probably in the earlier part of the first century B. C., narrates the story of the Maccabean uprising, to the death of Simon, the successor of Judas, B. C. 175–135. The style is simple and effective, and the work is valuable as an authority for the times. Second Maccabees is largely a collection of legendary matter relating to the period 175–160 B. C. It contains (Chapters vi. and vii.) two famous descriptions of the constancy of Jewish martyrs.

The Third and Fourth Books of Maccabees, which are not contained in our Greek Apocrypha, belong in the category not of history but of romance. The Third Book deals with a great deliverance of the Jews from the purposed revenge of Ptolemy IV. The Fourth Book is a philosophical treatise on the supremacy of reason, the discourse being based on the story of Eleazar and the Seven Brothers, in Second Maccabees, referred to above. The book is of interest as giving an example of Jewish attempts to deal with Jewish beliefs in the spirit of Stoicism, The historian Josephus, and the philosopher

Philo, may be mentioned here, but are entitled to independent treatment.

The Wisdom of Solomon appears to have been composed in the first century B. C., and to have been written in Greek. For elevation of thought and beauty of style it deserves the first place among the Apocryphal books, and high rank in the literature of the world. It is the first Jewish work in which the belief in ethical immortality appears; and this belief is for the author a complete solution of the problem (hitherto unsolved) of the earthly sufferings of the righteous. A student of Greek philosophy, his conception of wisdom and of the Cosmos differs from earlier Jewish ideas in its distinctly Stoic form; his Wisdom approaches nearly the Logos of Philo. The following extract (Chapter v.) will exhibit his resemblances to and differences from the older poetry and rhythmical prose:—

THE LAMENT OF THE WICKED

Then shall the righteous man take bold stand
Before those who afflict him and ignore his labors.
Seeing it, they shall be seized with terrible fear
And amazed at his unexpected deliverance.
Repenting and groaning for anguish of spirit,
They shall say to themselves:—

This was he whom we fools once had in derision,
As a proverb of reproach.
We accounted his life madness and his end without honor.
But he is numbered among the children of God,
And his lot is among the saints.

We have erred from the way of truth,
The light of righteousness has not shined upon us,
Nor the sun of righteousness risen upon us.
We have trod the paths of lawlessness and destruction,
We have traversed trackless deserts,
The way of the Lord we have not known.

What has pride profited us?
What good has riches with vaunting brought us?
All those things have passed like a shadow,
Like a post that hastes by,
Like a ship that passes over the tossing deep,
Of whose transit no trace can be found,
Nor the pathway of its keel in the waves;

Or as, when a bird has flown through the air,
No token of her way is to be found,
But the light air beaten with the stroke of her wings
And cleft by the violence of their motion
Is passed through, and no sign of its flight is found;
Or as, when an arrow is shot at a mark,
The parted air straightway comes together again,
So that one knows not its course:
So we as soon as born, began to fail;
Of virtue we had no sign to show,
But in our wickedness were consumed.
For the hope of the ungodly is like dust blown away by the wind,
Like froth driven by the storm, like smoke dispersed by the tempest,
And it passes as the remembrance of the guest of a day.
But the righteous live for evermore;
Their reward is with the Lord,
The care of them with the most High.
Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom
And a beautiful crown from the hand of the Lord.
For with his right hand he will cover them,
With his arm he will shield them.
He will take his zeal as panoply
And make the creation his weapon to ward off foes.
He will put on righteousness as breastplate,
And unfeigned justice as helmet;
He will take holiness as an invincible shield;
His piercing wrath he will sharpen for a sword,
And the world shall fight with him against the wicked.
Then shall the right-aiming thunderbolts speed;
From the clouds, as from a well-drawn bow, they shall fly to the mark,
And wrathful hailstones shall be cast as out of a bow.
The sea shall rage against them,
The floods shall fiercely drown them.
A mighty wind shall withstand them,
Like a storm blow them away.
And so iniquity shall lay waste the whole earth,
And wrong-doing overthrow the thrones of the mighty.

As an illustration of the variety of style in the gnomic poetry, we append three odes in praise of wisdom, taken from Job, Ben-Sira, and Wisdom.

JOB XXVIII.

THERE is a mine for silver,
And a place where gold is washed.
Iron is taken out of the dust,
And copper melted out of stone.
Man penetrates to the extremity of darkness,
Searches out the farthest bound,
The dark and gloomy rock,
Sinks a shaft under the abodes of men—
Forgotten, without foothold they hang,
Swinging out of human sight.
Out of the earth comes bread,
Its depths are upheaved as by fire,
In its stones are sapphires,
And in its dust is gold.

The path thereto no vulture knows,
Nor does eye of falcon see it;
Wild beasts tread it not,
The lion stalks not over it.
Man lays his hand on the rock,
Upturns mountains by the roots,
Cuts passages in the rocks,
All precious things he sees,
Binds the streams that they flow not,
Hidden things he brings to light.

But wisdom, where is it found,
And the place of understanding, where?
The way to it man knows not;
It is not in the land of the living.
Says the deep, it is not in me;
Says the sea, it is not with me.
It is not bought with gold,
Silver is not weighed as its price;
It is not estimated in gold of Ophir,
Or by precious onyx or sapphire;
Gold and glass do not equal it,
Nor is it to be exchanged for golden vessels;
Coral and crystal are not to be mentioned,
The price of wisdom is above pearls.
The topaz of Ethiopia does not equal it,
Its value is not reckoned in gold.

Wisdom, then, whence comes it?
Where is the place of understanding?
It is hid from the eyes of all living,
Concealed from the birds of heaven.
Abaddon and Death can but say:
We have heard of it with our ears.
God understands its way,
He alone knows its place.
He looked to the ends of the earth,
Under the whole heaven he saw,
Settled the weight of the wind,
Fixed the water by measure,
Made a law for the rain,
A path for the lightning of thunder,—
Then he saw it and declared it,
Established and searched it out,
And to man he said:
The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom,
And to depart from evil is understanding.

ECCLESIASTICUS XXIV.

WISDOM shall praise herself,
Glory in the midst of her people,
In the congregation of the Most High open her mouth
And triumph before his power.

From the mouth of the Most High I came,
And covered the earth as a cloud.
In high places I dwelt,
My throne was in the pillar of cloud.
Alone I compassed the heaven,
Walked in the depth of the abyss.
In every people and nation I got a possession.
With all these did I seek rest.
In whose land should I abide?
Then the Creator of all things commanded,
My Maker set down my tent,
And said, Thy dwelling be in Jacob,
And thy domain in Israel!
Of old in the beginning he created me,
And I shall never fail.
Before him in the sacred tabernacle I ministered;
Thus was I established in Sion.

In the beloved city he placed me,
In Jerusalem was my authority.
I took root in an honored people,
In the portion of the Lord's possession.
Lofty I grew, like a cedar in Lebanon,
Like a cypress on the mountains of Hermon;
I was high like a palm-tree in Engaddi.
I resembled a rose-plant in Jericho,
A fair olive-tree in the field.
Like a plane-tree I grew up.
I was fragrant as cinnamon and aspalath,
Yielded an odor like myrrh,
Like galbanum and onyx and storax
And the fume of frankincense in the tabernacle.
Like the terebinth I stretched out my branches,
Branches of honor and grace.
Like the vine I put forth fair buds,
And my flowers were honor and riches.
Come unto me, all ye that desire me,
And sate yourselves with my fruits.
My memorial is sweeter than honey,
And mine inheritance than the honeycomb.
They that eat me shall yet be hungry,
They that drink me shall yet be thirsty.
He who obeys me shall never be put to shame,
They who work by me shall not do amiss.

All these things are the book of the covenant of God the Most High,
The law which Moses commanded
As an heritage to the congregations of Jacob,
Filling all things with wisdom like Pison,
Like Tigris in the time of new fruits;
Making understanding abound like Euphrates.
Like Jordan in the time of harvest;
Bringing instruction to light like the Nile,
Like Geon in time of vintage.
The first man knew her not perfectly,
Nor shall the last find her out.
For her thoughts are vaster than the sea,
Her counsels profounder than the great Deep.

I came forth as a brook from a river,
As a conduit into a garden.

I said, I will water my garden,
Abundantly water my bed.
And lo, my brook became a river,
And my river became a sea.
I will yet make wisdom shine as the dawn
And send forth her light afar off.
I will yet pour out wisdom as prophecy
And leave it to all ages forever.
Not for myself alone have I labored,
But for all them that seek wisdom.

WISDOM OF SOLOMON, VII. 22–29

WISDOM, the architect of all things, taught me.
In her is a spirit, intelligent, holy,
One, manifold, subtle,
Lively, clear, undefiled,
Lucid, unharmable, right-loving, quick,
Unfettered, beneficent, philanthropic,
Steadfast, sure, free from care,
Having all power, overseeing all things,
Permeating all spirits,
All that are wise and pure and subtlest.
Wisdom, of all things, is freest in movement;
By her pureness she traverses and permeates all things;
She is the breath of the power of God,
A pure effluence from the glory of the Almighty;
With her no impure thing may mingle.
She is the brightness of the everlasting light,
The unspotted mirror of the power of God,
The image of his goodness.
Being but one, she yet can do all things;
Remaining in herself, she makes all things new;
In all ages entering into holy souls,
She makes them friends of God and prophets.
For God loves none but him who dwells with wisdom.
She is more beautiful than the sun,
Fairer than the host of stars;
Being compared with light, she is found to excel it.